

# DR

ISSUE 104

MR. DRUMMER  
1987 CONTESTS

PORTLAND  
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FT. LAUDERDALE  
CINCINNATI  
HOUSTON  
WEST HOLLYWOOD  
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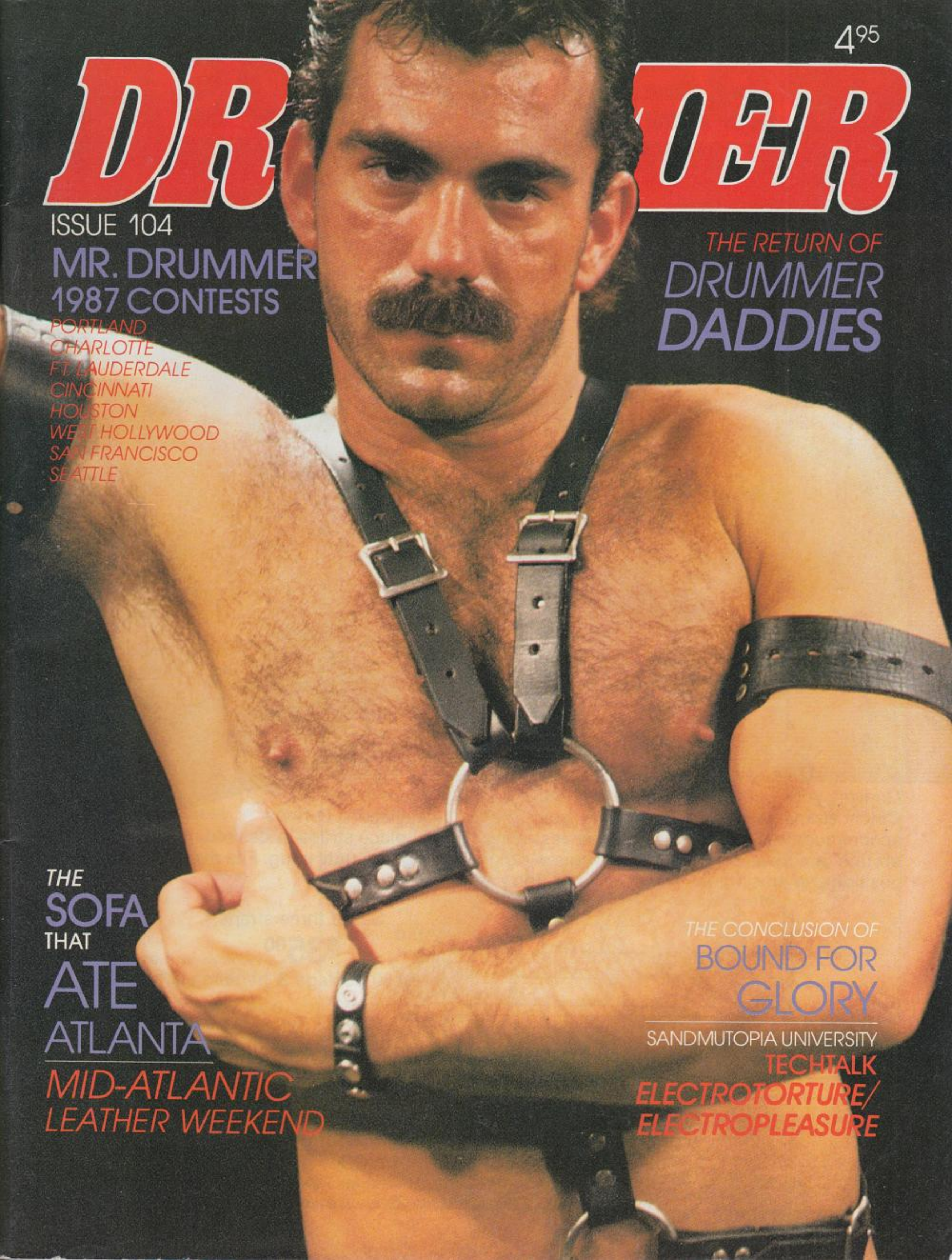
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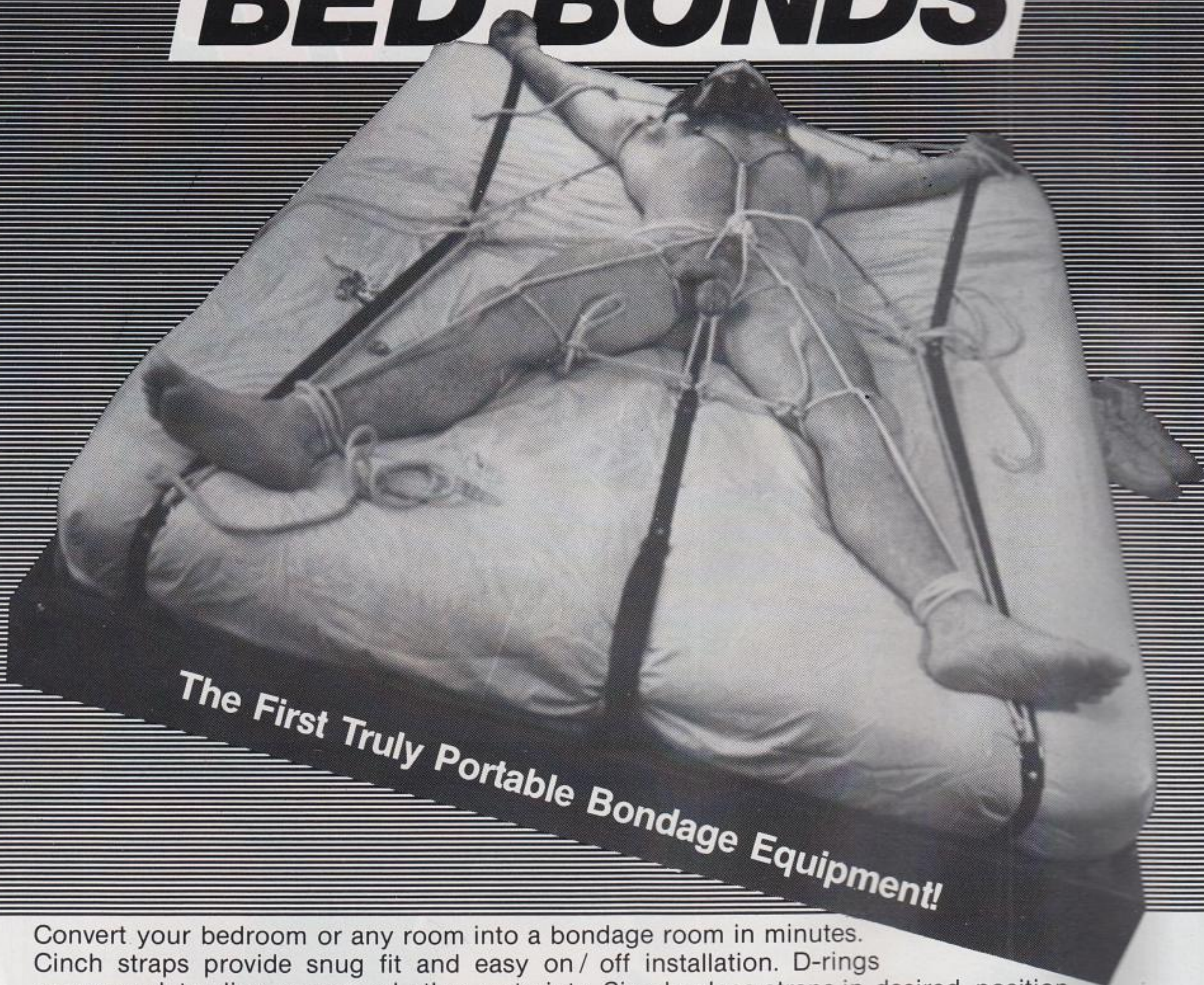
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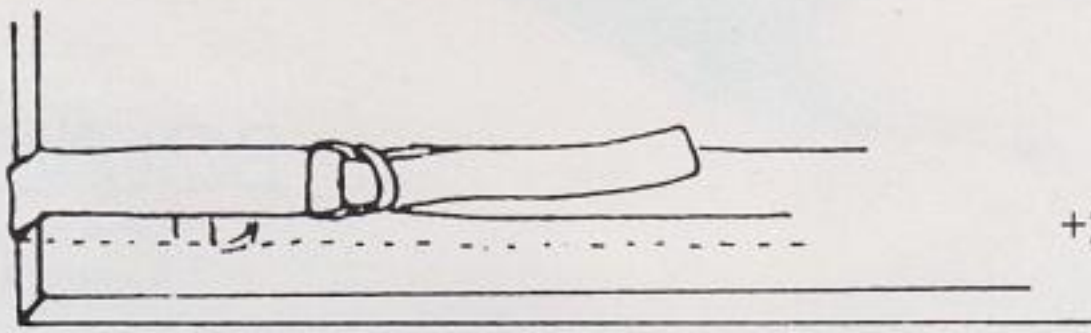


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# DRUMMER

ISSUE 104 MAY 1987

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

## DRUMMER

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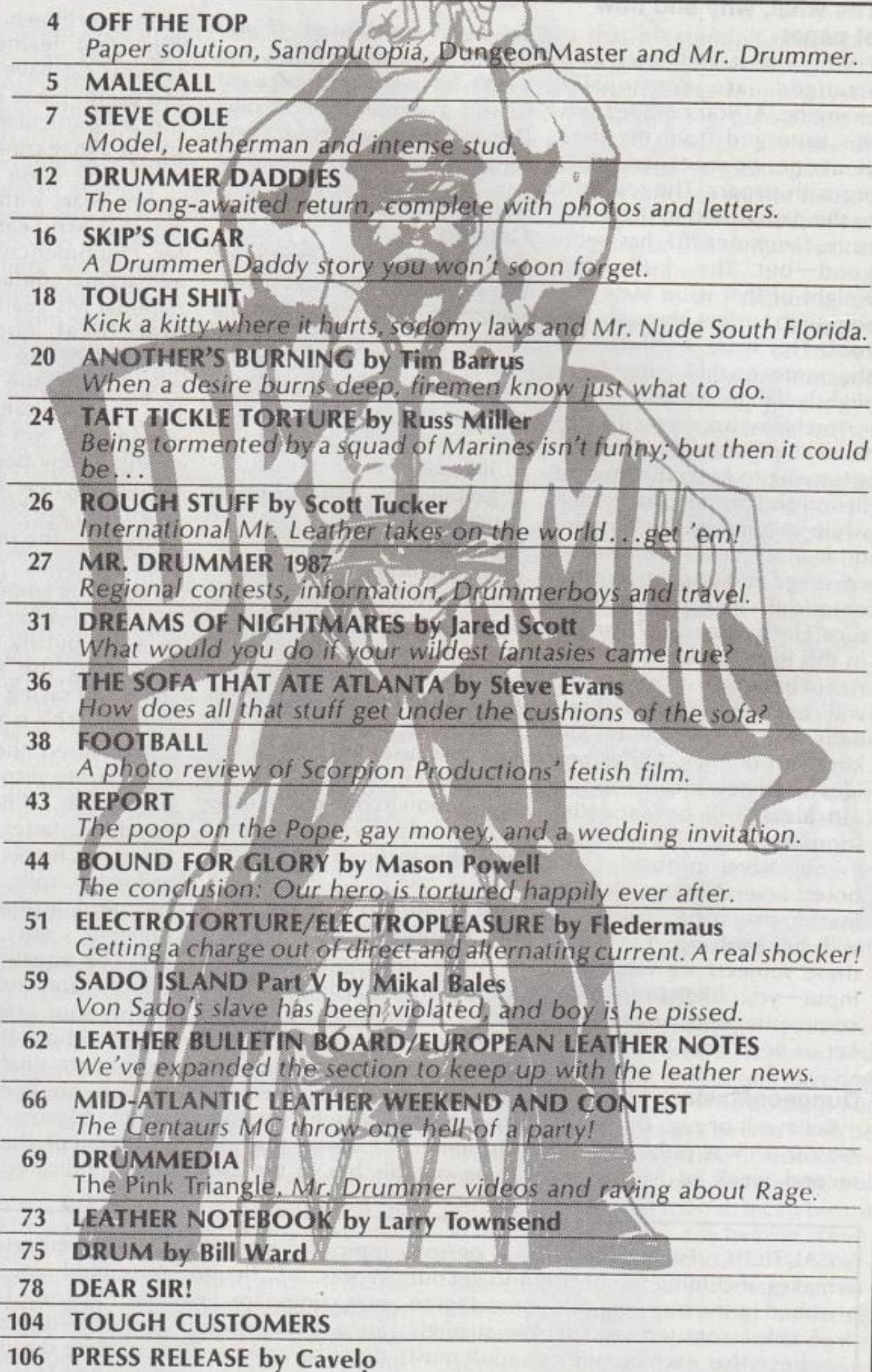
Bill Ward

Cavelo

Pat Daley

**Cover:** Steve Cole, a handsome example of devoted leatherman, photographed by Jim Moss.

**Back cover:** A highlight of the 1986 Mr. Drummer Contest was a fantasy performance by Mr. San Francisco Leather JimEd Thompson and porn star Chris Burns. Photo by Robert Pruzan.

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# OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

## The what, why and how of paper

What's on it, and how it gets arranged, are continually changing. As you can see from this issue and from the previous one, we are experimenting with papers. The reaction to the paper used in the Texas issue, *Drummer 103*, has been good—but the bulk and weight of that issue blew our shipping budget through the roof. This issue is printed on the same quality paper of a slightly lighter weight.

You have also, no doubt, noticed changes in contents. We are trying to keep the level of fiction and photo spreads high while increasing the amount of leather news and events coverage and nonfiction presentations. The "Electrotorture/Electropleasure" article in this issue is the first of a series of basic how-to pieces that will cover a broad area of safe and sane, yet exciting and kinky erotic play. Other new ideas, and new incarnations of old ideas, will be appearing soon.

You have probably also noted several design changes in the magazine. These too will be evolving. On all of these subjects we value your input—your likes and dislikes, comments and suggestions. Let us hear from you.

## DungeonMaster

Believe it or not, *DungeonMaster 32* was published the second week of March and

has been distributed. If you should have gotten one and didn't, let us know. If you want to see a sample of the new *DungeonMaster*, order one for \$4.

## Sandmutopia Supply Co. Catalog

Bound into the center of this issue you will find a segment of the Sandmutopia Supply Co. Catalog. Please note that this is not taking pages away from the magazine. In fact, the normal 100-page issue has been increased to 108 pages, so you are actually getting four extra pages of magazines because of the four-page catalog. You will often see notes after book reviews and elsewhere among articles pointing out things we sell at SSCo. I want to emphasize that I do not mention things in *Drummer*, *DungeonMaster*, or other magazines just because we sell them. However, if I think it is worthy to mention in one of our magazines, I also try to make them available through our catalog.

## The Search for Mr. Drummer

After the announcement went forth regarding our purchase of *Drummer*, I received many solicited and unsolicited comments. One of the very common ones regarded the "unending search for Mr. Drummer." I agree that the hype on this has in the past

been overblown. However, I think that leather "beauty" contests do have a justifiable and useful place in our scene and are particularly appropriate for a magazine like *Drummer*. My close contact in recent years with both International Mr. Leather and the Mr. Drummer contest, as well as marginal contact with International Ms. Leather and several local contests, has emphasized the value of these events. For the participants the contests can be exciting adventures. Not only are they meeting new people and experiencing new situations, but often they are for the first time presenting the leather side of their sexuality publicly—not by standing among the throng of black-leather-garbed men in a bar but by literally stepping into the spotlight, on stage and saying to a large audience, "This is what I am."

Too often the stereotypes are hard to dispel: "Beautiful but dumb," "Body by God, mind by Mattel." Sure, many gorgeous hunks are dumb, so are many trolls. A great many beautiful leathermen are intelligent, witty, personable, etc. The equation of physical beauty and mindlessness is mainly sour grapes spread by those without the physique—or the intestinal fortitude—to get up on that stage themselves. A somewhat more valid criticism of the contests has been indicated by such re-

marks as "Naugahyde Queen" or "Mr. Borrowed Leather." It is true that many men who are not really "into" leather dress up in costume and enter the contests. But it is harder and harder for them to win, and hopefully they will learn a bit about "real" leather from the experience.

Conversely, the title gives the winner a degree of recognition, a platform from which to speak, a visibility, that in the best of circumstances can do a great deal for promotion of leather lifestyles among those who are curious but apprehensive and among those who are just plain uninformed. Patrick Toner and Scott Tucker are just two men who have used their titles to expand the frontiers of understanding and acceptance.

The sequences of contests leading up to the Mr. Drummer finals is an excellent selection process. Everyone who competes here in San Francisco has won at least one title elsewhere. Local and/or regional panels of judges have selected him to represent their lifestyle to the rest of the world. In San Francisco in June we will choose Mr. Drummer 1987 from among this group of winners. The audience poll will count in the vote along with the panel of distinguished judges. Be there to enjoy the spectacle and cast your ballot.

—Fledermaus

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of

topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only.

In other than fictional pieces we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities, and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-

sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus Inc. products.



## ELEMENTAL ELUCIDATION

I hope that you do not use any more of that horrible tripe like "Chorus for a Psalm." I don't know what Jason Klein thinks he is trying to prove, but his diatribe with all the pseudo-psychological nonsense is ridiculous for *Drummer*. He might get away with it if he wrote for the *Advocate*. No one reads it anyway.

When it comes to having to look every word up in a dictionary, then trying to puzzle what the fuck the queen is trying to sound intelligent about is nothing more than a pain in the ass.

*Drummer* is supposed to be a jack-off mag, not some place for some ribbon clerk to attempt to prove she knows every fucking multisyllable in the *Shrink's Handbook*.

The "dichotomously polygenetic response pattern" etc. is nonsense enough, but when he says "My bone refused to rage and spill" for a simple "I couldn't get it off," I think it's the height of something...

Remember what Polonius said in *Hamlet*...Brevity is the soul of wit! Leave the porn writing to the artists and let the eggheads write for *Psychology Today*.

D.B.

Address Unknown

Ed.: Granted that some of the psychological jargon may have been out of the range of the average reader, but I do not believe that Jason was attempting to be witty. His writings usually revealed insights into his own personality and have found favorable responses from readers in early issues of *Mach*, *Drummer* and *DungeonMaster*.

Recently we received an inquiry from a frustrated reader who had read stories in early *Drummers* by Jason Klein, excerpted from his novel-in-progress, *Bugs*, but could not find the book listed anywhere. The novel, unfortunately, has remained unfinished due to Jason Klein's untimely death. A great loss to the gay literary world.

For more information and "insight" on Jason and the short story "Chorus for a Psalm," read on.

—JET

## JASON REMEMBERED

I wanted to comment on your publication of Jason Klein's "Chorus for a Psalm" in *Drummer 100*. I think your readers might appreciate some background on the piece and the record needs a little bit of correction, since it wasn't, actually, the first publication of that story.

Jason lived in San Francisco and I lived in New York before we moved together to Portland, Maine, about seven years ago. During the time before our decision to live together, we actively courted by writing S&M stories to each other. Those pieces weren't just our pledges, they were also ways that we had to goad one another to new heights in S&M, something we each were anxious to experience together.

One sequence of our literary love affair began with a piece I'd written, but had withheld from publication because I was frightened I'd plagiarized it, if not legally, then by echoing someone else's voice. This bothered me terribly. At least if I knew the inspiration for the story, I could publish it in good faith; but not knowing presented a barrier to me. Finally, I sent the story to Jason. It was the original draft of "I Once Had a Master," which was later published in *Drummer* and which I eventually used to set the tone and give a name to a collection of my stories.

"Silly Lord," he wrote back, "it's a psalm."

And, in fact, I immediately realized I'd unconsciously picked up on the rhythms of the 23rd Psalm, which, to me, had always had intense S&M tones to it.

That all led Jason to write the piece you've reprinted in *Drummer 100* and that's the source of its title. I went on to respond with a story, "Letter to Jason." We always felt those three pieces were a triptych of sorts, a trio that formed a whole, a sort of literary manifestation of our own relationship. They were published as a set in the "Polysexuality" issue of *Semiotext(e)* in 1981.

In those days, Jason and I foolishly thought that we could write well enough that we would eventually be accepted as "real" writers, even if we did insist on S&M as our field; we had to, it was our primary passion. The recognition from *Semiotext(e)* was our first, and—it would prove—the only evidence that our aspirations might be realistic. Jason was therefore inordinately happy and proud of that publication in a literary journal, one reason I feel a need to correct the impression that "Chorus for a Psalm" hadn't been in print before.

Those stories and our move to Maine weren't the end of our affair. While our isolated life together went quite well, Jason felt communally outcast here. It

wasn't just that he couldn't respond to life in New England, my home region. He wasn't, we finally agreed, finished with life in the gay ghettos, something we both realized I'd tired of. So, very unhappily, we agreed to part. Jason returned to San Francisco in the midst of promises between us that we would continue our relationship in some form, certainly with our writing.

But that wasn't to be. Within a very short time after reaching California, Jason died as the result of an accident at home. This was before the full impact of AIDS and I was devastated; I wasn't yet used to having men younger than myself die before me.

Jason's stories have all had a lasting life, something I'm very pleased with. I'm glad he'll have this one more shot at being read and appreciated by men into leather and S&M, men he loved as a community and who he respected tremendously as social and sexual explorers without peers.

Telling you and your readers all of this is a kind of exorcism for me, since I've actually never even been able to write anything about Jason since he died. I hope it's meaningful to at least some of you who read this letter. And I thank *Drummer* for the stimulus and the opportunity to finally speak his name in public, with warm memory.

John Preston  
Portland, ME

## TICKLING TORTURE

I've enjoyed your many hot issues covering a variety of erotic fantasies and scenes but have yet to find one covering my favorite: bondage and tickling. For that matter, there hasn't been a lot to be found in any gay magazine or video. Perhaps it's too specialized an interest, but for anyone who has tried it, it can be just as intense and wild as any heavier scene. I've turned many a macho, hunky, otherwise stoic stud into a pleading, hysterically laughing, squirming, sweating victim with my tickling techniques on the sides, stomach, armpits, balls, and especially, the feet. Many guys don't know what a fantastic orgasm can be induced through a combination of restraint and tickling torture.

Since it's hard to find other guys into this scene on a casual basis, I'm hoping interested readers of *Drummer* might share some of their experiences or con-



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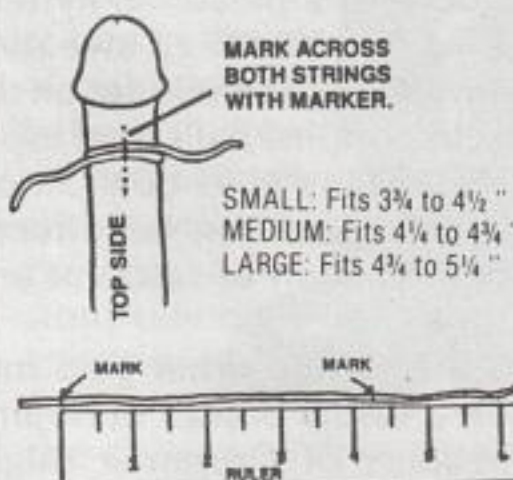
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tacts. Also, if anyone knows of any hot videos or literature that focus on tickling as a major part of the action, I'd appreciate the leads. I've been collecting material on my own and would like to exchange. Hopefully, some stories or illustrations on this subject will appear in *Drummer* soon.

K.L.  
Los Angeles, CA

## DEADLINE DILEMMA

The main problem with the Leather Bulletin Board is the out-of-date information that often appears, but that's not a problem of the LBB as much as it is of *Drummer's* failure to spotlight the deadlines necessary to give everyone a heads-up—pardon the expression.

I'd suggest that you use a boldface preface to the LBB that repeats deadline information, that may appear elsewhere (and be lost on the "PR" people in the clubs who really need a lot of help in understanding deadlines).

A few comments on issue 102 of *Drummer*: HOT rear cover. Good Off The Top layout. Pruzan's photos on Scott Tucker were well done. Funny article by Huddy Allen. Mr. Leather New York: montages always appear high-school-yearbook amateurish. Preston's "The Training of a Master" (nice play on words) was superbly crafted. "Brawling Bikers" certainly was a welcome addition for still another subsegment of your readership. Rowberry's "SMTV" was well done. "Mameluke" by O'Rourke is good, but the sacrilegious genre plucks my already-bruised Catholic upbringing; reading it was like forcing myself to nod appreciatively to my Japanese hosts while swallowing an octopus eyeball. "Bound for Glory," holds up nicely. Townsend's Notebook is never to be missed, of course. Scott Answer, HOT! Satiric look at fantasy phone sex, written by Jack Edwards, cracked me up—good! Dear Sir is looking better with the addition of cartoons—nice touch.

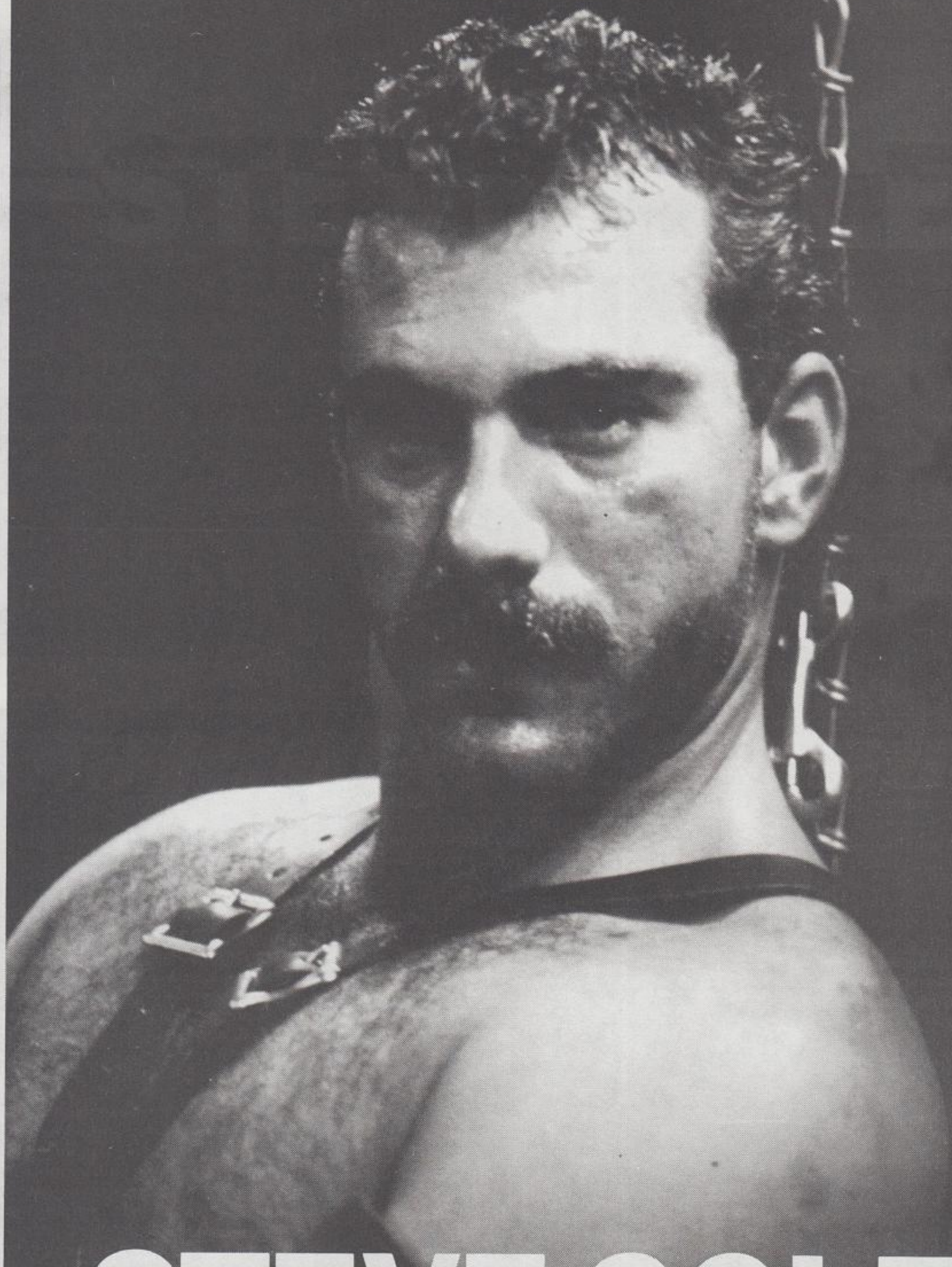
J.C.  
Greeneville, TN

Ed.: You have hit upon one of my pet peeves. Our publisher, Tony DeBlase, and I have personal relationships with many of the leather clubs and organizations around the country and Europe but certainly not all. The deadline for publication is the fifth of each month—but the information must reach us a month (at least) ahead of when the event is scheduled. If it is put in the month it is to happen, most people won't read about it until it has already taken place.

The best way to ensure that your club/organization event is published is to send *Drummer* a copy of upcoming schedules as soon as they are available—include us on your mailing list.

—JET

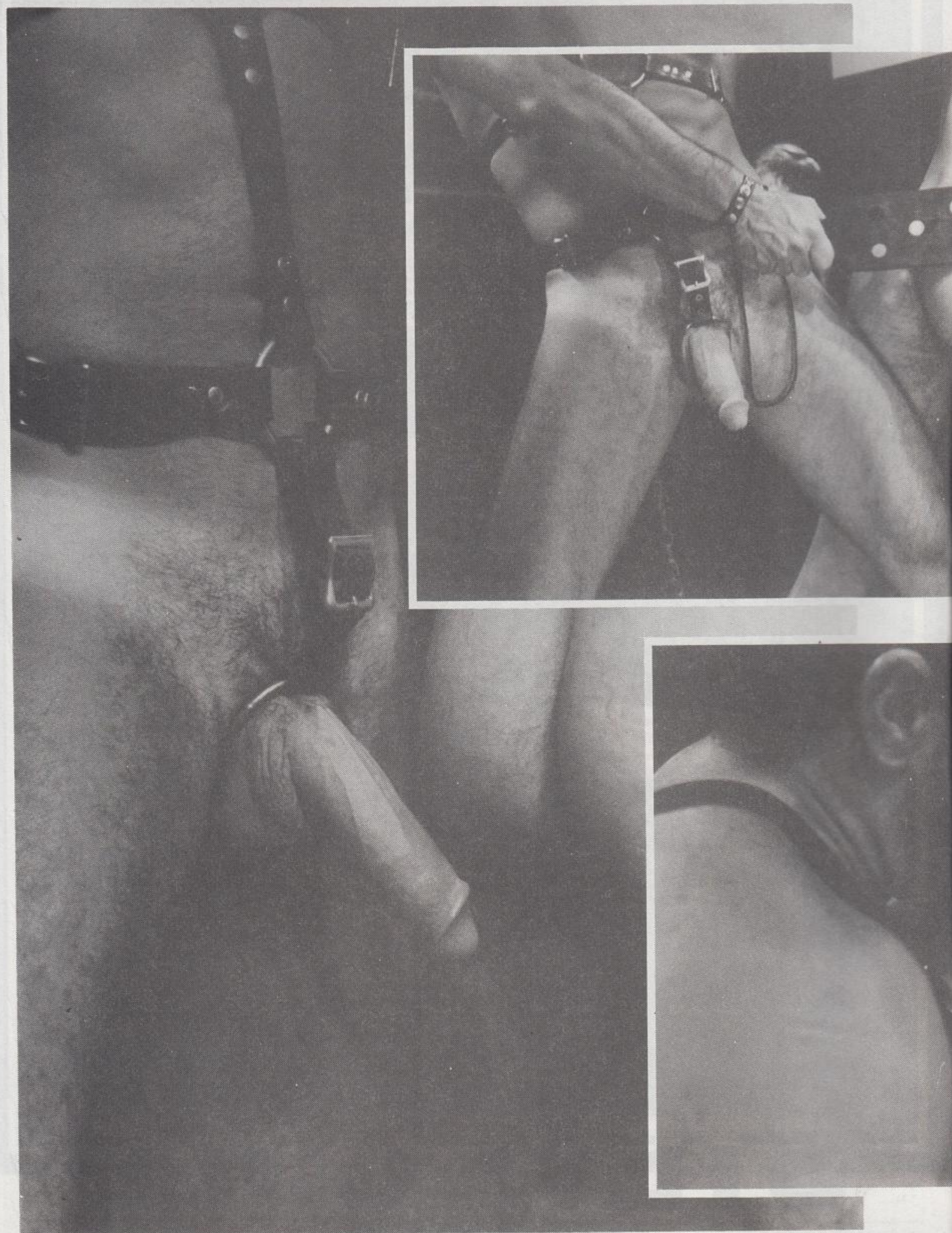




# STEVE COLE

PHOTOS BY JIM MOSS

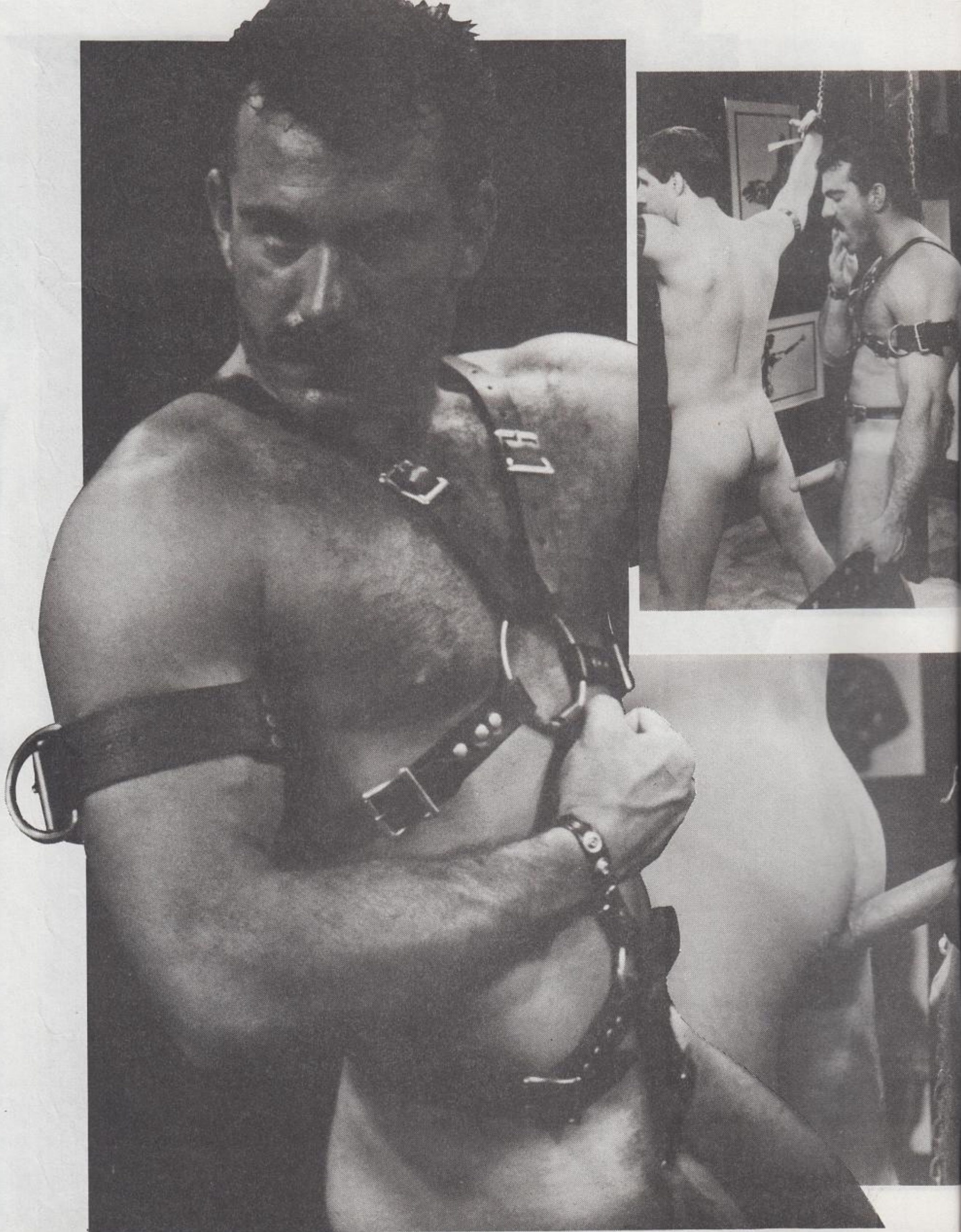




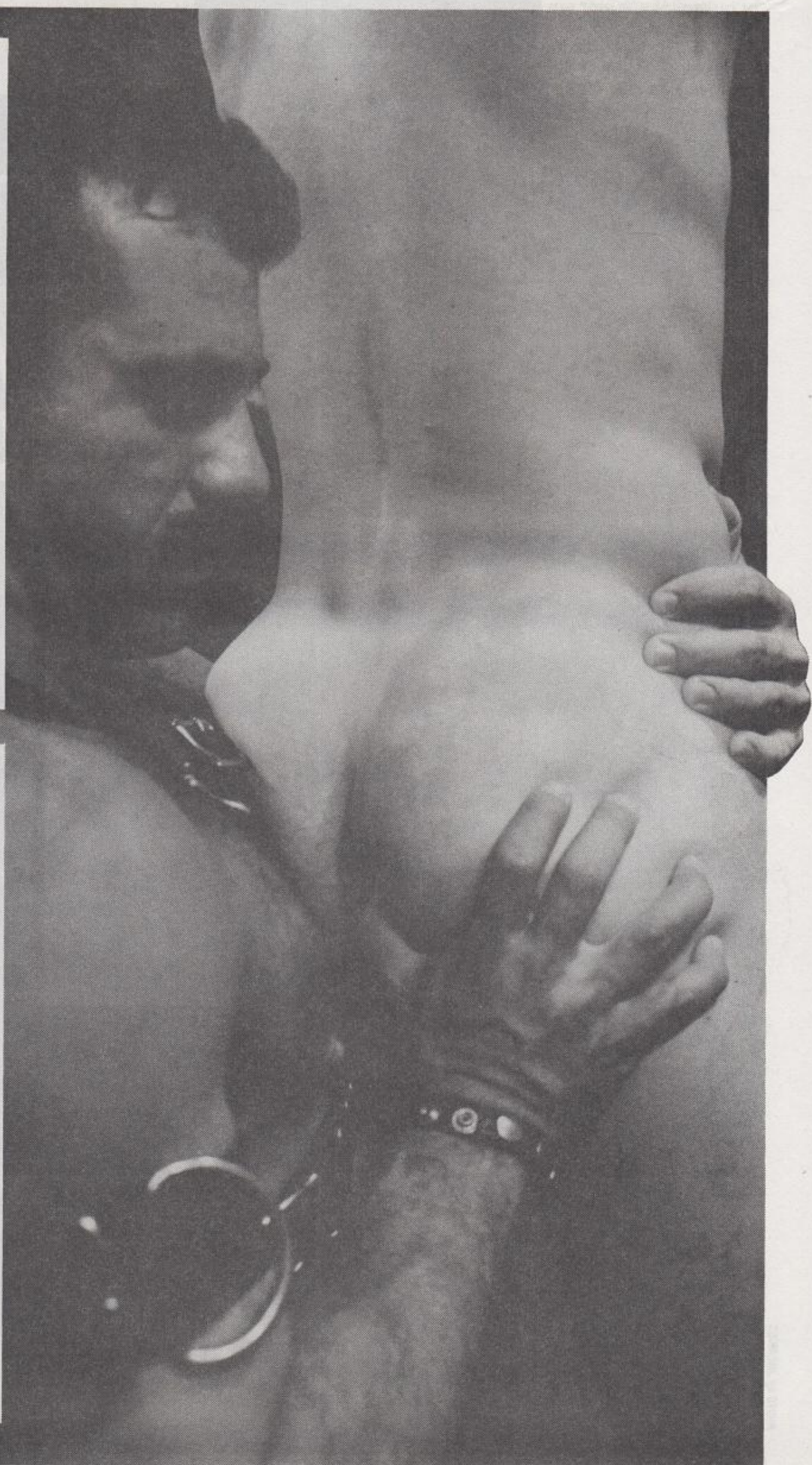
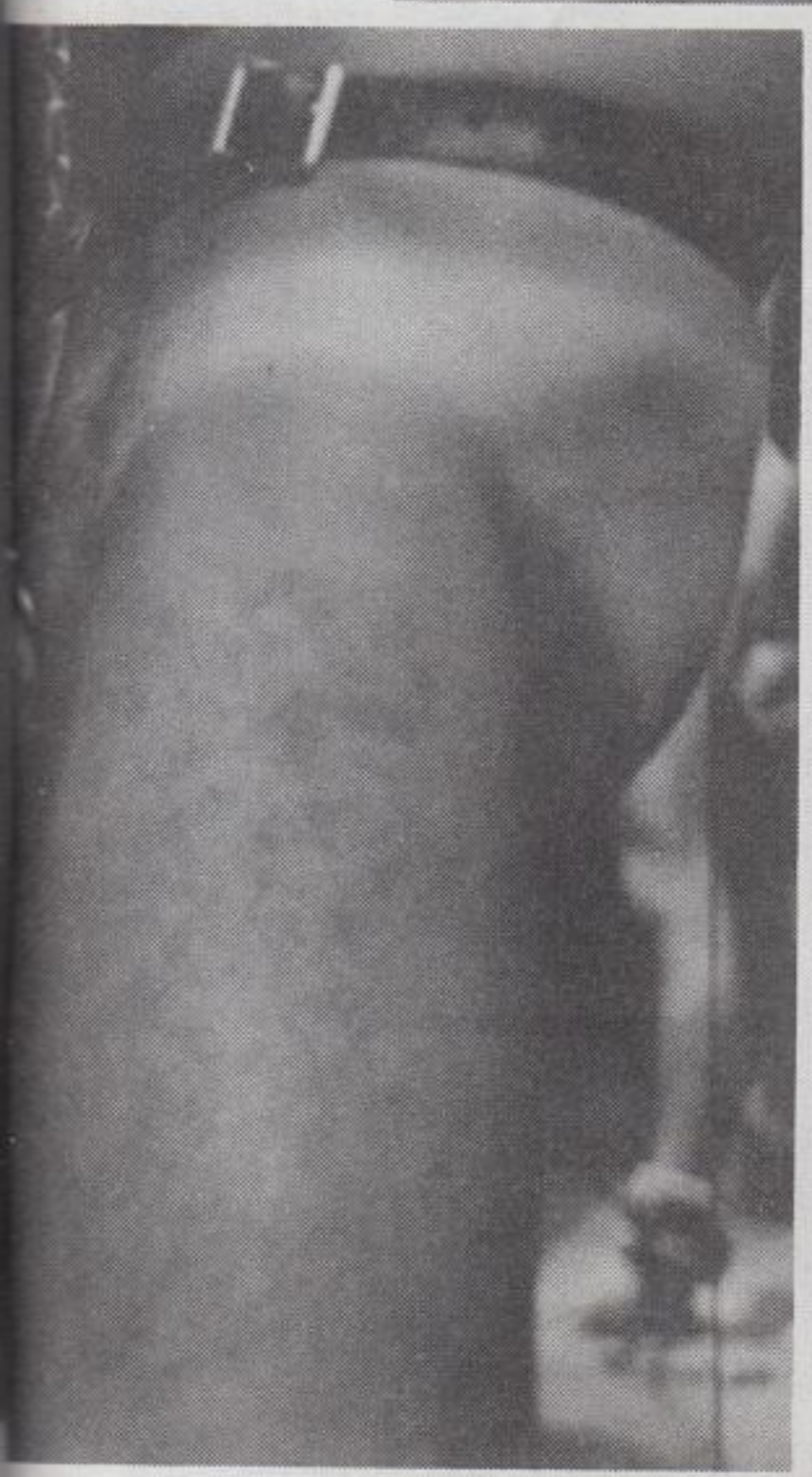














A black and white photograph of a man with a full beard and mustache, wearing a dark cap with small lights and a dark jacket. He is sitting at a piano, with his hands resting on the keys. The background is dark and out of focus.

# **DRUM DADA**

*In Search of*





# DRUMMER DADDIES OLDER MEN

## DADDY DAN

It's been a long time since I have written to Drummer Daddies, and I apologize for that. You published my story about my daddy and my real dad in *Drummer 82*, Volume 10, (Bringing Out Dad) and a lot has happened since then, so I want to get back to you and bring you up to date. I know I promised to write as soon as we got together that Sunday afternoon, but things happen and I didn't find time. I hope you can make sense out of this if you are not familiar with the original story.

Terry arrived on time and was looking real good. I could tell he was nervous in anticipation waiting to meet Bill (my real dad). Daddy Dan was the only one who was relaxed. I was a bundle of nerves. My dad arrived and Terry and I served beers to the men. After a few beers, my Daddy Dan had to piss and he snapped his fingers and pointed to his crotch. I whispered to him, "Not in front of my dad." That was a mistake. He yanked me off the couch by my hair, ordered my Levi's off and my ass in the air. Off came his belt and I got fifteen lashes on my ass. It happened so fast, I didn't even realize the blows were coming. I looked to my Dad Bill to see his reaction and found a wide grin. Not only was my ass beet red, but also my face.

Naturally I thanked Daddy Dan for my whipping as he had humiliated me in front of my Dad Bill. To add more to it, he yelled, "Now tell me you won't drink my golden water, piss breath." Believe me, I drank. This only stirred my Dad Bill on who had his cock in Terry's mouth and was pissing.

After a few more beers, my Dad Bill decided it was time to warm up Terry's ass

with his belt. He really laid some heavy leather on Terry's ass. Of course, he thanked Bill properly for each blow. Terry and I were naked and the men stripped down for some servicing. My Daddy Dan gave Bill a black leather cockring and it made his cock look bigger than ever. He looked great in it and it turned him on. Then my daddy fucked me while Dad Bill fucked Terry. Then we boys licked the men's cocks clean.

More beer and more piss drinking, and I blew Daddy Dan as Terry blew my dad. I was wondering if I was going to get a chance to suck my father's cock, but I knew better than to ask. My time came sooner than I thought. The next night my Dad Bill came over alone and he wanted some action. My Daddy Dan said, "You want the man's cock, boy?"

"Yes Sir," I said. After begging my Dad Bill properly for his cock, I fell to my knees and sucked my father's big cock into my throat as Daddy Dan helped me along by using his belt on my ass. At first I was very embarrassed and humiliated by doing this with my real-life dad, but before the evening was over, I got that out of my mind. Before my dad went home, I had eaten out his asshole, sucked his toes, got his load down my throat and his cock up my ass.

That turned out to be the best night of my life. My ass and back was beaten by both those daddies and I got all the piss I could drink. I was a very grateful and lucky boy. All the barriers were down and the closet doors were wide open. My Daddy Bill had the time of his life and he paid my Daddy Dan a great compliment by saying that I gave great head and that my fuck-hole was better than my mom's pussy.

Since that time Terry has moved in with Daddy Bill as his boy and they get along very well. Terry does not work and stays home to take care of Daddy Bill's house and all his needs. Terry tells me that his Daddy really works him over every night and he loves it. They come over once a week so that us boys have the privilege of servicing each other's daddies.

I never call my father Dad anymore. I always address him as "Sir." Just as I do with my Daddy Dan's other daddy/master friends. I don't feel that I have lost a flesh and blood father, but that I gained a daddy/master. Terry and I are really two very lucky boys to have daddies as strict and demanding as ours. The punishment and discipline is severe, but the fringe benefits and the rewards can't be beat. Some other boys don't have it this good from what I have heard. Daddy Bill keeps Terry shaved from the head to his toes and he looks beautiful. Daddy Bill took him to a tattoo parlor and on his right ass cheek is a heart. Under it, it says, "My heart belongs to Daddy." This Xmas Daddy is going to have his tits pierced.

Well, *Drummer*, and your readers, I

hope you can use this as a follow-up to my first letter. Please, please, please don't ever stop the magazine or the articles on Drummer Daddies. It gives our daddies as well as the sons a lot of pleasure and also it gives our daddies new ideas on how to keep sometimes unruly and disobedient boys in line. Our daddies can't be with us every minute of the day to supervise us and as young boys we can sure get into a lot of trouble when we are alone.

Jym C.  
Huntington Park, CA

## MASTER/DADDY

I am a 19-year-old college sophomore attending the University of California, Long Beach. I am five feet two inches tall, weigh 110 pounds, (obviously, very slender), long shoulder-length blond hair, blue eyes and clean shaven. I spend a lot of time at the beach either just laying out in the sun or swimming. Looking at all the hot men around me really gets me going. I have wanted a Master for some time now, but being the shy and quiet type, I have had to make due with fantasies. Until recently. Some time ago I spotted the following ad in a local gay publication, *Frontiers*. It read:

Hot Latin MASTER seeks BOY! Boy to be trained in S&M, B&D, TT, C&BT, VA, shaving, spanking, humiliation, 48-hour sexual marathons. Must be submissive, slender, smooth, small tight butt, hot tits! Master will teach his Boy all kinds of Nasty Little Tricks. Blond hair, blue eyed boys get Special High Intensity Training.

I read the ad three or four times and decided that I would respond. Everything in the ad had always been exciting to me even though I have never really experienced them. I wrote my answer to my potential Master several times, before deciding that I finally got my response worded just right. I mailed it and waited.

The letter was very descriptive. In it my Master said that he would accept me for training if I were to give myself totally to him, obey every command and perform as directed. If I accept his conditions, I was to call him and he would give me further instructions. I called, stated who I was, and that I agree to his conditions. My Master instructed me to be at his place on a certain date and plan to stay for four hours. I was given the address, told to be on time, and to wear ONLY the following items: tight jeans, tank top, socks and shoes, no underwear. My Master asked me if I understood. After a deep breath, I said yes, and my Master told me that he would be expecting me. Then he was gone.

The day of my first meeting with my Master, I really took the time to prepare myself for him. I bathed myself very well, I douched, got a wash and trim at the hair stylist, went home and waited for the time I would leave.



# DRUMMER DADDIES

At the appropriate time, I arrived, rang the bell and my Master appeared wearing a pair of faded, skin tight jeans, nothing else. He told me to come in, then he closed the door. He then ordered me to strip and stand on a stool he had in the middle of the room. While on the stool, he examined my body. He ran his hands up my thighs and grabbed one of my buns in his vise-like grip. He then ran his fingernail over my nipples and caressed them, causing them to stand up firm and eager for more attention. He then took my balls in his hand and slowly, while looking at my facial reaction, squeezed them. I could feel the pressure and began to moan, at the same time my cock began to swell and become rock hard. My Master smiled and said nothing.

He told me to step down and as I did he put a pair of handcuffs on my wrists and secured them behind my back. He then tied a piece of rope around my balls and led me to his bedroom. He told me to kneel on the bed with my knees wide apart. He then tied my ankles to the corners of the bed and pushed me forward. I fell on my face with my ass sticking up in the air.

Next, he greased up my ass and just like that shoved his cock up my ass. I screamed and tried to get away but it was no use.

That was my introduction to a series of training my Master had in store for me. That was two months ago. I have learned to accept the pain my Master inflicts on me. He even had a couple of his buddies over one night and I was brought to perform.

My Master likes my body nice and shiny with oil and sits me on his lap facing him with my legs spread wide on either side of his thighs while rubbing the oil on my body. He loves to pour oil over my shaved pubic area and slip his finger up my ass, teasing me and making me squirm on his lap.

I do whatever my Master tells me and accept the pain he inflicts, but I must say my favorite is when my Master ties my wrists behind my back and I am on my knees between my Master's thighs with his hands clasped behind his head. He tells me to make love to his body with my tongue, to follow his tan line again and again and to pay special attention to his tits, cock and balls. When my Master asks, "Do you love your Daddy?" I go wild with excitement and use my hot tongue to make my Master feel great. My Master is demanding and very insatiable, but after the pain he inflicts on my body, my Master always takes me in his arms, kisses me and loves me.

My Master is only average size hung in the cock department, but he knows how to control me and use me for his pleasure. When I am pleasing him, my body, as well as his, feels great. Some of my happiest times is when my Master puts weighted tit clamps on my nipples, a weighted ball stretcher on my balls and puts me on my hands and knees and puts his cock deep up my ass, holds onto my hips and fucks me long, slow and deep. Then he says, "Love your Daddy?"

What can I say but, "Yes, Daddy, yes!"

My Master knows what I need and want and he knows how to use that need to his advantage. Do I mind? Not in the least. After all, when I offer my body to my Master for his pleasure, it pleases us both.

Jason  
Long Beach, CA

## TAILOR-MADE DADDY

Thank you for *Drummer* and especially for Drummer Daddies. You have opened my eyes to a world that exists and which I knew nothing about but have lived and had many guilty nightmares about.

Buying *Drummer* magazine was the greatest thing that has happened to me in years. Many of the things that you publish have happened to me and in ignorance, my guilt has built up to the point of suicide at times.

I loved my father secretly and from afar ever since I can remember. But he was never close to me, so I stood away thinking that was what he wanted. I loved my father.

I didn't know why, but he stimulated me. His being an athlete and myself with no interest in sports was probably the reason he was never close to me. He was popular with men and women and my mother adored him. We never had a father-and-son relationship; I could never get close enough to him.

I hated gym and did not participate in athletics, just getting a passing grade in gym. Realizing I wasn't popular, I retreated into books and getting good grades. At school other boys would use me by copying my homework, then later would pass me in the hallway without a nod.

In many ways I think my father detested me because I could not follow in his footsteps. My marks went up, my popularity with my fellow students went down. I retreated more and more from people.

Graduation from school was more of a graduation into life. My mother took me to a clothing store that did tailoring to have a suit made. The tailor was very busy

and since my mother would not keep my father waiting, told the store owner to have my suit fitted and gave me money to get home on the bus.

I had been masturbating for a long time. About my wet dreams (at the time I thought I had a disease) and my constant erections, I could not talk to anyone concerning male sex. Confused wasn't the word; I was near a breakdown.

As the tailor measured me, he touched my groin and I jumped. He seemed amused by this. He repeated this touch and I said nothing, thinking this was what was supposed to happen.

The store was closing and after locking up, the tailor came back and by this time I had an erection. When he touched my groin area again, my erection got bigger than ever.

Before I realized what was going on, he had my penis in his mouth, and the rest is obvious. I had not protested, and after the act, which I adored, he sucked my balls and rectum.

Afterward, he told me to go into the store and pick out anything I wanted and it was mine. He was astonished when I said I didn't want anything, but instead asked him to take his shirt off and let me feel his chest. He did, and I had my first smell of male armpits, the feel of hair on someone's chest and sucking his nipples.

I was in paradise and he seemed happy but nervous. This ten or fifteen minute nervous affair was to repeat, and for at least eight months we played. Always at the store and making a date before leaving for the next week.

The tailor was sixty years old or more, but I loved this hairy-chested guy and could barely wait till I was held in his arms and we kissed.

Then it happened. One day his partner came in while we were busy in our act of love. They screamed at each other and I rushed out of the store. I could not stop trembling for at least an hour and I never returned to the store.

Daddy's Boy

## NO STOPPING DADDY

When I first met my daddy, I was 22 years old and had never been fisted. That was two years ago. Since then, Daddy has turned me into a gigantic fuck hole to be used by him and his friends, just as he told me he would.

My training for this started with long sessions with my ass in the air. Daddy was patient but firm. Every Saturday night for six months he worked on my hole. He opened it deeper and wider each week with his huge arm. I wondered if my hole would ever stop getting bigger. At the



end of the six months Daddy was fisting me to his elbow.

He then told me I was going to take the rest of his arm. I didn't think it was possible. But on our one-year anniversary, Daddy was easily fisting me with his entire arm. It was on our anniversary that Daddy told me I was ready to meet his friends.

For the past year now, Daddy has ten to twenty of his friends come over on Saturday night. I am ordered on top of a table in the center of the room on my hands and knees, ass high in the air and my huge hole opened with anticipation.

Daddy and his friends then take turns reaching inside me with their arms. With each of these parties, my hole has continued to get larger and deeper. I can now easily handle two arms at a time.

Sometimes Daddy will have everyone double-fist me for hours until my hole is stretched beyond belief. Then he lets them step up one at a time and stuff something into my hole to try to fill it. Some bring dirty jockstraps and shove them deep into my gut. Others use leather belts or bike chains.

Sometimes they will open me up and use my hole that never closes anymore, as a toilet, drinking beer and pissing in me for the rest of the night, then fisting the piss deep into me with their arms. I can still feel my whole growing and I don't know when it will stop, but Daddy says it is not big enough for him yet. I just want my hole to get bigger so that Daddy and his friends have a good time at their parties.

Todd S.  
Omaha, NE

### DADDY'S DICK

I am 21 years old, that's why my daddy told me I could write to you now, since I am old enough for you to publish my story without getting in trouble.

I met my daddy a few years ago when I was living in the gay ghetto. We met one night at the glory holes. I was walking around the floor of the glory holes, past doors of wooden booths, watching men going in and out. Finally, I went into one and could hardly believe my eyes. The biggest dick I've ever seen was sticking out of one of those holes, bigger than life, and I went over and took ahold of it.

After stroking it for a while I tried putting it in my mouth. It was so big, I could barely get the head in, but I kept trying. After a while, the man bent down and whispered something through the hole. I could see that he had a real nice body, hairy chest, big pecs, big muscular legs and arms. He said that he would come around to my booth and for me to let him in. He then pulled up his pants and walked around to meet me.

After I let him in, I just stood there and stared, I couldn't believe what a gorgeous man he was; in his early 30s, tall,

with dark hair and very handsome. But the size of his dick was what was incredible. He told me to be a good boy and get down and suck on his dick. I did, and I thought the massive size of it would almost choke me, but then he put both of his hands on the back of my head and pushed my head down on it.

I kept gagging and gasping for breath, but he gave me time to relax and ease onto it. It felt so good having his big dick down my throat that I stayed down on the floor on my knees and sucked on him for nearly an hour. Then he pushed my head down between his legs and made me lick his balls then his ass. I was really hungry to eat out his asshole, so he bent over, his pants all the way down around his ankles and I licked and sucked out his asshole, pushing my tongue as far into his butt as I could, and he was loving every minute of it.

I couldn't seem to get enough of eating his ass and sucking his balls, but soon daddy wet his fingers with some spit and started pushing them up into my ass. I squirmed because at that time I had not been fucked a lot. My ass was very tight, and I was getting the idea that Daddy wanted to fuck me. There was no grease, so when I had his dick real wet and slick from sucking on it, he pushed me down and made me grab my ankles. He spit on his dick some more, then started easing it up into me, but I was groaning and begging him not to.

"Please, Daddy, please, I can't take your big dick."

He finally got the whole thing in me, I'll never know how. I was bent over in the small wooden booth, while he plunged his big daddy meat in and out of me, ramming me up against the wooden door, while other men watched from the other glory holes around the sides of the booth. Pretty soon, it felt so good I was moaning and begging him to fuck me some more with his big pole.

Finally Daddy started jerking, and I knew it was time for him to shoot his load, so I braced myself. He flinched as he shot a huge wad of sticky cum into my asshole. It felt warm and good and flowed around the sides of his dick until it was running down my leg. I shot at the same time and there was cum everywhere.

Afterwards, we got our clothes on and Daddy got me out of there and took me to his place. I have never been the same since, and Daddy fucks me whenever he feels like it. He's fucked me in some of the weirdest places, in the backyard, the alley; we even have public sex sometimes at the beach or at the park. I never get tired of taking his big dick up my ass and sometimes daddy lets other men fuck me, too. But that is another hole story.

Bill J.  
Houston, TX

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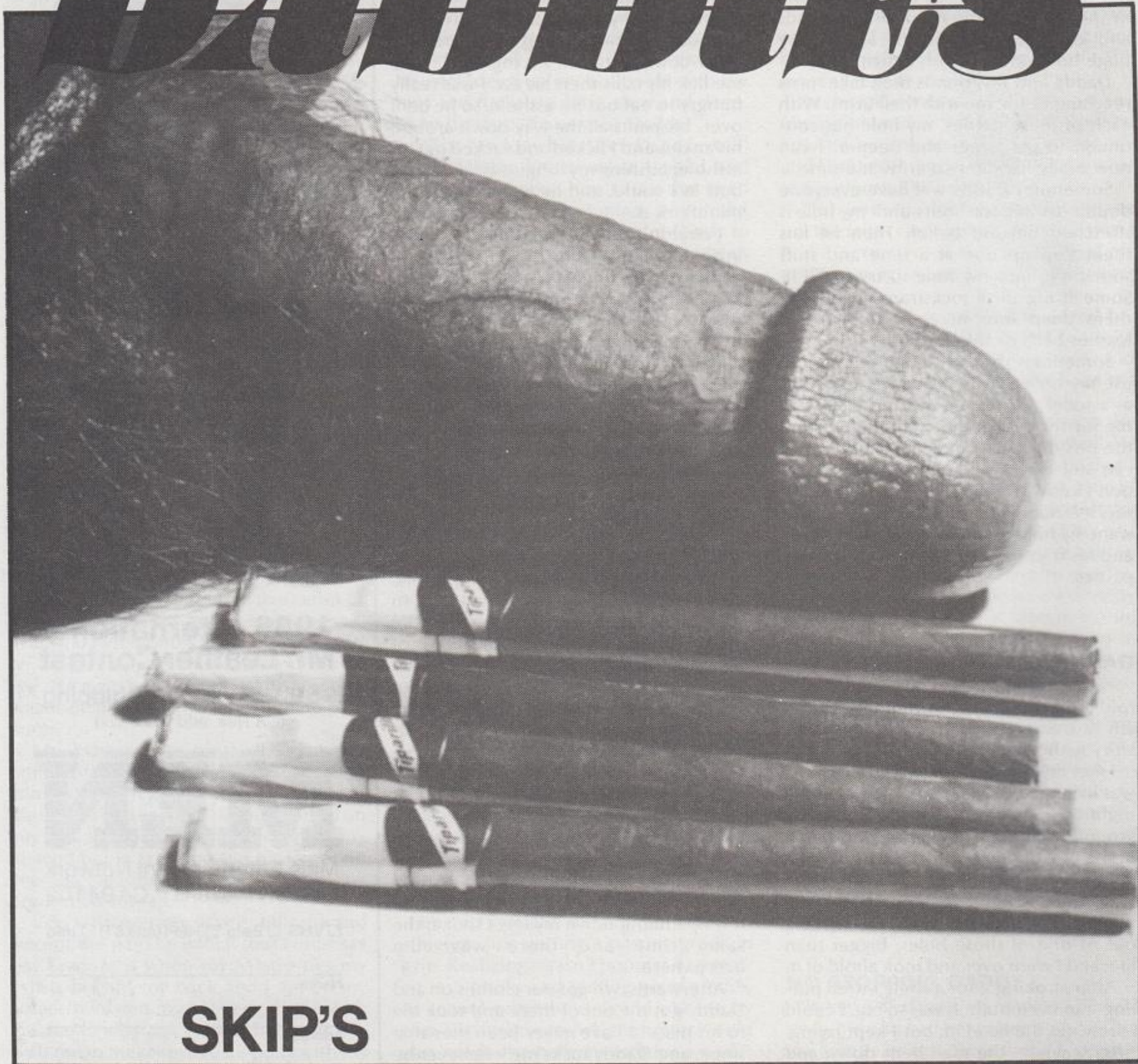
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# DRUMMER DADDIES



## SKIP'S CIGAR

Several months ago, business took me out of state, where I decided to stay the night with an old friend. Chuck is about my own age (42), and about ten years ago he and I were much more than friends. Back then, Chuck started getting into

S&M and tried to get pretty rough with me. That, along with some other things, caused us to each go our separate ways. Anyway, after all these years I thought it would be good to see him again.

The minute I got off the plane, the sight of him stirred up some pretty strong old feelings. He was still in good shape,

still good-looking, and the grey hair at his temples and in his thick moustache made him look even better. Standing next to him was a young guy of about college age. He was a good-looking kid, about twenty-one, blond, athletically built. His name was Skip.

Skip, it seems, was living with Chuck



while he attended college nearby. Chuck introduced him to me as his "son."

Though I've been out of things for a while, I was familiar with the daddy/son thing through *Drummer*. I was real envious of Chuck; still in shape, still fucking, and having a piece of ass like Skip around the house. I could hardly take my eyes off that kid.

Skip carried my bags, drove us home and cooked up a terrific dinner. He did everything Chuck told him to do. He was well behaved, but he also had a good gift for conversation, seemed interested and smiled and laughed. He even teased his "dad." He was just like a real son.

Everything was going smoothly until after dinner. Skip makes a dynamite martini, and Chuck and I were in the living room going over old times as Skip did the dishes. Finally, Chuck offered me a cigar. I said, "Sure."

"Skip! Come here."

The kid dropped what he was doing and came into the room.

"Have you got a cigar for Mr. Thomas?"

There was a long pause; Skip lowered his head and said, "Yes, sir."

Chuck turned to me and said, "Kick his ass an' he'll give you a cigar."

"What?"

"KICK IT. HARD."

I protested, but the kid bent down in front of me and grabbed his ankles, waiting for a kick. I thought it was a joke, so I gave it a light kick.

"HARDER."

I kicked it again, harder this time.

"HARDER! KICK IT GOOD 'N' HARD!"

Skip was still waiting. I stood up, took a step back and planted a good kick on the kid's ass.

Slowly he stood up and unfastened his jeans. He dropped them to his knees. He bent over again. I noticed a long string hanging out of his ass. He grunted, like he was trying to shit. Slowly, I could see his crack open to reveal the end of a long cigar tube that was attached to the piece of string. He was not allowed to touch the string. When the tube was about halfway out, he reached back with his hands and opened it. Out came a fine Cuban cigar, warm to the touch from where it had been baking all day.

Chuck inserted a fresh cigar into the tube and the kid pushed it back in again. The long string made sure it didn't get lost in there. I couldn't believe it!

All of a sudden, Chuck demanded, "Light it."

Skip removed his jeans completely. He went into the kitchen and returned with a box of kitchen matches. He took a match and stuck it into the head of his dick, which was rock hard by this time. The match went in just far enough to hold it. He got close to me and placed his

dick with the match in it as close to my face as he could. You better believe I felt a twinge or two in my own dick with this stud-kid standing buck-assed naked a foot from my face. He struck a match on the side of the box and touched the flame to the match in his dick. I was to light the cigar off his dick, then blow out the match—hopefully before it burned him.

Chuck warned him, "You better make sure it lights on the first try. If it don't—you're going to get the paddle."

My first concern was the kid's dick; my second was his ass. I knew Chuck meant it about giving that kid the paddle. As soon as he transferred the flame, I started sucking on that cigar. There were about three or four seconds of flames on the head of that match before it hit the head of his dick. I drew on it as hard as I could.



PHOTO by JIM WIGLER

Finally, I got scared and blew out the match.

Unfortunately, I blew it out a little too soon. The cigar didn't hold the flame. Chuck turned to Skip and shouted, "GET THE PADDLE."

Instantly, the kid ran out of the room and returned with a thick, wooden paddle. I protested, "Come on, Chuck. Don't paddle the kid. It was my fault—I blew out the match..."

"Bend over."

The kid was naked from the waist down. He grabbed his dick and balls in both his hands and bent over. Chuck took the paddle and gave that kid a smack across the ass that was so hard I couldn't believe my eyes. Then another one. Then another. Five licks in all. Skip

had tears in his eyes afterwards, not to mention a bright, flaming-red ass.

Chuck handed him the paddle to replace. He walked over to me, and with tears running down both cheeks and a cry in his voice, he said, "I'm sorry, sir."

The whole scene made me sick. I decided to call it an early evening and went up to my room. I walked past Chuck without a word. I was grateful I would be leaving first thing the next morning. What Chuck and this kid were into was none of my business, I know; but a spanking is one thing. This beating could only be described as brutal.

I hated what Chuck had become, and I felt sorry for the kid, who probably depended on him financially.

That night I finally got to sleep. I couldn't get the sight of that kid getting that beating from Chuck out of my mind. I remembered the tears in his eyes and the look of satisfaction on Chuck's face as the paddle landed.

I guess it was about two in the morning. A loud noise awoke me up out of a dead sleep. I heard it again coming from their room next to mine. I knew that noise: it was the paddle again. A loud "CRACK!" of wood against flesh. I shut my eyes, thinking of the kid getting his ass beat again. I covered my head with the pillow as I counted the heavy licks. I counted about six or seven, some of which were accompanied by a loud yelp of pain.

I flew into a rage and threw off the covers. If Chuck was busting this kid's butt for my benefit, I was going to put a stop to it once and for all. Just as I approached the door, the paddle landed again. There was another loud yell. I threw open the door.

I watched the paddle land again. The kid stood there with the paddle in his hands. Chuck was across the bed—face down—his hands tied behind his back with a leather cord. He was heaving with sobs, crying into a pillow. His ass was bright red. The kid wasn't finished. He gave him two or three more good ones.

I backed out of the door and shut it. As I lay in bed, I heard the sounds of them fucking. It turned me on so much that I grabbed hold of my own meat and started beating off. As I pulled on my own rod, I could hear the occasional smack from the paddle, followed by the sounds of two men, a "dad" and his "son," fucking with everything they had.

I didn't sleep much the rest of the night.

*Anonymous*

*Do you have your own Daddy/son story to tell? Don't just sit there jerking off, get off your butt and write it down, then send it to: Drummer Daddies, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. When you see your story in print you'll be glad you sent it in.*



# TOUGH SHIT

SEND YOUR SHIT TO DRUMMER  
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314

## WHO PAID FOR THIS?

Believe what you wish, but it is true. D.F. Petersen and O. Carrier, Jr. completed a study in 1972 titled (get this) *Afferent Neural Responses to Mechanical Distortion of the Testis of the Cat*. And if the title alone is not enough to rattle your cage, the following is an excerpt from the work.

"...compression in lightly anaesthetized cats indicated a pseudoaffective pain-like response to distortion of the testis." (Do tell!) "A glancing blow to the testicle produced a burst of activity."

I could have told them that ...and without kicking a cat in the balls.



## UP-FRONT ADVERTISING

A *Drummer* reader sent us this clipping from a local Indiana paper. The search for the right fun-mate goes on.

## WHAT STATE ARE WE IN?



## IS IT IN YET?

Before you ask that question—better ask what state you're in first. Only twenty-five states in the U.S. have no

sodomy laws on the books. Twenty have laws covering both heterosexual and homosexual sodomy. Five have laws

pertaining to homosexual sodomy only. Check the map; there may be a quiz later in your life.

test and the winner turned out to be none other than Zane Blair, our very own Mr. New England *Drummer* 1986. Zane was wintering in Florida and has since turned up in his native Maine. (Zane gets around.) We can't think of a better choice.

## SAFE-SEX TRIVIA

Condoms and condom advertising have become such a big issue recently that we have been inundated with little-known facts concerning the little sex symbol.

There is no record of who actually invented the condom, but credit is given to Gabriel Fallopius, an Italian anatomist for whom the Fallopian tubes are named. He developed a linen condom in 1564 as a safeguard against venereal disease. The linen condom was held in place by a colored ribbon tied securely.

During the Roaring Twenties in Chicago, Al Capone considered but rejected the idea of muscling in on the

condom business. His rival, Murder Inc., did manage to extort a dollar for every gross produced and firebombed factories of those who refused to pay up. It must be remembered that this was an era in which condoms were the only way one could protect oneself from syphilis.

## SITTING ON THE EVIDENCE

According to the UK's *Spectator*, Secretary of State George Shultz has been covering his backside for more than diplomatic reasons. Shultz allegedly has a tattoo of a tiger on his left flank. Rumor has it that it was acquired as a student at Princeton, where the mascot is a tiger. Shultz and the State Department have backed away from revealing whether this story is true or not.

## JUST GOOD HEALTHY FUN!

The JO Buddies have produced a pamphlet called

"How To Have A Hot JO Party in Your Own Home." They have included such items as who to invite (and who not to invite), music, decor, food, and toys your guests might enjoy. The photos of previous JO Buddies parties in the pamphlet are real eye-openers. Indispensable information for planning a fun, safe party. Copies are available from JO Buddies, 1150 Bryant St., San Francisco, CA 94103 for \$2 a copy, plus 50¢ mailing fee.

## SEXY SENIORS

A newsletter complete with personal ads for men over sixty has recently come to our attention. Called "Super Sixty," the organization is celebrating its second anniversary. It is not a commercial venture, simply a contact group for seniors who are seeking friends or companionship. For a copy, send \$1 and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Box 103, 606 West Barry St., Chicago, IL 60657.



## MR. NUDE SOUTH FLORIDA

The Club Body Center in Miami held its second annual Mr. Nude South Florida Con-



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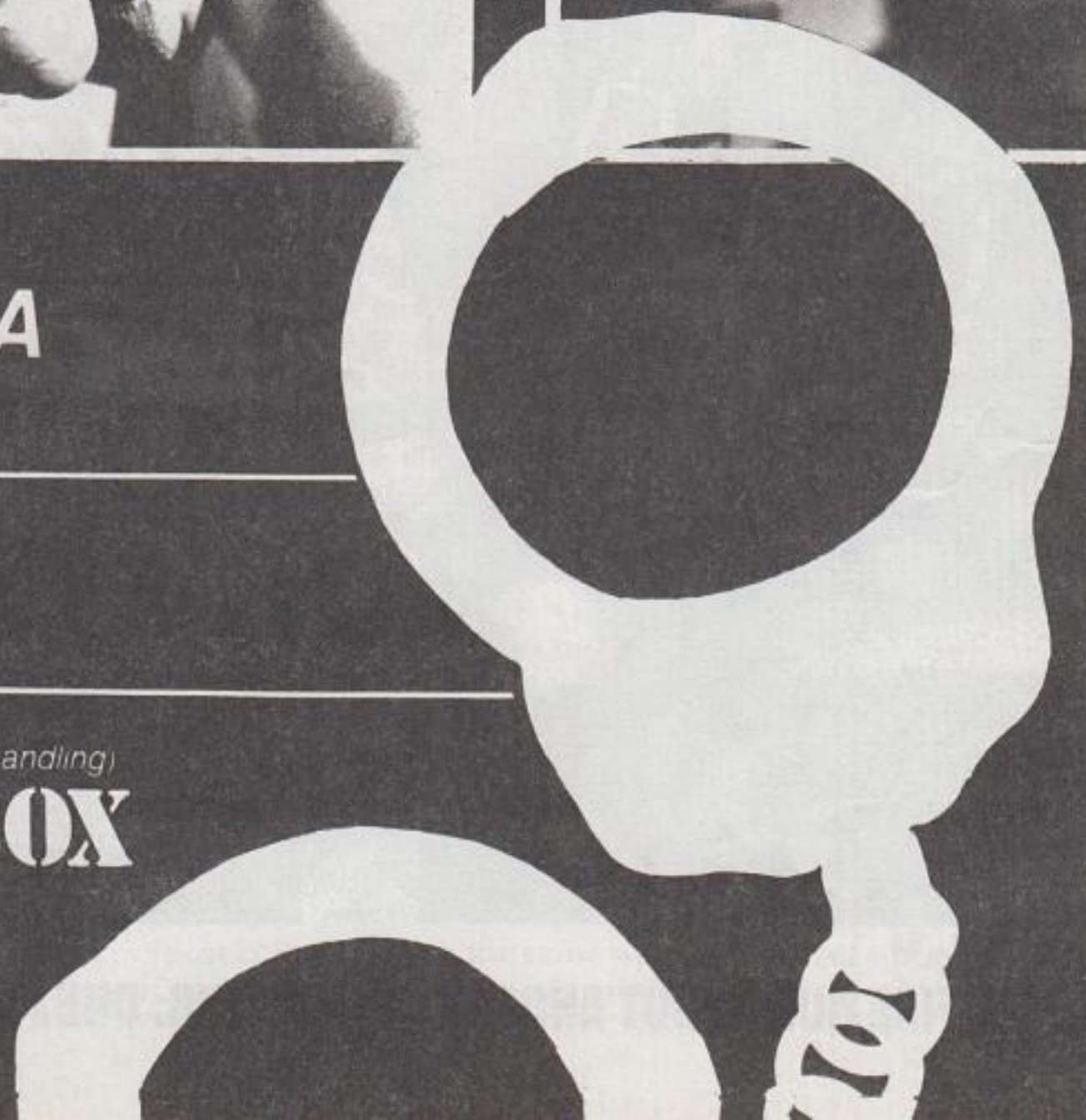
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**ONE FIRE BURNS OUT ANOTHER'S BURNING. ONE PAIN IS LESSON'D BY ANOTHER'S ANGUISH.**  
—Shakespeare, ROMEO AND JULIET





# ANOTHER'S BURNING

by Tim Barrus

There is a virtual explosion of wetly curled blazing-red ass-hair that surrounds his tightly defined pussy of a shit-hole. There is an art to the way in which this dense forest of distinctly rank male pubic hair seems to flame itself up arrogantly from the soft center of his almost brown, slightly pink, anal lips—the center of his pussy is the center of his soul. And if there is anything that symbolizes the fact that this is an explosive fiery man, it is the way in which the inside of his ass seems to blaze not only with the inherent sublime beauty of the male animal, but this is a man whose pussy will suck your cock up into his bowels, setting your meat on fire, if not your heart, if not your love, if not your passion. Oh, always your passion. Passion is the least of his gifts.

The man is beyond hot.

He is not complicated and he does not hide behind a sense of insecure sophistication. This is the only man alive that I would even consider sucking out any and all accumulated sperm from the confines of his shit-hole, regardless of just who the man was who had ejaculated into him. Just give it to me. I have gobbled sperm out of his hole many times—thick, shitsperm. Honey ripe from the source. No other man even comes close. But then no other man I have ever met has his sense of masculine strength. His reddened sense of smoldering sexuality. His fire...

Whether he's fucking me in the mouth or sitting on my face this is the one man in the universe who absolutely sets my dick ablaze. I could orgasm and cum and beat off and squirt jism-fuck fresh from my balls for the next one-thousand years; it wouldn't matter. This is one fire that won't go out. Not for love. Not for money. Not for fuck. And not for the life of me. My whole being burns with him. For him. Because of him. And, damn, often enough in spite of him. My need for him is so intense that when we fuck in the shower, I'll swear the drops of water sizzle into steam when they touch us. There is a tempest, a raging storm of cum and suck and tender testicles and hardened twisted tits and dripping piss holes and smell and sweat and honesty between us. The fire just blazes. It is more powerful than either one of us could ever be.

This is a fire that has a life of its own.

**F**irefighters. The bonds which tend to bind working-class men to other working-class men are frequently as emotionally basic and grounded as they are obstinately honest. There are strong, masculine, unmoveable unions between such men that pledge, connect, sometimes shackle working-class souls together beyond the surreal macho braggadocio of male pride. Real male pride is not surface stuff. Male pride in this part of reality, this small corner of the universe, serves as the foundation upon which all men and their brothers rest. All men are judged here. Male pride is where it all begins. Firefighting is not for the weak—male or female. Firefighters are a breed unto themselves. Most men, if they are really men, will at some ripe point in their lives find themselves measuring themselves in relation to where each individual stands in the eyes of the men he lives with and loves. Even if love itself is never quoted or given its defined due among such men they *do* love one another. It happens. It was meant to happen. That love assumes a billion different forms; it is everything from respect when and where respect is warranted, to the lush, deeply forbidden taste of another man's hog sperming, ejaculating into your eager mouth. The concepts of love and hard male pride are absolutely connected.

Such men do not make the psychological jump to physical sex lightly. Here, sexual connecting is as sweet as it is rare. Often it is beautifully violent. It is unusual only in that it is not common

but it is hardly unknown. When it exists, when such basic men meet on such a basic level, that merging of force and personality and fear and flesh can be as passionate and as prophetic as it is inevitably abandoned. When such males express their love and their need for one another in a sexual relationship each male abandons himself to the physical nurturing and the needs of the other. Completely. There is little here that is postmodern or ambivalent. If such a man loves you you will know it because you'll feel it all the way into who you are.

There will be no uncertainty.

No middle ground. No maybe. When I first met Michael there was no doubt as to who and what he was. Irish and basic. And extraordinarily beautiful. All that red hair. A working-class lad with the buck-boy work-muscle body to prove it. A burst of male-red chest hair nudges its way out from the top of his shirts—it sort of blooms. I wanted to suck on his freckled neck. I could see that I was going to have a hard time, to say *nothing* about having a hard cock, in terms of keeping my hands out of his pants and my cock out of his suckable Irish shithole. I wanted to fist it, to feel up into his bowels, to fuck this buck-little Irish pig with my tongue. My tongue wanted to crawl up into his bloody pussy and eat it until he either shit or screamed.

His eyes were beautiful and soft.

Michael says that I am a glutton for trouble (he is that) and danger (he is that as well). In reality what I am a glutton for is my Irish Michael. In the rough. In the raw. I'll take him any way I can get him. Danger is just another working-class boy in love with another jockstrap working-class *lives-down-the-alley* male with his nuts thick between his sweaty legs. And his name is trouble. Beer in the alley, take it up the ass, fuck whatever walks along trouble. There is no way to remove oneself from their realm when you fight *fire* with anything and everything. Sometimes you fight fire with fire. One eventually consumes the other. Or like men equally matched in combat, both go out. You have to be more than a little bit crazy to do this—fight fires. To l-i-k-e doing this. Most of us working-class rock-'n'-roll male idiots who fight fires for a living like what we do very much. We live with it. With the fear of it. And too frequently we live for it. She becomes your mistress—fire. A whore. You hate her. Although you can see her beauty because it's obvious. You want deeply to fuck the hell out of her—its—ass and you piss on it. It drinks, sucks down your pure male piss, gags and dies.

You walk away and laugh. She has exhausted you.

Only it is never usually that easy, now, is it? It felt good to fuck that ass, there is a connection between fuck and fire. And piss drinking piss. Some of the best firefighters I know are some of the best piss drinkers in South Boston. And South Boston is a working-class bad-ass piss drinker's get-on-your-knees-boy delight. South Boston is a working-class place that virtually reeks with the erotic stench of generations of working-Irish piss. If we Irish know how to do anything well, we know how to take a great big wet piss.

Fighting fire has a certain sensibility to it that convinces one that if life is to be lived, it is to be lived only fully when one lives it on the edge. Having to be constantly ready to confront, at a moment's notice, a beast who possesses the potential of being bigger and a whole lot badder than just about anything this side of the destructive limits of total nuclear war. The end. Most of the men who fight fires come to believe that when the end really does come, and it will, that it will come in the form of fire. When you fight these monsters, particularly the big, out-of-control ones, you reach the human point of evolvment where you *respect* fire in much the same way you *respect* a potent enemy. Even if you do not respect his ability to harm you. The being and



his—trouble—get separated. Respect is the basis without which there would be no reason nor sanity to civilization. There would be no civilization. One way or another it would burn.

It and man would cease to exist. Putting out fires isn't about just putting out a fire somewhere, probably the ghetto, and saving a garage, a shooting gallery, or a condemned, probably abandoned building filled with homeless squatters. The sad. And the broken. Fighting fire is about fighting the end. The end of everything because fire is the ultimate bitch that will eventually, one way or another, someday get to us and burn us. The end.

You pay homage to that kind of power. While this isn't the most intellectual job in the world, a firefighter cannot be dumb or he won't last a week. This is the kind of job that can demand everything from you. Everything. It wants your sweat. Your muscle. Your determination. Often your courage. And always your awe.

It if wants your life badly enough, it will take it.

You have to confront a blazing, swirling, burning holocaust in order to appreciate the fact that fire is the kind of malevolent beast who shows no moral qualms in the taking down of anything and everything it touches with its cuntlips, because that is its purpose. It has but one. To rage and to destroy. Those who've never tried putting such a creature—out—might intuit that something as mindlessly inanimate or as unconscious as a fire would not exhibit personality characteristics. Your intuition would be misinformed. Each and every fire has a distinct personality. Some are put out quickly with little damage or destruction. Others scream at you as they feed on themselves, sustaining life on their own self-created energy. The trick is in the flirting and the fighting with that kind of danger. You always seem to be walking around stark-raving naked on the cold steel edges of death itself.

There is a certain intrigue with firefighting. It gets into your blood. There are those, however, who were *born* to it. It's who they are. There is a challenge to the dilemma of risk. These are South Boston working-class boys who define themselves through the eyes of such challenge. Irish Boston is one of those old urbanized places that takes the threat of fire seriously. Over the past three hundred years, big parts of it have burned down to the fucking ground more times than history wants to remember. It used to be that most fires were accidents, somebody's horse kicked over a lantern, and 40,000 homes, filled to the rafters with the bloody likes of the Irish, burned themselves into oblivion over the course of four hours. It was get out or die. A lot of people died. Today a fire is more likely to be the result of vendetta or arson. Today, the older parts of South Boston are still susceptible to fire. They're primarily made from wood. And the wood is ancient. Boston is one of those places that burns quickly when it burns. Furiously. Maybe it's because Boston is Irish and the Irish are quick-hot to temper.

The Irish do not rise to temper well. If you look into the center of any Irishman's eyes, you'll not likely miss the fire that rages in his ancient soul. I keep telling myself that I should never have looked into his greyish-blue eyes. Eyes that are as demanding of me as they are darkly sexual. The man's eyes flash when he laughs.

Michael is dangerous.

"You know," he said to me once shortly after we became lovers, "I like them."

"You like what?" I asked.

"Fighting them. I like the fighting. Sometimes, sure, it'll make your blood run. A man would have to be a fool to say that a building on fire, falling down all around you, isn't a scary thing to confront. But I like them. It's me against something. I'm at my best when I'm out there and the whole world is falling apart and I'm fighting it. When it's all over, I kind of feel like a dragon slayer. Am I making any kind of sense?"

"No."

"You don't understand."

"I do understand. What I understand is that it's always

dangerous."

"You love it, too," he said. "Maybe you love it more than I do, eh?" And he laughed, tilting his head with his reddish hair back, his eyes flashing the way they do when he laughs. "I've seen you. You love the whole thing. Every minute of it. From the instant the bell goes off in the station house to the wind in your face as you cling to the sides of the truck. You love the fact, Sean, that you live half of your life in a firehouse loft with a dozen other men. Admit it. And the other half of your life you live with me so I can fuck that pretty little ass you've got. You love that, too."

"I can take it or leave it, Michael."

"Liar."

It was my turn to laugh. "If you want a piece of it, you're going to have to earn it."

That was the night Michael fucked me so damn hard with his thick blue-veined cock that I could not walk the next day. Which suited Michael just fine, thank you. He had me where he wanted me. And the next day he put me on my back in our bed and fucked me in my mouth. My mouth was his pussy. With that big pink pig, he royally gutted out my throat. And his balls ejaculated a nice thick ooze of lover jism. I gagged. Not that he was done with me. Not by a long shot. That was the time he had to plow out my ripe little hole of a shitter after he fucked my face. He gave it everything he had. He wanted to cum in my ass. It was as if he were putting out a fire. And I was the fire. Fuck me, do it. Fuck my ass. Certainly, my straining gasping asshole burned and bled with that enraged piece of meat goring me out. There was nothing half way about it because there is nothing half way about Michael. He grunted out another load of his sweet juice into my wet shitcunt, he called me his cunt. Again and again. Michael kissed me, pushing his hungry tongue around inside my mouth. He looked directly into my eyes. Into who I am.

I am his cunt.

He fucks his pig-cunt's working-class pigshit-hole like an animal—*cumming*—into me, forcing my legs apart; fuck me, pigdaddy, just fuck the shit out of this fuckpig's ass. And then he lets me eat out his own sweaty shithole. Sticking my tongue into Michael's bowels, eating his rank shitbrown sexual essence, until he sperms still another strained drip of syrup all over his masculine belly.

I love him. It's not easy. Nothing good is every easy.

I first met Michael when we were in the department's training program—raw recruits. It was a lot like being in the military. Only in the military you never really know for sure whether or not you'll actually see action. Firefighters know that they will see action. The top brass in the department is extremely serious about training you to expect and to be able to deal with the worst. Fighting fire is not to be underestimated. Afterward you thank them for it. For the discipline. But when you are going through it for the first time, you wonder if you will live through the first day. The training is not for those who would prefer a desk job, pushing paper, pencils, and souls, something less involved. Most of Boston's bluecollar firefighters hail from hearty stock. Many of these hairy urchins are lads whose fathers once fought fires in this place. We happen to be a proud lot here in Boston and our history is rich in tradition. We really do have a dog at the station who is our mascot. We really do slide down a breass pole when the alarm sounds. We really do take spit-and-polish seriously. Our station house gleams with it. We really do put our lives on the line every day. You won't find any fern-chic gym-muscles among us. You will find Irish horse muscle. You will find Irish horse sweat. You will find jockstraps and the smell of rubber.

You will find cum stains.

You will find the occasional group jerk-off. It happens. It happens because among such innocents, these beautiful ripe young men, it is natural and unavoidable and rigorously righteous. It doesn't get talked about. But it happens. And anyone who says that it never happens, simply isn't in touch with what



the masculine experience is all about. These are bluecollar let's-all-have-a-beer boys. Strapping Boston and basic. For Christ's sake they drink stout. The fact that a few times we've all pulled out our about-to-explode boners and jerekd off—cumming together—doesn't mean for one instant that any one of us is less of a man for having relieved that pressure. These are men who share danger, trouble, trust, death, and fire. These are men who have seen their brothers on the pot, in the shower; we have very few secrets from each other. Or illusions. These are men who work and drink and fuck and jack-off and hope.

So if the brass is asleep maybe a small group, the insomniacs, maybe three or four of us, will pull it out. Stroke. Stare. Dare. Knowing smiles. Cum, baby. I want to see the milk cum out of the end of your rigid dick. Onto black rubber boots. Perhaps a few quiet moans in the dark. Somebody licks it. Somebody kneels. Somebody sucks. More smiles. Embarrassment. A touch. Someone's hand softly touches your shoulder. We're all friends, here. And then back to bed...

Michael and I shared a barracks during training. Michael was impossible to miss with all that red hair. We were teamed up and I soon learned that I could not have been assigned a better partner. We made it through carrying those hoses up those impossibly high ladders. We made it through learning that when you think you can't go another inch, you can. And then some. We made it through ten-mile runs which started at four in the morning. We made it through dress inspections. We made it through chemical fires, electrical fires, and nuclear accident drills. No brave man among men ever hopes he has to fight one of those.

We work five days on and then we're five days off. When Michael and I decided after training that we wanted to share an apartment, it wasn't considered to be all that unusual a thing. Nobody cared. We had grown close in more ways than one. Toward the very end of the training program (as luck would have it), I fucked up during a drill. After months of this shit, I couldn't believe I did what I did. I attached the wrong kind of hose to the wrong kind of hydrant pipe. If it had been an actual fire, whoever had been holding onto that hose would have had to handle more pressure than would have been possible. The hose would have gone haywire. It was a stupid mistake. There was crap to pay. I should have known better. I was assigned one big dirty fire engine, a bucket, a bagful of rags, a can of wax, and one night in which to spit-clean that bad-ass red mama into a flawless state. She had to shine. It was a shit job that was going to last the night.

I remember being somewhat less than amused at the time. It was three in the morning. "Need any help, asshole?" I looked up.

"Do I look like I need help?"

"Is the Pope a Catholic? Does a bear shit in the woods?"

"Thanks, Michael."

"Let's get down to business," he said. "First we take care of this..." Michael ever so slowly massaged his bulging crotch. "...and then we take care of the truck." I kneeled and unzipped him. I eased his engorged piece of fuckmeat out and tasted the tip, sliding my tongue over his piss slit. Michael grabbed the back of my head and shoved my face down onto his erect cock. "Eat me," he whispered. And his pig plowed in and out of my throat until it creamed a good-sized honest wad of scum into my mouthcunt. It was a beginning, the beginning of my burning desire for him, for the rank male scent of his curled-red pubic hair shoving itself into my face as he fucks me in the mouth. It was the beginning. It would not be the end.

The bonds between us are stronger than even the taste of his cum in my mouth. The bonds between us cannot be dismissed or erased. We'd been fighting fires for about a year when we got called out on a five alarm—it was a bad one. A warehouse in South Boston was burning. It turned out to be one of those toxic chemical fires that one hears about, the kind you dread having to face. They are particularly unpredictable. And strong. You pour the wrong chemical on one of those and the situation can

get a lot worse versus a lot better. You wrestle with it. You make an evil kind of love to its sordid madness. You tease it. You almost nuture it. You hold it in your hands. You caress it. You cum in its mouth. There is a battle for life, it gasps, it clings to you, it smolders, and eventually it becomes a memory.

You piss on the destruction. You walk away and laugh. You don't always know why you laugh after a fire. Perhaps it is only the moment. The irony of symbolically cumming in someone else. And you laugh. You have conquered it. You have urinated on it. You own it. It likes the fact that it has been urinated on. That it has received your waste from your overripe belly. You have pissed down its throat. Smoldering, it dances and disappears. To rubble. To nothing. Like the pain you feel raw on the piss-end of your eager dick. Fighting fire is a very intense, enigmatic, glorious pig-shitfuck. You cum in it. You urinate on it. And you win.

South Boston was burning and South Boston was chock-full of toxic—awesome—chemical smoke. Somehow I thought I was right behind Michael and the primary hose team when in fact I was lost. It had me. I could hear the flames laugh. The burning room I was in began to spin. My mask filled with a caustic smell that wanted to tear the insides of my lungs out with its trapped-cat claws. My lungs were on fire. I wanted to scream. The next thing I knew was that my skin was literally melting on my face. But Michael—it had to be Michael—was pulling me out. I remember him ripping off my helmet, laying me on the pavement, half screaming at me to live. To breathe. I wanted to. I tried. But he was fading; my lungs wanted to bleed everytime my chest moved. My chest was full of blood. I was covered with third-degree burns. Bone-deep burns. In the hospital they literally kept me on a wet-bed of ice. There were surgeries. And grafts. I have scars.

They are mine. I earned them.

There were some touch-and-go weeks that turned into touch-and-go months. The irony is that I couldn't stand for anyone or anything to touch me. The pain was intense. I became addicted to morphine, then Demoral. I could barely move because of the inhuman pain from the burns. I became infected. It wasn't pretty. But I healed. Michael was there. Beside me. It meant everything. They had to carry him home once because no one could get him to leave. For anything. When I shook from the morphine shuffle, a rather notoriously sweaty dance, Michael was there to hold me. Someone had to hold me. Pain or no pain. I needed to be held.

The day I came home he had a spotless apartment ready to greet me, to welcome me with its familiarity. There were freshly cut flowers. From such a man. There was also a pile of laundry, about twelve feet high, sprinkled liberally with stained shorts, jocks, socks and anything else he had used to cum in. He had missed me. He did everything for me. He waited on me hand and foot. Except for the laundry. He still refuses to even learn. Why bother? The son-of-a-bitch has me. I only owe him my life. I worship sucking on his asshole. Why would I ever in a million years complain about his rank-dirty, really extremely filthy laundry? I wouldn't and I don't. I crave sniffing the magnificent shit-whipes he leaves in his dirty underwear. When I jerk off, I put one smelly pair to my face and another one to my dick. I smell his grunty male smells in one and cum in the other.

The day I returned to work, I was greeted with an awful lot of glad-to-see-you-back stuff from my friends. They knew that nothing could keep me away from it. And them. Scars or no scars. That first day back was a slow day; it would not be a slow night. Those knowing smiles. Those subliminal low moans in the dark. Six of us—rock hard. Show me your cock. Stroke. Stare. Dare.

Touch it.

Suck me. I want to see your sperm—cumming. Someone laughs softly. Someone kneels. Curiosity. Taste. These are working-class life-on-the-edge men. Boston and basic. I ought to know. I am one.

And I love one...

□



# TAFT TICKLE TORTURE

by Russ Miller

Though it's been several years, I've never forgotten a particular incident from my boot camp days involving a certain Sergeant Taft and a couple of Marines at Camp Pendleton. Though not exactly similar to most of your other *Drummer* articles, I think it warrants being repeated.

Sgt. Taft was one gorgeous hunk of a Marine, the kind you see in the movies. Tall, blond, muscular, extremely handsome, commanding and masculine. He was also a son-of-a-bitch to be under. A heartless drillmaster, he would put us through hours of excruciating exercises, from running miles and miles to marching endless formations to doing hundreds of pushups, situps, etc. I now understand why he needed to toughen us up, but I'm sure the bastard got off on making us miserable. For not only could he dish out orders, but he would pace alongside with us, barking orders, never tiring while running us into the ground.

"You pussies better move! Move! Move!" He'd holler even as we crawled through mud and barbed wire. "You got to take anything I give!"

Tough as Sgt. Taft was on us, he was just as tough on himself. He could outwrestle, outbox, outrun, outswim, and simply outperform anyone else in our group. Invulnerable to pain, immune to just about any type of physical punishment, the man seemed to have no weaknesses.

Except for one.

I noticed it one Saturday night at a bar in Oceanside frequented by the base. Sgt. Taft was a little tipsy and the barmaid was flirting with him. Though everyone else was busy shooting pool, getting drunk, and making noise, I saw the barmaid playfully poke his ribs. Sgt. Taft let out a squeal and grabbed her hands, then went back to nuzzling her breasts. But I stored what I saw for a later date.

By the end of the fifth week, Sgt. Taft was driving us harder than ever, probably knowing we'd all be shipping out soon. But not before a few of us had our chance to "show our gratitude."

HA-HA-HA-H!! NO... NO MORE...

PLEASE... NO MORE... HNN-A... I CAN'T

TAKE IT... PLEASE... JESUS... STOP, STOP IT, GUYS... I'LL BE GOOD! I PROMISE... I'LL SUCK YOUR DICKS... ANYTHING ONLY... FOR GOD'S SAKE - STOP STOP TICKLING ME!!...

HA-HA-HA-HA-HHH  
AGH-H..HA-HAA



CHRIST, LISTEN TO THE SARGE SQUEAL... JUST LIKE A STUCK PIG!!

YEAH... THESE FEATHERS ON HIS B FEET ARE DRIVING 'IM R UP THE FUCKIN' WALL!

That weekend, it was a rowdy Saturday night as usual in the bar. A few of us bought several rounds, including some for the Sarge. One by one, a few Marines took off until the Sarge and I were alone in the corner.

"Sarge," I whispered, "There's a new babe up from San Diego at the motel near the Capri. Let's go check her out. She's in number seven."

Sergeant Taft was not only high on the drinks but feeling game for a lay, so we both took off for the motel. So unsuspecting was he that he didn't sense anything suspicious when I explained that I

had set this up earlier and that we were expected. A short knock, and we entered the dim room.

Immediately, seven Marines jumped the Sarge and wrestled him onto the bed. The rounds of drinks had worked their effect as the confused Sergeant Taft struggled futilely. However, he became more like the drillmaster we knew once





we started stripping off his uniform and tying him spread-eagle to the bed. In seconds, his naked, muscular body was twisting against the ropes.

"Faggots! What's this shit you're pulling?!" he raged.

"Sarge, you've been wearing our asses out and we wanted to repay you."

"Fuckheads! Grunts! Let me go now or

I'll have all your asses in the brig!"

But his venting was useless. We had planned our revenge thoroughly and were beginning to enjoy the role reversals, and what we planned would leave no marks, no clues, and no case. I opened a drawer and pulled out several feathers and passed them out. The Sarge suddenly stopped yelling, but started to struggle even harder to escape.

"We know you're tough. But this you aren't going to be ready for."

"Wait, you're not going to...oh, no...no, please..."

Suddenly the virile, macho Sergeant

Taft was sweating and speaking in a low, hushed voice. We had discovered the one thing he couldn't handle.

I approached his helplessly bound feet and started lightly stroking his left foot. Even before I got close, he tried to pull away, his eyes huge with nervous anticipation. As I pulled the feather between his toes, he bit his lip and tried to keep his composure. But it didn't last long. Within minutes, he was giggling uncontrollably, twisting to get away. I turned the feather around and used the quill end on his soles. At this, he lost total control and started laughing hysterically, begging me to stop. By now all of us had advanced and were all over him, using feathers and fingers on his feet, armpits, stomach, and balls. The Sarge howled with laughter, helplessly squirming against the ropes. The more we tickled his sensitive body, the harder he laughed and pleaded.

"Stop! Ha! Ha! Please! Aaahh! Ha! Ha! I can't take it. No. Ha! Ha! Please, no more!" he shrieked in between bursts of uncontrollable laughter.

For the next half hour we tortured the Sarge until he was drenched in sweat and aching from laughter. He was hyper-ticklish everywhere, but his size 13 feet had to be the most sensitive part. When a couple of us ganged up and took turns working on his soles, making circular patterns with our fingers and working the feathers around his toes, he would just go berserk, arching his back and screaming for mercy. His sides and armpits were also very sensitive and he would roll and twist in his vain attempts to escape our fingers.

Throughout this whole time, we were all getting rock hard, especially as he screamed louder and pleaded more intensely. Finally, one Marine shot his load, then spread his cum on the Sarge's dick and started to jerk him off slowly. Within seconds, Sergeant Taft was going crazy, his giant cock stiff and throbbing, ready to shoot. As we all attacked his soles, armpits and ribs once again, he let out a scream and came in giant spurts all over himself and the bed. I couldn't hold back any longer and came for unending minutes.

After we all recovered, and swore the Sarge to secrecy on penalty of continuing the tickle torture, we untied his drenched and exhausted body and abandoned the room.

Sergeant Taft still ran our asses around for another week before we all moved on to our active duty posts. He never acted like anything happened, and probably didn't want word of it to get out anyway. But just before I shipped out to Singapore, I caught him alone in his office and handed him a feather. He smiled somewhat sheepishly, took it, and winked.

"Dismissed. And don't get yourself killed, cocksucker." □



# ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



DRUMMERMAN ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

## A WORLD TO WIN

"Get AIDS and die," said the anonymous caller before hanging up. My lover and I had been watching Reagan's performance of his State of the Union Address, and after the folksy finale we speculated about who the caller with the woman's voice might have been. My lover and I are both public gay activists, and we were not shocked nor surprised to receive such a call. The message happened to be blatant, private and anonymous in this case, but the same message is delivered by many public figures in somewhat subtler terms. I don't wish to rouse panic by claiming that full-fledged fascism is looming before us, but we had better face the fact that many of our fellow citizens are feeling vengeful and murderous.

As we all know, various religious figures have welcomed the AIDS epidemic as The Wrath of God. This can't be dismissed only as the faith of fanatics, since this faith resembles the "common sense" of many citizens: gay people play with fire and get burned. As long as AIDS was viewed as "the gay plague," many government officials dragged their feet when funds for medical care and research were sought. Now it is known that AIDS predominantly afflicts straight folks in places like Haiti and Zaire, but racism and distance diminishes that suffering for Americans. Whether those with AIDS are abroad or at home, their lives are balanced in the scales of many preachers and politicians and are found to have little weight and worth. Which people are most afflicted with AIDS? Blacks, drug users, prostitutes and gays. And whose lives are most expendable?

Do blacks deserve to die of sickle-cell anemia, or do Jews deserve to die of Tay-Sachs syndrome? Only outright rac-

ists would answer yes, but respected barbarians have voiced similar views about gays. I don't speak of preachers here, but of politicians like Patrick Buchanan, a syndicated columnist who was until recently a White House official. Buchanan greeted AIDS as just punishment for gay vice, and gleefully predicted "the wholesale destruction and scattering of the 'gay communities' of America within several years." Buchanan dreams of a Final Solution to the Gay Problem, but knows viruses must serve instead of bullets if we are to maintain a degree of democracy.

In the March 2 issue of *Insight* magazine, John Podhoretz editorialized on AIDS and wept alligator tears for "the tragedy that only promiscuity can bring." Podhoretz asks this rhetorical question: "Should teenagers ignore AIDS, consider it merely an ailment affecting male homosexuals and people stupid enough to inject drugs in their arms?" Think twice about that word "merely"! Podhoretz sees the bright moral lining to the dark cloud of AIDS, and he answers his own question by stating that adults should use AIDS to terrorize youth into sexual abstinence. Instead of sexual education, he proposes sterner moral lessons. "Having sex won't be a crime," he concludes. "It will be a sin, which is worse." AIDS, Podhoretz strongly suggests, proves that the wages of sin is death.

Turning this medical crisis into a moral melodrama will not prevent the transmission of AIDS to straight folks in Alaska and Alabama, even if the moralists cast gays, drug users, and Africans into the outer darkness. There is, in fact, a moral dimension to this crisis in health, but if there is going to be a moral crusade, let it be magnanimous rather

than mean-spirited. The moral we should draw is that no one's life is expendable, and this must translate into personal commitment to public action. As sexual outlaws in this culture and country, some gay people react with distrust and disgust to all politicians. That can be healthy as long as we are puking poison from our own systems. But politics means more than this or that established party; it means more than adding or subtracting votes. Politics means taking responsibility in the one world we share, like it or not.

The time is past when we could glibly say we were "apolitical." Who knows which one of us will receive a diagnosis of AIDS tomorrow, next year, or five years from now? Even if we were able to turn our backs on the dead and dying, we should act in our own self-interest. AIDS will compel us to help save others even if our first goal is to save ourselves. First we'll have to find the courage to come out as gay people, and to stop pretending that we can rise above our own sexuality. If the straight world will accept us only in an asexual disguise, then we remain second-class citizens. That kind of asexual, abstract "humanity" is merely one more gay closet. A wise woman, Hannah Arendt, once pointed out that you can only resist defamation "in terms of the identity that is under attack." She was writing especially about Jews under the Nazis, but her words apply to gays today: "Those who reject such identifications on the part of a hostile world may feel wonderfully superior to the world, but superiority is then truly no longer of this world; it is the superiority of a more or less well-equipped cloud-cuckoo-land."

Down on this earth we have a world to win. I've said before

that I'm reluctant to view AIDS as a blessing in disguise, but this disease may do some good if it makes us face certain issues with clarity. The Nov. 26 issue of *The Harare Herald* of Zimbabwe carried this front-page headline: "AIDS May Kill 1 Million Africans in Ten Years." According to the writer, "The cost of treating 10 American AIDS patients at about U.S. \$50,000 each is greater than the entire annual budget of Zaire's largest hospital. Consequently, AIDS victims are not admitted, but are sent home to die untreated." Zaire is a poor country and far away, but here at home we lack many essential social and medical services for those with AIDS as well. The link of humanity between Africans and Americans with AIDS must not be broken, and we should examine our own economic system carefully. Our government spends astronomical sums of money on weaponry of all kinds, far beyond legitimate needs of defense, and yet we lack hospices in many of our major cities for those who are living with AIDS and have no other means of support. If it were not for the criminal exploitation and squandering of world resources, we could afford decent health care for all our citizens, and give substantial medical aid to others in the world.

Reagan, Buchanan, Podhoretz and their colleagues encourage us to count our blessings—and to toss the unblest out of our lifeboat and into the storm. In the cloud-cuckoo-land of our dreams, all is smooth sailing, and I myself could write all my *Drummer* columns about anything but politics. I'm well aware that International Mr. Leather is expected to be universally amiable, but I am what I am and I won't let the bastards win without a fight. □



# MR. DRUMMER 1987

## THE WEEKEND!

JUNE 25-28, 1987



**T**he 1986 Mr. Drummer Contest was a heady experience. I had just arrived in San Francisco as the soon-to-be owner of *Drummer*, et al. My job was to observe and learn all I could prior to actually taking over in late August. The contest weekend was Andy's and my first public exposure to our new roles. The enthusiastic support voiced by virtually everyone we met was exciting, and the continual presence of a swarm of gorgeous hunks made it even better.

Naturally it was also a period of frequently thinking, "When I get to do it my way..." Well this year we do get to do it more my way. Many of the best aspects from the past will be kept. Among these: all contestants have participated in regional eliminations. The fantasy section, unique to the Mr. Drummer contest, will definitely continue—and this year it will be presented on a stage where everyone can see.

JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns, whose spectacular "Road Warriors" Apache Dance was a contest high point last year will be back with something new. (Their performance has been treated to MEN's special effects to give a truly show-stopping sequence in the

1986 Mr. Drummer Contest video. Their segment alone is worth the price of the tape! The photos on this and the next two pages were lifted directly from the video by MEN.) We also have several entertaining surprises planned, including possibly a precision whip drill team.

Some of the changes include: A new location. Club DV8 is somewhat smaller than the Trocadero but provides a better stage and greater control over the sound system. There will NOT be long disco breaks during the contest, but everyone is invited to stay after (the contest should be over between 12 and 12:30) to party and meet the contestants. Audience ballots will be an important part of the selection process but not the only one. There will also be a panel of judges including well-known and respected leathermen from around the country.

We have also encouraged a travel agent to put together an economical package that will make it more convenient for leathermen from around the country to attend. The weekend starts Thursday, June 25 with an appearance of the Mr. Drummer contestants at the San Francisco Eagle's monthly Bare Chest contest. The Mr. Drummer Contest itself

will begin at 9 P.M. at DV8 (the name says it all!) and will be followed by a leather dance.

It's Gay Pride weekend in San Francisco and there are dozens of events for gays going on all across the city. The '87 Classics, a gay body-building contest, will be held the afternoon and evening of Saturday, June 27. Gay body-builders from all over California and other parts of the country will compete in this fundraising event to benefit the Gay Games. For those into bodies, this is one of the events of the year.

Sunday, June 28, the largest Gay Pride parade in the country will wind its way from the Financial District to Civic Center Plaza in front of San Francisco's magnificent City Hall. Mr. Drummer 1987 and the other Mr. Drummer contestants will ride on San Francisco Eagle's South of Market float along with many other leather titleholders and the hottest leathermen in the city.

Join *Drummer*, the South of Market leathermen and your gay brothers and sisters in San Francisco for The Weekend 1987!

—A.F.D.



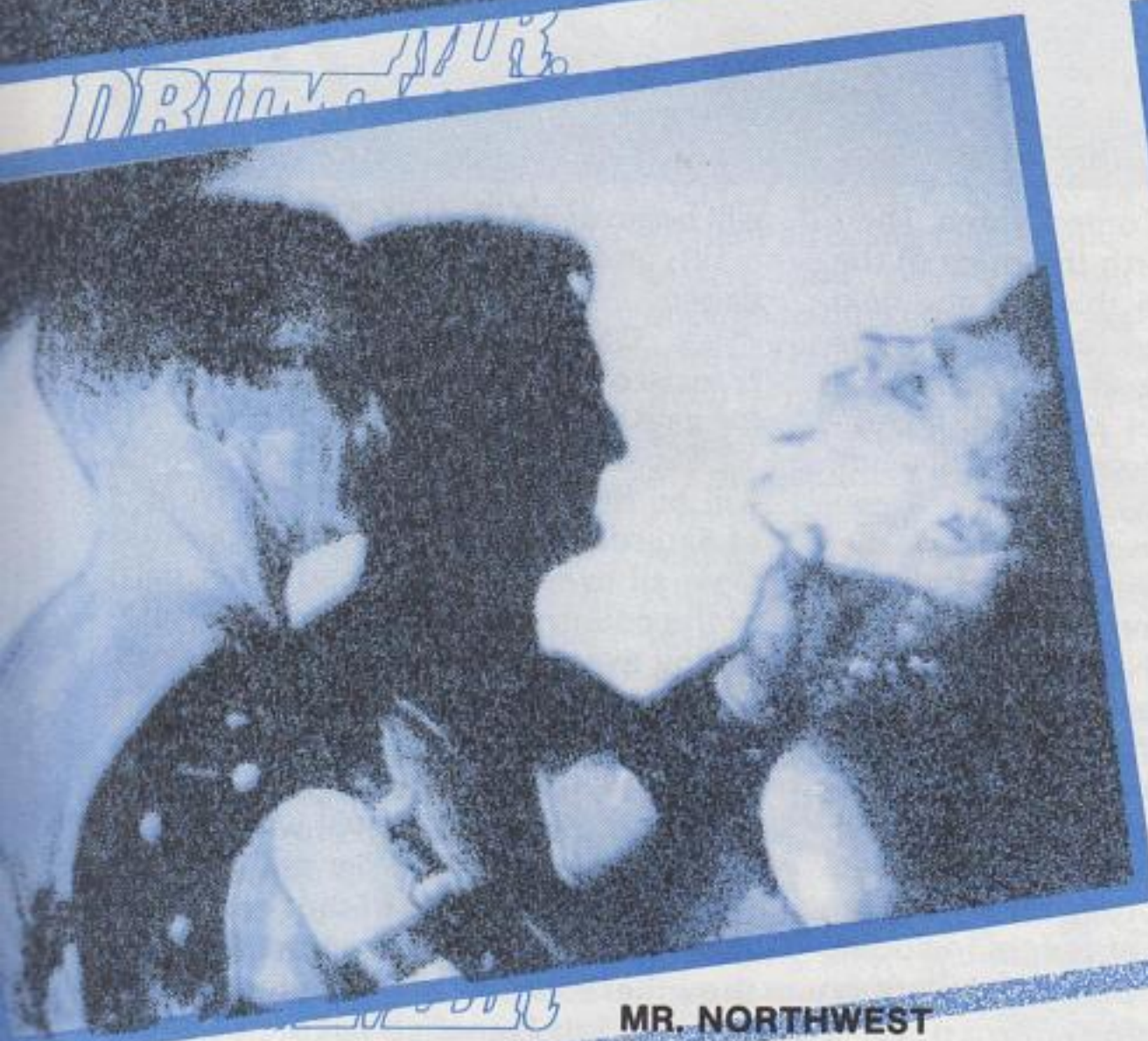
# MR. DRUMMER

**MR. MIDWEST DRUMMER**  
 CONTEST: May 9, Saturday  
 LOCATION: The Dock, 602 W. Pete Rose Way, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: The Dock  
 CONTACT: Dale Dessinger (513) 241-5623  
 PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, trophy, leather.  
 NOTE: Local contests will be

held at The 501 in Indianapolis, Tradewinds in Columbus, The Dock in Cincinnati and The Eagle in Michigan. Contact local bars for dates.

**MR. NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER**  
 CONTEST: June 5, Friday  
 LOCATION: San Francisco Eagle,

398 12th St., San Francisco, California  
 SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: San Francisco Eagle  
 CONTACT: Terry Thompson (415) 626-0880  
 NOTE: Information on prizes and judges will appear in next issue.



**MR. NORTHWEST DRUMMER**  
 CONTEST: May 17, Sunday  
 LOCATION: Sparks, 1114 Howell St., Seattle, Washington  
 SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Sparks  
 CONTACT: John Shearer or Keith Hughes (206) 624-7493  
 PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommo-

dations, leather and a cash prize.  
 NOTE: Mr. Northwest Drummer Stan Ray, along with his Drummerboys, will perform. Representatives from the Northwest U.S. and Canada will be contestants.

**MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER**  
 PRELIMINARIES: June 12, Thursday and June 13, Friday  
 CONTEST: June 14, Saturday

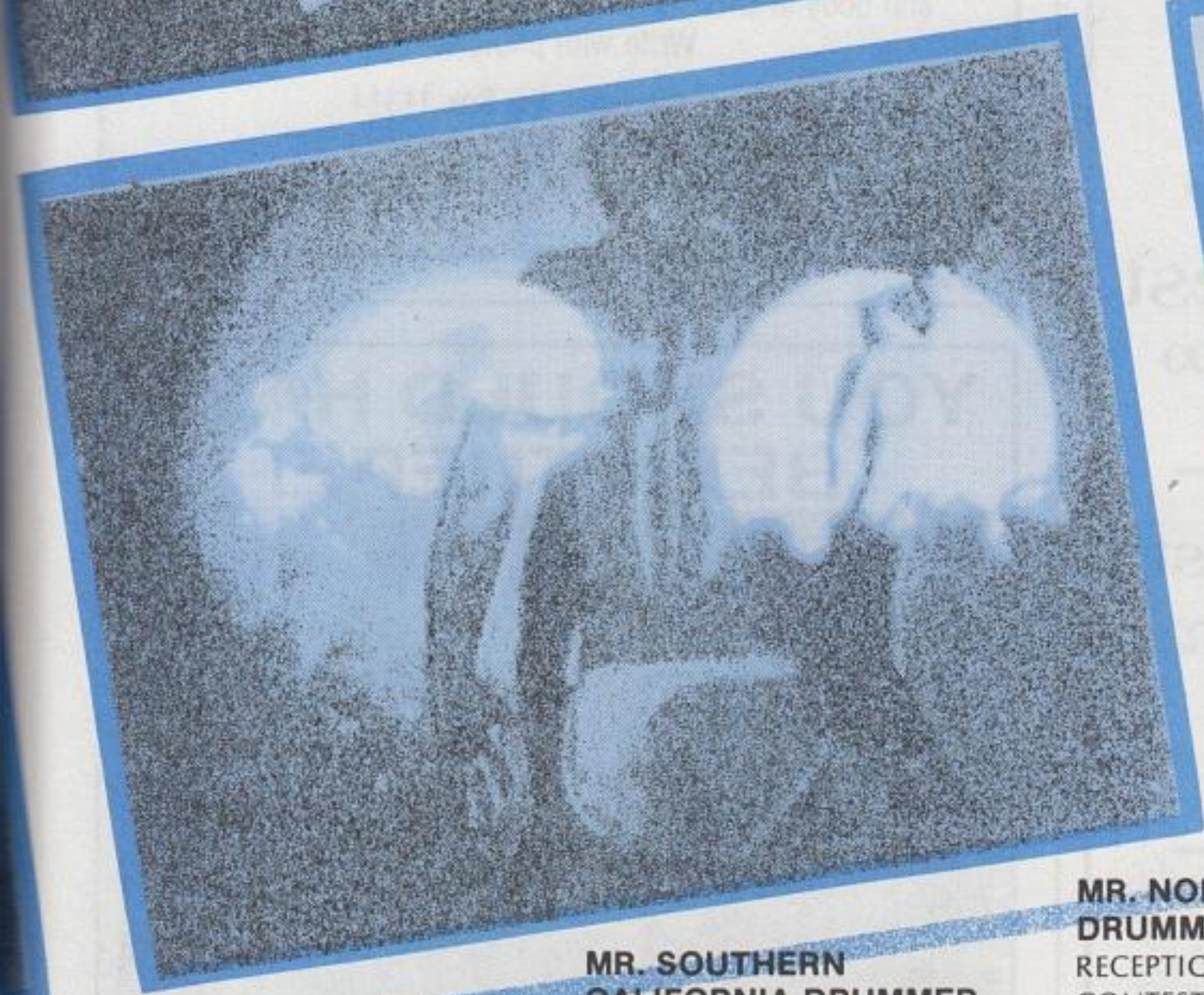
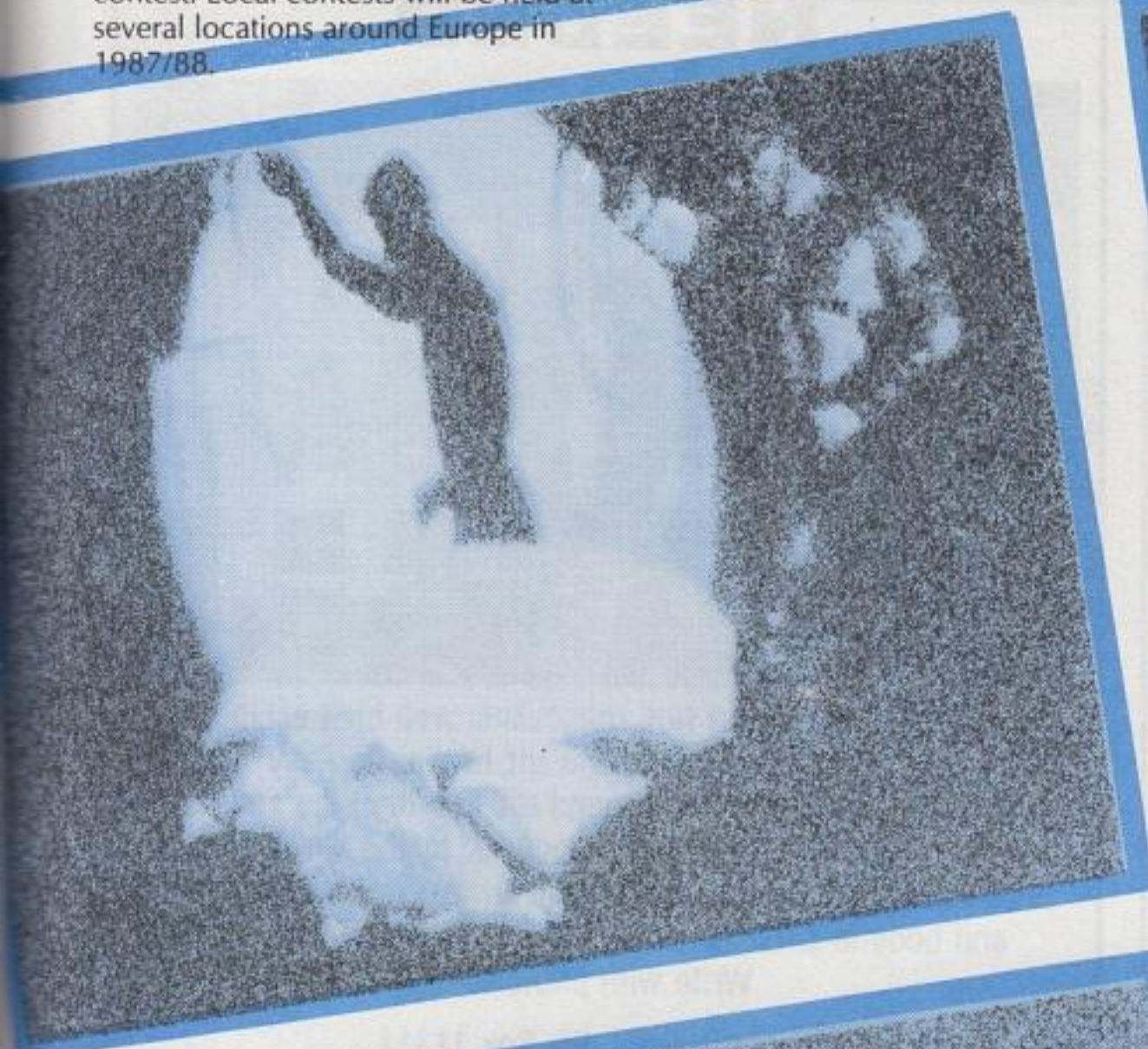
LOCATION: Chutes, 1732 Westheimer, Houston, Texas  
 SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Chutes  
 CONTACT: Ted Lenze (713) 523-2213  
 PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, trophy, \$100 cash.  
 NOTE: Local contest will be held at Trestle in Dallas, Mainline in Oklahoma City, Paw Paw's in New Orleans and Snuffy's in Austin. Contact local bars for dates.

# MR. DRUMMER



**MR. EUROPEAN DRUMMER** (Invitational Contestant)

SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: The New Eagle Bar, Amsterdam, host of the 1988 European regional contest. Local contests will be held at several locations around Europe in 1987/88.

**MR. SOUTHEAST DRUMMER**

PRELIMINARIES: April 10, Friday  
CONTEST: April 11, Saturday  
LOCATION: Tacky's, 2509 West Broward Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida  
SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Tacky's Bar  
CONTACT: Dave (305) 791-5092  
PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, trophy, leather, \$1,000 cash.  
NOTE: Hosts will be Ken Savage, Jack Sturdy and Michael Mullis, Mr. Southeast Drummer 1986.

**MR. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER**

CONTEST: April 11, Saturday  
LOCATION: Probe, 836 N. Highland, West Hollywood, California  
SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Probe  
CONTACT: Mark Hendel or John Hersh (213) 461-8301  
PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, \$500 cash.  
NOTE: Local contests will be held at bars throughout Southern California to represent those bars at the Mr. Southern California Drummer Contest at Probe. Contact local bar or Probe for details.

**MR. NORTHEAST DRUMMER**

RECEPTION: March 20, Friday  
CONTEST: March 21, Saturday  
LOCATION: Underground, Spring St., Portland, Maine  
SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Harbor Masters MC  
CONTACT: Ralph or Butch (207) 774-4785  
PRIZES: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, \$100 cash.  
NOTE: Zane Blair, Mr. Northeast Drummer 1986, will be a judge.

**MR. CAROLINA DRUMMER**

LEATHERETTE SHOW: May 13, Wednesday at Scorpio  
MR. CAROLINA DRUMMER '86 (Butch Stevenson): May 14,

Thursday, Roast at Charades  
WELCOME PARTY: May 15, Friday at Brass Rail, hosted by the Tradesmen MC  
CONTEST: May 16, Saturday at Park Center  
MANDANCE AND DRUMMER-BOY CONTEST: May 17, Sunday, 1 A.M.  
LOCATIONS: Various  
SPONSORING ORGANIZATION: Queen City Quordinators  
CONTACT: Robert Sheets (704) 339-0679  
PRIZES: Mr. Carolina Drummer: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, \$200 cash. Carolina Drummer-boy: Round-trip airfare to San Francisco, hotel accommodations, gifts from local businesses, \$50 cash.



# DRUMMER

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**PLUS MUCH MORE \$179<sup>00</sup>**

**Mr. Drummer '87 Contest**  
Friday, June 26th-9:00 p.m.

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*Drummer* is looking for hot, masculine, well-built exhibitionists willing to take orders who want to play fantasy games with super-hot studs from around the country. Age and race unimportant. Your assistance is required by the Mr. Drummer finalists for their fantasies. If you've always wanted your face and body in *Drummer* magazine, now is your chance.

Write with photo to:

Drummerboys, PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101, or call direct  
(415) 864-3456 and ask for JimEd Thompson.

## YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN THERE!



But in case you weren't or just want to relive seeing America's hottest leathersmen in competition, Sandmutopia Supply Co. now offers you the men, the leather, the fetishes and the red-hot fantasies of the past three years of MR. DRUMMER contests.

Mr. Drummer 1984, Mr. Drummer 1985 and Mr. Drummer 1986 are each only \$59.95 +2.00 shipping and handling. When ordering, indicate VHS or Beta and make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Visa, Mastercard and American Express cardholders may order by phone, (415) 864-3456.



# DREAMS of NIGHTMARES

by Jared Scott

The further Matt Sullivan drove into the area, the greater became his sense of being swallowed. The dark, looming warehouses and smaller industrial buildings lay dormant and still, as if sleeping, as if waiting.

It was a part of the city he'd never seen before, except from a distance from the freeway. Looking down on it from the road, seeing its old brick streets with grimy heavy equipment pounding noisily through the area, he had wondered who would work down there, let alone venture into the battlezone, at night. "Battlezone," that's what the newspapers and TV were calling the old industrial area. Everyone had heard about it and everyone consciously stayed away.

It was nine-thirty, pitch black, cold and drizzling. The few streetlights which worked cast gloomy shadows. He missed his Porsche and its sure-footedness; it could get him back to safety easily. But just in case, he'd borrowed his brother's beat-up Ford, saying he had to haul something. His brother hadn't objected, grateful for the use of the Porsche for tonight's date.

McGraff Alley. He stopped and parked the Ford. McGraff and Seventeenth. Taking a deep breath he pushed the door open. All about was silence and those things which lurk in darkness. He barely noticed the cold, the rain. He opened the trunk and emptied his pockets retaining only the trunk key.

He wondered if he should stand in the center of the ancient street and jac off. He suddenly had an incredible urge to strip out of his clothes and go exploring. Climb through the ruined buildings, in the cold and wet, scraping his cock on steel and concrete and snagging his sac as he clambored over barbed-wire-topped fences. The thought made him shudder and he resisted his instincts. He found a place near a building to hide the key.

He wondered why the place had a reputation for violence: there was no one around. Rapes, muggings, maimings: the district's credo. He saw why nearly every victim was male: what woman in her right mind would venture into such a place? He wondered what was the attraction of the place at night that anyone would be here to be assaulted.

He walked north on Seventeenth, turning every few steps to look at the car, to check behind himself.

"Someone's comin'! Get ready." Stockman crouched down behind the low brick wall, pulling Rieger and Walker with him. He hated nights like this; he hated being damp and cold.

Stockman raised slightly to look over the wall, then dropped quickly. "Any second; he's comin'." The three of them sat, with their backs against the brick, barely breathing, waiting, listening. Footsteps sounded in the gloom; rubber soles on dirty pavement. A gritty sound. They looked down along the wall,

toward the street and focused on a far-off streetlight in the next block. The light flickered out for a second, then was back as someone walked between them and it.

"Now!" Stockman hissed. They rose to a crouch and followed the wall toward the street then stood and ran after him.

"What the...!" Sullivan went down hard under the unexpected force of the three men. They rolled onto grass and scuffled until Sullivan was pinned on his back.

"Bye, bye," Stockman said as he drove his fist into the barely-seen face.

Rieger, strongest of the three, slung Sullivan's limp body easily over his shoulder and followed the other two toward the deserted railyard. The vast expanse of rusting track was poorly lit by dim lights. The only relief from the flatness was a large control tower and the dark shapes of a half dozen abandoned box cars. The three men bypassed two of the cars and made their way toward the one located almost dead center in the yard.

Stockman unlocked the padlock and pushed the well-oiled door silently open. Rieger heaved his burden inside then climbed in, followed by the others. The large door slid shut and was locked from the inside.

"He's comin' around," Rieger said in the total darkness, sensing the change in Sullivan's breathing.

"Get started," Stockman said as he felt his way toward the lanterns and the kerosene heater. By the time he had lit the first one, Sullivan had been stripped, his clothes tossed in a pile. By the time he'd lit all four, carrying a fifth with him, Walker had slipped the face hood over Sullivan's face and began applying layers of duct tape, drawing it tighter, sealing every opening except the nose and eyes, covering every inch of the cheap leatherette. Stockman set his lantern down and began tugging on the hood just as Sullivan began moaning. Satisfied that it was secure, he nodded to his companions. Walker zipped the eye-slits closed as Rieger handcuffed Sullivan's wrists behind him and to a chain anchored in the wall.

The three men methodically stripped out of their clothes, chilling in the cold dampness, smelling the kerosene but not yet feeling its effects. Each went to a chest and began pulling out their gear.

Rieger, tall and muscular, pulled on a full body harness which perfectly accentuated his physique. He wrapped a studded six-inch ball stretcher around his long sac, making the drum-tight sacskin glisten in the warm light. The cockring, built into the harness, forced his shaft into semierrection, its veins standing out on the hardened skin. He slipped on two studded bicep straps and a half-hood over his face then walked to where Sullivan was struggling to rouse himself.



Walker, the smallest of the three, looking almost out of place amidst his muscular companions, pulled on a chest harness which further defined his well-developed pecs and his straight shoulders. He cinched a belt around his slender waist then began fitting an arm-sized two-headed dildo into another strap. He snapped one end of the strap onto the belt just below his navel, shoved his cock and balls through a built-in cockring, then impatiently forced half the dildo up his ass and fastened the other end of the strap to the belt in back, locking the monster in place. He pulled on a half-hood then walked to Sullivan, the exposed half of the dildo looking like a short third leg. He sat on the floor, oblivious to the shaft snaked up inside him.

They looked at Stockman who had nearly finished putting on his chrome-steel uniform. A chrome band encircled his neck and one bicep. A bright chain draped between his two tits. He wore a chrome cockring, wide ballband and a ring which encircled the base of his cock. Another ring was fitted onto his cock just behind the glans. Running from the base ring and glans ring, on the underside of his prick, was a rod which became a two-edged horizontally oriented knife which extended six inches beyond his cockhead. Two small chrome studs pierced his cockhead looking like eyes. He pulled on the half-hood and moved toward Sullivan.

"Let's see what we got; get him to his feet," Stockman ordered. Rieger and Walker grabbed Sullivan under the armpits and hauled him up. He staggered but finally stood. He struggled against his bonds and a muffled cry came through the hood. "Nice," Stockman said, stepping closer and running his fingers lightly across Sullivan's chest. "I like fuckin' with good-lookin' men." He reached down and wrapped his hand around Sullivan's cock and balls, tugging roughly downward. Sullivan screamed into the hood. Stockman twisted the gonads and squeezed. "A handful; lot of heft; I like that. Get the trapeze," he said to no one.

Rieger went to the wall and picked up a padded barrel. A chain ran through it. Standing on a stool he hooked each end of the chain to ceiling hooks suspending the barrel just below waist level. Stockman nodded to the two and they unlocked Sullivan's handcuffs then picked him up and draped him over the curved padded surface, locking his wrists to his ankles.

"Go ahead," Stockman said to Rieger, "warm him up." Rieger smiled and stepped behind the vulnerable upraised ass, his cock in hand, ready.

"Wait a minute, fasten his balls down... keep it from swingin' too much." Sullivan bucked and screamed when Walker grabbed his nuts in one hand, clamping a steel ball band around the sac and running a chain from it to the floor. Stockman moved forward and pushed on Sullivan's ass. The trapeze swung forward but was stopped as the chain snapped tight. Sullivan screamed again. "Okay," Stockman said to Rieger.

Rieger stepped up to the conveniently positioned hole. He grabbed Sullivan's tensed asscheeks and drove his shaft past the lips and completely into the defenseless guts. He pulled out no more than an inch, then slammed himself against the ass again. Stockman and Walker moved to either side of the trapeze and began moving it for Rieger who remained motionless as the ass slid on and off his rigid pole. With each swing, the chain around Sullivan's balls drew tight, punctuating each thrust with a muffled scream.

Rieger stepped back suddenly, pulling his bulk out of the hole. His cock bobbed erratically, glistening with ass jism. "That's it," he said, breathing hard, "I don't want to cum yet. He's tight, though, like a fuckin' virgin." Stockman smiled at the pronouncement. He gestured for Walker to take a turn.

Walker stepped into position. He cupped the twin mounds of ass flesh and rubbed his hands over them lovingly. "Hard as a rock and smooth as a stone," he said. He moved his hands closer and closer to the center then spread the cheeks roughly exposing the nugget. He knelt and planted his face in the crack, driving his tongue into the tight warmth. His tongue flew in and

out of the hole until he suddenly pressed in even closer and wrapped his lips around Sullivan's backlips in a desperate kiss. Stockman poked Rieger in the ribs and gestured to Sullivan's cock which strained against the barrel.

Walker stood and inserted two fingers from each hand into the ass, forcing the hole wide open. Sullivan squirmed and moaned in response, but his cock remained stiff as a board. "He's clean," Walker announced, "he's ready. Probably been waitin' for us," he laughed. He aimed his pole toward the target then leaned forward, watching it disappear into the tight hole alongside his four fingers. "Yeah, yeah! Tight as a drum." He rocked in and out, the rubber cock hanging out of his ass, whipping back and forth wildly. He came quickly, pulling out to dump half his load on Sullivan's asscheeks and bent forward to lap up his jism.

Stockman stepped forward. "Undo the eyes," he ordered Walker, who stooped and removed the eye flaps. Sky-blue eyes, filled with terror, glared out at them upside down. Stockman stepped back so Sullivan could see him. Stockman's cock was hard, the knife extending from it held straight out. "I'd fuck you now," Stockman said, looking into the eyes, "but that'd end it too quick." He stepped forward and grazed the underbelly of Sullivan's cock with the sharp point. "Ever seen a cockless man?" Stockman asked, watching the point move slowly from side to side on the shaft. "Or someone with no balls?" He rolled the barrel toward him, lowering Sullivan's nuts, then running the point across the thin, drum-tight flesh. Sullivan's eyes widened and he stopped breathing as the sharp blade hovered near his sex. Stockman stepped back.

"Get him down."

Sullivan was taken off the barrel and raised onto a crude, multipositional table at one end of the car. Individual sections could be raised or lowered or removed. He was laid on his stomach, his cock and balls forced through a round hole. His chin rested on one edge and his legs were strapped wide apart; his arms strapped down along his sides and his head was strapped rigidly in place. Rieger stepped forward and forced his large cock into Sullivan's mouth, held open by pegs inserted between his jaws. Rieger ignored Sullivan's gagging and retching and drove his prick deep down the vulnerable throat until he could feel the spastic constrictions working to force the obstruction out. He threw his head back and let the violent retchings work on his cock. He withdrew and let Sullivan breathe then rammed himself down the throat again. Stockman was under the table. He grabbed Sullivan's cock and balls and slipped a rope round them and began coiling it around and around the base, creating a coil too big to fit back through the hole. He tied the rope off. He lay on the floor and reached up and wrapped his hands around the tethered organs and pulled until he raised himself off the floor. Sullivan tried to scream but only succeeded in gagging even more to the pleasure of Rieger's implanted shaft.

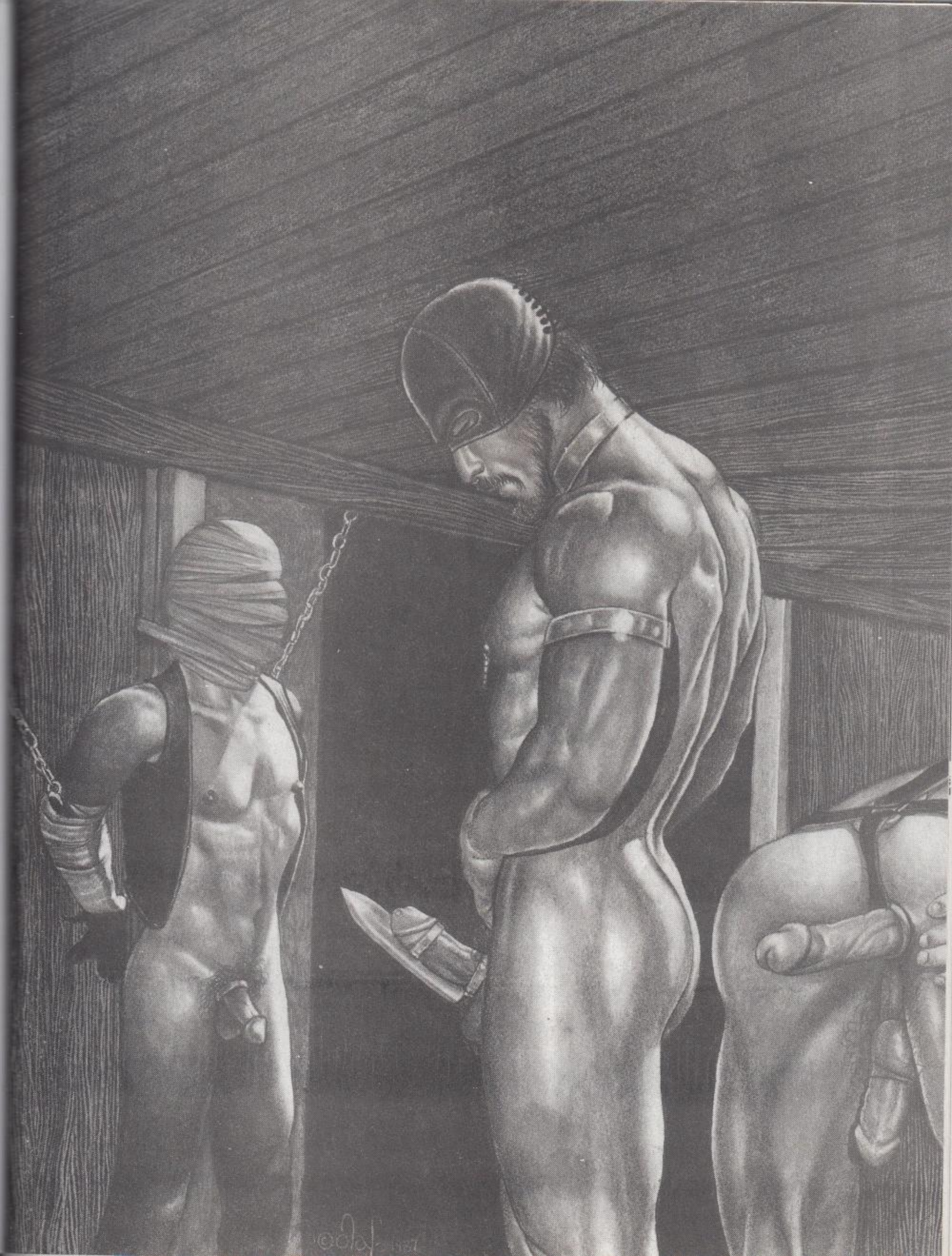
Walker climbed onto the table and sank his shaft down into the exposed ass. He forced a finger in beside his shaft and felt himself inside Sullivan's guts, felt his cockflesh sliding in and out of the tightness. He forced in a finger from his other hand and stretched the hole wider as he drove himself into it, feeling his flesh slide along the skin of his fingers and Sullivan's slippery tightness.

Rieger came with a holler. Cum pumped into Sullivan's throat, gagging him even more. Walker came again in the ass. He pulled his still-drooling cock out but kept his fingers in the opened gut mouth, stretching it wide. He leaned forward and sucked his jism out.

"I think he's ready," Walker said to Stockman as the three stood back looking at Sullivan as he lay quivering on the table.

"Not yet," Stockman said, looking at a sheet of paper pinned to the wall. Following his instructions, Sullivan was hoisted up by his wrists and ankles until he was doubled over. His ass was aimed straight down toward the table. Stockman removed the knife from his cock and he and Rieger climbed onto the table











and lay on their backs, ass-to-ass, their legs intertwined. Their cocks were pressed together into one huge double shaft. Walker winched Sullivan down until his ass brushed against the double head. He screamed at the bulk of what he felt pressing into him. Stockman nodded and Walker turned the crank slowly. They watched as their twin shafts forced their way into Sullivan's tightness.

"Oh, shit!" Rieger hissed as he watched the ass envelope them both. Sullivan's muffled screams and moans were ignored as he was lowered completely onto the huge bulk. His ass grazed their sex hair, their shafts completely disappeared. Walker moved forward and placed a hand on each of Sullivan's asscheeks. He rotated Sullivan on the swivel in the chain, slowly at first as Stockman and Rieger moaned their satisfaction. Their cocks tried to twist around one another like the stripes on a barber pole. Walker turned Sullivan faster. Lubricating ass-jism drooled down onto the dual shaft to nest in sex hair, some of it flung outward onto stomachs or chests as Walker spun Sullivan faster and faster. Sullivan's ass spasmed against the impossible sensations and in minutes both Stockman and Rieger came, their jism adding more lubrication and drooling down to join the ass-juice in their wiry hair. Sullivan came too; his syrup was flung in a circle around them.

Walker cranked Sullivan up off the twin shafts. Sullivan was laid over the table, his feet on the floor, his chest and arms strapped down. Rieger stood behind him. He quickly removed the six-inch ballshaft and massaged his nuts for a second before he stepped closer and began pushing his lank sac into Sullivan's ass. When most of the sac was inside, he kneaded a ball forward and pressed, grimacing, until it popped in. He forced the other one in, then slapped the ass with his hands until he felt it tense up, grabbing onto his nuts and holding them fast. "He's got a grip like a fuckin' turtle." He tried tugging his nuts free and was satisfied that it couldn't be done easily. He worked on his cock until it was semisolid, then bent it and aimed its head toward the small opening. Using both hands, he worked the head past the lips, then watched as the organ straightened itself, driving its length into the ass to lay atop his imprisoned balls. He leaned forward until none of his sex-flesh was visible, all of it engulfed by the groping lips.

"Okay," he said, motioning to Stockman. Stockman unfastened Sullivan. Rieger reached forward and pulled him upright. Sullivan stood, his cock solid, Rieger fused to him at the ass. Sullivan took a step forward but was stopped by the tug in his ass. He leaned forward and was suspended by Rieger's gonads. Rieger reached in front of Sullivan and wrapped his hand around Sullivan's cock and began working on it as if it were his own, as if his own had punctured through Sullivan. He played with Sullivan's nuts with his other hand, as if they were his own, then ran his hand up Sullivan's stomach and chest, feeling and squeezing and tweaking the tits as if they were his own. Sullivan came suddenly, a stifled gasp of release emerging from the hood. His ass clamped tight around Rieger's cock and balls, causing Rieger to let out a pained cry. The two joined men carefully knelt, then lay down, Sullivan on his stomach, Rieger on top of him. Rieger rotated then knelt again, pulling Sullivan's trunk up with him. Rieger stood, pulling Sullivan's legs up until Sullivan's neck and shoulders were all that was on the floor. Holding him by the legs, Rieger began pumping himself in and out of the ass, his balls limiting his stroke. At the instant he came, Rieger released his grip and Sullivan fell heavily to the floor, Rieger's gonads snapping painfully free. Rieger cried out, holding his balls as his cock spewed jism wildly around the car.

Before Sullivan could move or recover from the shock of pulling the huge bulk of flesh through his asshole, Walker sat behind him, scooting his ass toward Sullivan's target, aiming the huge dildo which hung out of his ass at the tortured lips. The latex head made contact and Sullivan moaned again. Walker jabbed his ass forward and watched the rubber head drive against the lips, spreading them. Sullivan cried out through the

hood as the incredible shaft drove up into him. Walker moved in slowly until the exposed shaft was completely planted down Sullivan's guts. They sat for a second, ass-to-ass, their lips meeting in a wide-open kiss as they each choked on the eighteen-inch ersatz prick. Walker reveled in the sensation and raised himself slightly so he could swing his ass forward and back, driving his third leg in and out of Sullivan and deeper into himself. Walker's sensitive ass sent the necessary messages and his cock erupted on its own, showering his stomach and chest and face with his own jism. He collapsed onto his back, still joined, as his cock drained itself. After a minute he got up, quickly, tearing the latex monster out of Sullivan's guts.

Walker looked up and saw Rieger and Stockman looking down at him. They'd already changed and were wearing street clothes.

"We got one more tonight," Stockman reminded him. Walker nodded and quickly stripped off his uniform and dressed. Stockman put out the lamps and slid the door open. Rieger picked up Sullivan and the three took him back where they'd found him. They tossed him on the ground, naked and still wearing the taped-on hood, and disappeared into the night.

Sullivan lay there, stunned, his body screaming unfamiliar screams, as aches and sensations he'd never experienced overpowered him, immobilized him. He'd been ravaged and terrified and thanked God that it was over; that he was alive. After a while he got to his feet. He tried removing the hood but couldn't, not without a knife or scissors. The drizzle had turned to a hard-driving rain and he shivered as he headed toward his car.

Had it been worth the money? he asked himself. They had been good. They'd done everything according to instruction. And yet he felt... unfulfilled. It was like being in a play; you know what's going to happen. Maybe next time he'd make his instructions less precise...

"You see what I see?" Sullivan spun around at the unexpected voice. In the dim light he saw several boys... men... he couldn't tell. A gang. The collars of their dark jackets turned up against the driving rain. They were across the street, but on seeing him they began crossing, coming toward him.

"Must be a queer out takin' a stroll," one of them chided. They moved closer; Sullivan froze, terrified. There were six of them, dressed in leather and jeans. They sauntered closer, laughing, making obscene suggestions. He found his courage and bolted, running down the street away from the menace. He heard their footsteps behind him, running after him. He saw his car in the next block and ignored the pain in his lungs and his legs and ran straight out for it. Suddenly he was on the ground, his skin screaming in agony as he skidded across the dirty, wet pavement. He was pinned, boots pressed down on his wrists and ankles. He looked up into leering faces and watched as one of the men unzipped his pants. The others followed suit and he was looking up at six pricks aimed down at him. The piss splashed against his skin, screaming against his cuts and scratches. He screamed and heard them laugh and watched helplessly as they knelt down, their hands grabbing at him.

Stockman, Rieger and Walker crouched behind the low brick wall.

"Wonder how Sullivan's doin'," Rieger asked idly as they waited.

"Don't worry about Sullivan, worry about this next guy."

"Tony and his guys should be giving him the thrill of his life 'bout now."

"He paid for a rape, he gets a rape. First what he asked for, then what he really wants. Everybody's happy. C'mon, keep quiet! The customer's about here."

They stared at the streetlight in the next block and saw it blink out for an instant as someone passed between it and them, and then they moved forward, ready. □



# THE SOFA THAT ATE ATLANTA

by STEVE EVANS



Chuck walked into the living room, naked, still drying his back from the quick shower he had just grabbed. The weather had been a bitch, in the nineties for the last two weeks. The fan blowing in the corner was more a crutch for the psyche than any physical good it did.

Chuck lit a half-smoked joint that was in the ashtray and threw the damp towel at his cat who had been sitting in the doorway to the kitchen complaining about something. He looked around the room taking another hit from the cigarette. Something really needed to be done to this apartment. After the breakup he hadn't ended up with shit. Even the sofa was a hand-me-down, three times removed, that had seen better days. The problem was that the sofa was the most comfortable piece in the room. He spent more time with tricks on it than in the bedroom. With the wear and tear it had received before he got it, he was sure it had seen a lot of action before it came to live with him.

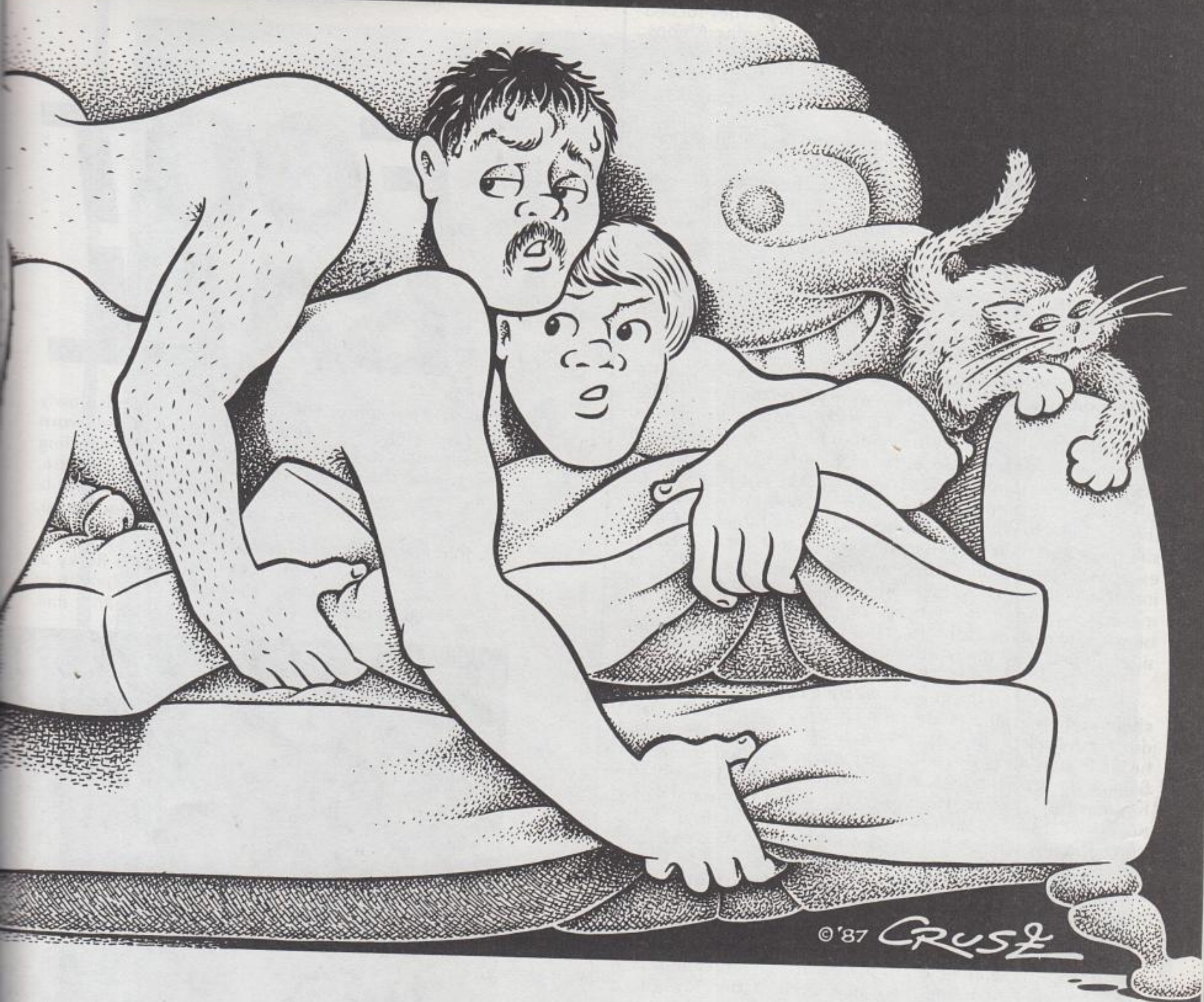
Chuck sprawled out on the sofa and finished his smoke. He fished a couple of throw pillows out from between the cushions and flopped over onto his stomach. Pulling one leg up and pushing his crotch down into the sofa's cushions he found a comfortable position. He was aware of the warm air being half-heartedly pushed over him and then he felt the cat walk down his back and curl up at his feet. Thoughts of hot, hunky men worked their way through his brain. He could feel their

hands moving over his body and down the crack of his ass. Chuck ground his crotch into the cushions as he felt a hot mouth slowly working its way down his cock. He worked his hips to the rhythm initiated by the hot throat. The men were trying to say something but he couldn't understand them. Their words sounded like cries of animals, no not like animals, like cats, cats meowing.

Chuck opened his eyes and scanned the view of the apartment that was directly in front of him. He was very much aware of the erection he was laying on. He could still hear the cat but couldn't see it. Chuck swung his legs off the edge of the sofa and sat up. He looked down between his legs and his cock was pointing straight up at him. "Fine friend you are. Where were you last night when I needed you?" Chuck looked around the room and then noticed the two eyes and two ears sticking up between the end cushion and the arm of the sofa. "Damn dumb cat." Chuck pulled the cushion up and the cat shot out of there like black lightning, up the stairs and across the patio. "Damn cat is such a candy-ass that even a sofa could beat him one on one."

With the cushion up, Chuck noticed the corner of a magazine sticking up between the back of the sofa and the bottom. He pulled it out and said to himself, "So that's where you went." It was one of his favorite jack-off magazines. He had looked for it a couple of times; he was sure Andrew had taken it. Chuck





slid his hand down between the back of the sofa and the bottom. He came up with a quarter, a dime and a good-size pinch of gerner. He looked at the lint between his fingers and rolled it around. Gerner—damn, he liked the sound of that word. Not one person in a hundred knew what the lint that you get in the bottom of your pockets or in folds of cloth was called.

Chuck was on his knees in front of the sofa pulling the cushions off. He stuck his hand down along the back and started to bring out the haul. When he finished and had put the cushions back in place, he sat down and looked over his find stacked on the coffee table. There were seven quarters, four dimes, three nickels, six dollars in bills, two gold chains, a ring, a squeaky mouse that belonged to the cat, a membership card to the baths made out to a person he didn't know, a plastic lid from a Crisco can, a ring of keys, three trick towels, another throw pillow, and a leather cockring. Not bad, he had a real little money maker here. Not only was the sofa comfortable, it could pay for itself as well. Chuck snapped on the cockring and started leafing through the fuck magazine with one hand.

Chuck and his trick got to the apartment sometime after midnight. He did the introduction to the cat and headed off to the kitchen to get a couple of beers. Returning to the living room, Chuck came up behind his knight for the night and put his arms around him. The guy took one of the beers out of

Chuck's hands and turned to face him. Their tongues attacked each other's mouths with all the sexual rage they felt in their cocks. Chuck pulled away saying "Just a second." Taking the beer out of the other guy's hand, he bent over the back of the sofa to put the cans of beer on the coffee table. Chuck's hot little ass sticking up in the air was too much to resist. Chuck felt the guy's arms come around his chest and his hands slide down to his well-worn, Levi-encased crotch. The guy's equally well-worn crotch was grinding into Chuck's ass. The gyrations got rougher and just when things were getting interesting, there was a crash as the left rear leg of the sofa snapped off from the weight of the two hunky bodies. The sofa banged to the floor leaving the two men hanging over the back of the sofa like two rag dolls thrown there by some kid.

"Fuck!" was all Chuck said before he looked at the other guy and started laughing.

"I'm sorry I broke it."

"Don't worry, now I can take the brick out from, under the other end."

They both stripped out of their jeans and T-shirts and seriously started working on each other's bodies. Chuck had his ass on the arm of the sofa with his legs wrapped around the guy's waist. He could feel the head of the guy's cock pressing against him trying to gain access. Chuck slid his hips forward to help in the quest. He arched his back and then leaned forward



burying his tongue into that hot, waiting mouth. They fucked their way over the arm of the sofa and across two sofa cushions. When they both reached their climaxes, Chuck was halfway off the sofa on the other end from where they started and the other one had his knees wedged between the cushions adding better leverage to his thrusts.

Chuck felt their bodies slam together and they both slid back onto the sofa in each other's arms. Chuck laid there in the warm glow that he got after a really good fuck and listened to the even breathing of his fuck buddy. He watched a drop of sweat work its way under the fine gold chain and down through the maze of fine gold hairs that covered the chest next to his. He watched a drop of sweat on his own chest work its way down and join others where their bodies touched. Chuck thought to himself, "I'm all for the romance, but laying here sweating like a pig doesn't cut it." He worked his arm out from under and edged off the sofa leaving his knight to his own dreams.

Chuck was up at the crack of noon and looked out toward the living room. The two pair of boots were still on the floor behind the sofa. He took a quick shower and came into the living room with just a towel on. He didn't want to be too obvious, but on the other hand, no sense in being overdressed. He walked toward the sofa thinking of a sexy way to wake up his date. As he got to the end of the sofa, he realized that there was no one there. Chuck looked behind the sofa to see if the boots were still there and then walked toward the patio. Finding it empty except for the cat doing indecent things to itself, he came back into the living room. As he headed back toward the kitchen to make some coffee, he noticed something white sticking up between two of the cushions. It was a T-shirt. He turned it right side out and read the words printed on the front:

TREE TRAILS ATLANTA

That was the shirt the guy was wearing last night. Chuck felt a chill run up his spine and he didn't like it. He jammed his hand down the back of the sofa and fished around. When he pulled his hand out, there was a fine gold chain wrapped around his fingers. He again put his hand down in the void and this time he brought out a wallet. He flipped the wallet open and saw a driver's license. The picture on the license was of his trick. He looked at the name: Robert Grant Thomas. No one leaves without his wallet. Not only his wallet, but his boots, too. Chuck got up and started pacing. The cat walked in from the patio and headed toward the sofa. He stopped short and his back went up and he hissed, making a wide circle around that area.

Chuck found himself staring at the sofa. He was cold and sweating at the same time. His towel had fallen off and he felt very vulnerable standing there naked. He started toward his bedroom to put on something. He stopped in mid-exit and turned back toward the sofa screaming, "You ate my trick! You lousy fucking sofa, you ate him!" Chuck was standing in the same spot with his arms wrapped around himself, shaking, when the knock at the door startled the shit out of him.

Chuck was numb when he went to the door. As he opened the door, there stood his knight in just his jeans.

"Hi! You always answer the door with nothing on? Bet you give the Fuller Brush man something to think about."

Chuck looked down at himself and started to laugh. "Where in the hell have you been?" Bob came into the apartment, shutting the door behind him.

"Well, sometime last night I woke up and it was so fucking hot in here I went out to get some air. I didn't want to wake you. Anyway, the door locked behind me, so I went up on the roof and I guess I fell asleep. Hope you're not mad. By the way, who were you talking with when I knocked at the door?"

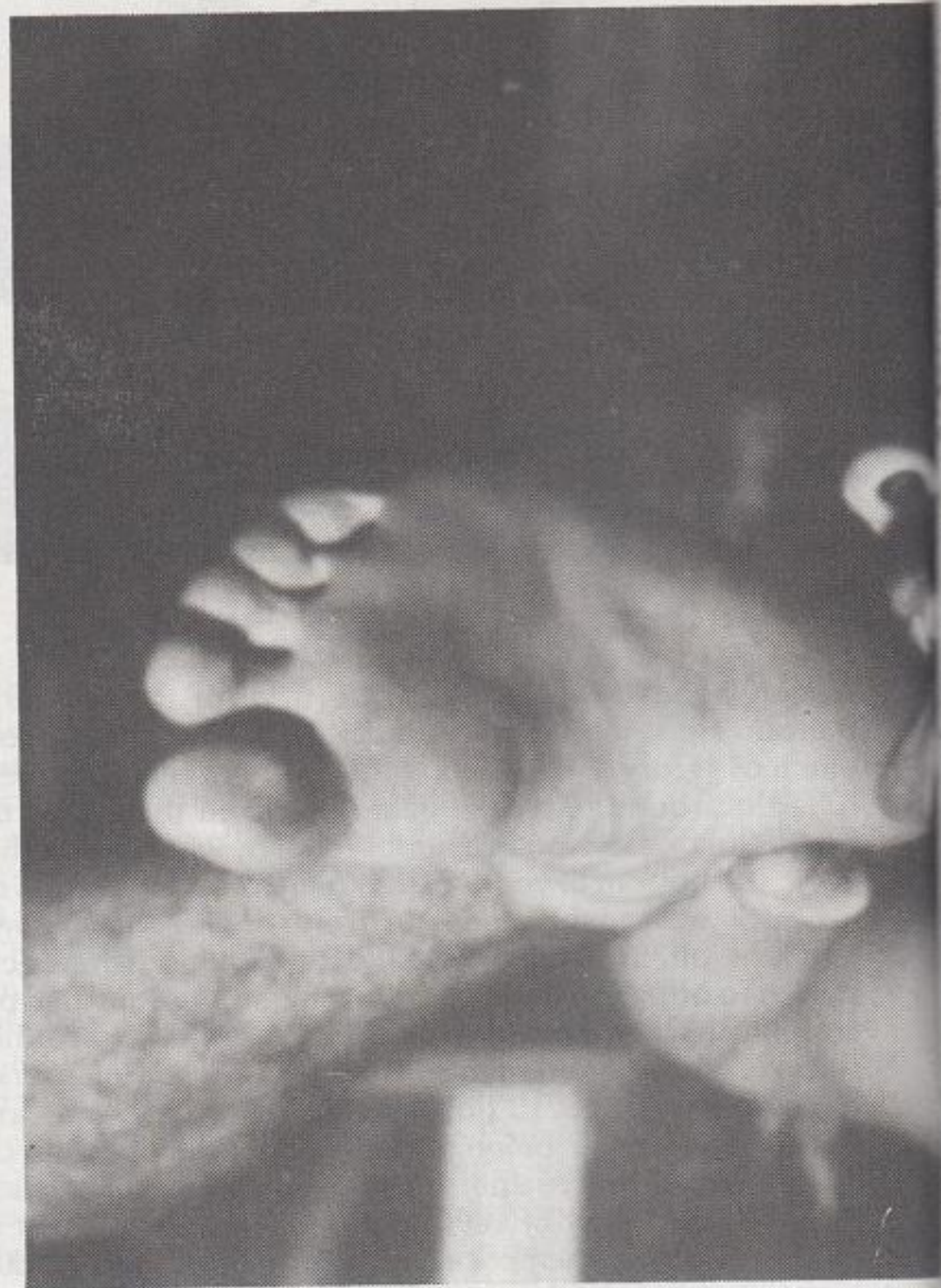
Chuck smiled at him, "No one, just the cat. Why don't you grab a shower and we'll go out and get something to eat."

Bob dropped his jeans and threw them over the back of the sofa. Chuck watched his pretty ass disappear into the bathroom. He reached down and ran his hand over the faded blue material. Fine. That explains what happened to him, but where are my jeans and T-shirt? Oh fuck, who cares. Chuck reached down and picked up his towel as he headed for the shower. □

# FOOT BALL

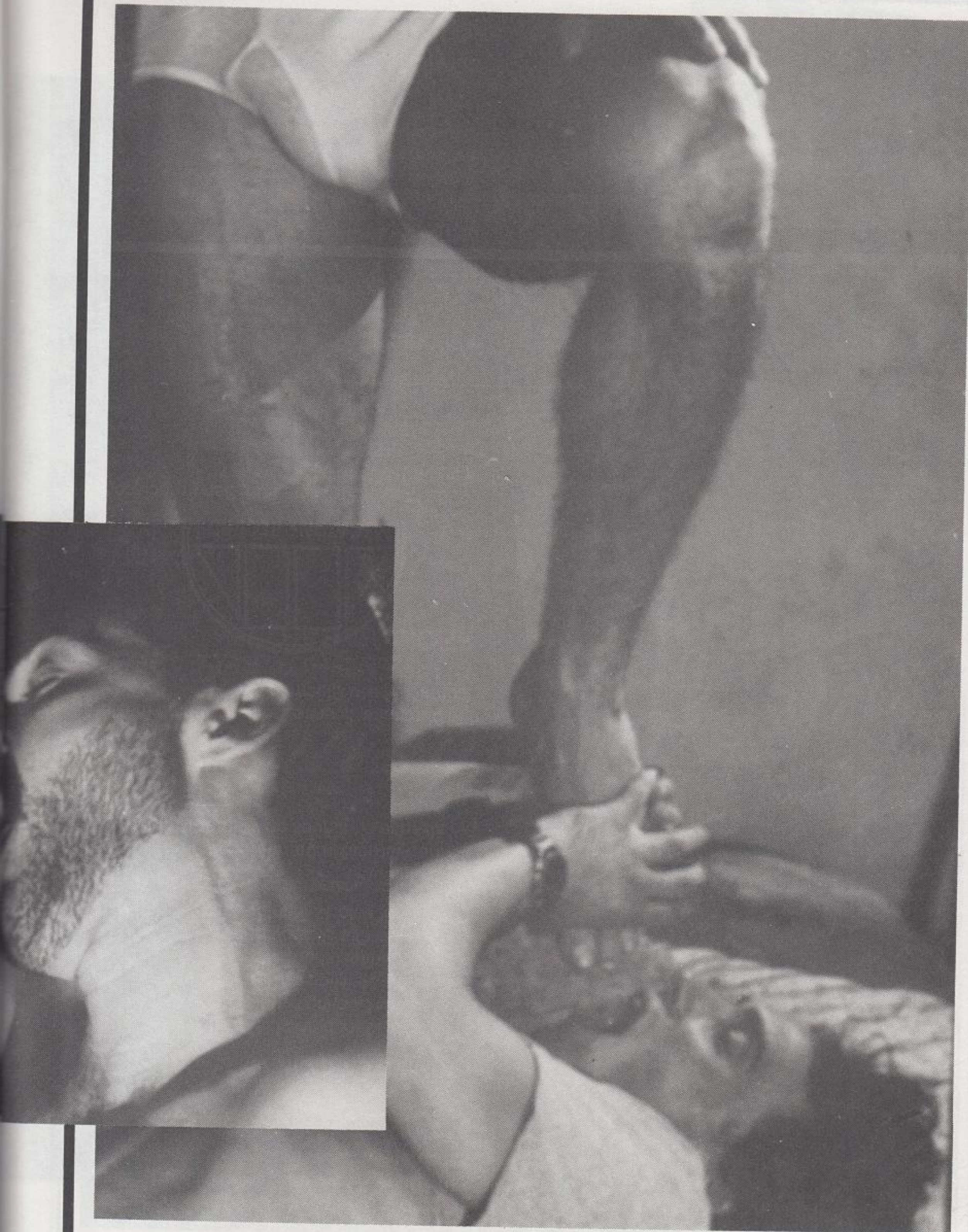
Foot fanciers unite! The feel of a man's hands slowly massaging your tired feet. The smell of well-worn athletic socks as your tongue slides between wiggling toes. Licking the soles as your man moans in pleasure, then nibbling on his instep. Sucking each toe while you and he stroke your meat.

Join Pierce Daniels, Tex Anthony, Cole Carpenter, Brutus, Chris Thompson, Brick and Brian Burke as they take this particular fetishism to new heights in Scorpion Productions newest video, *Foot Ball*.

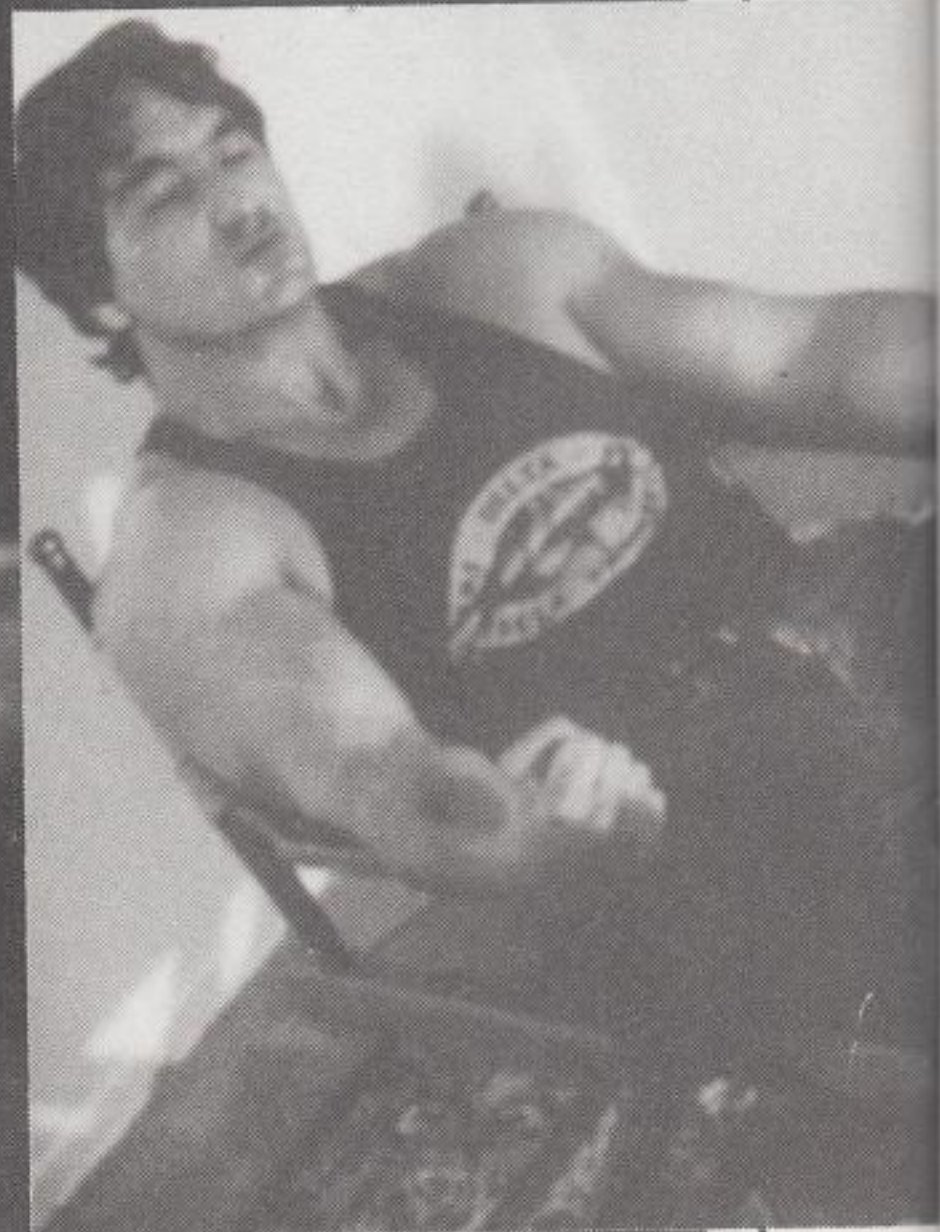
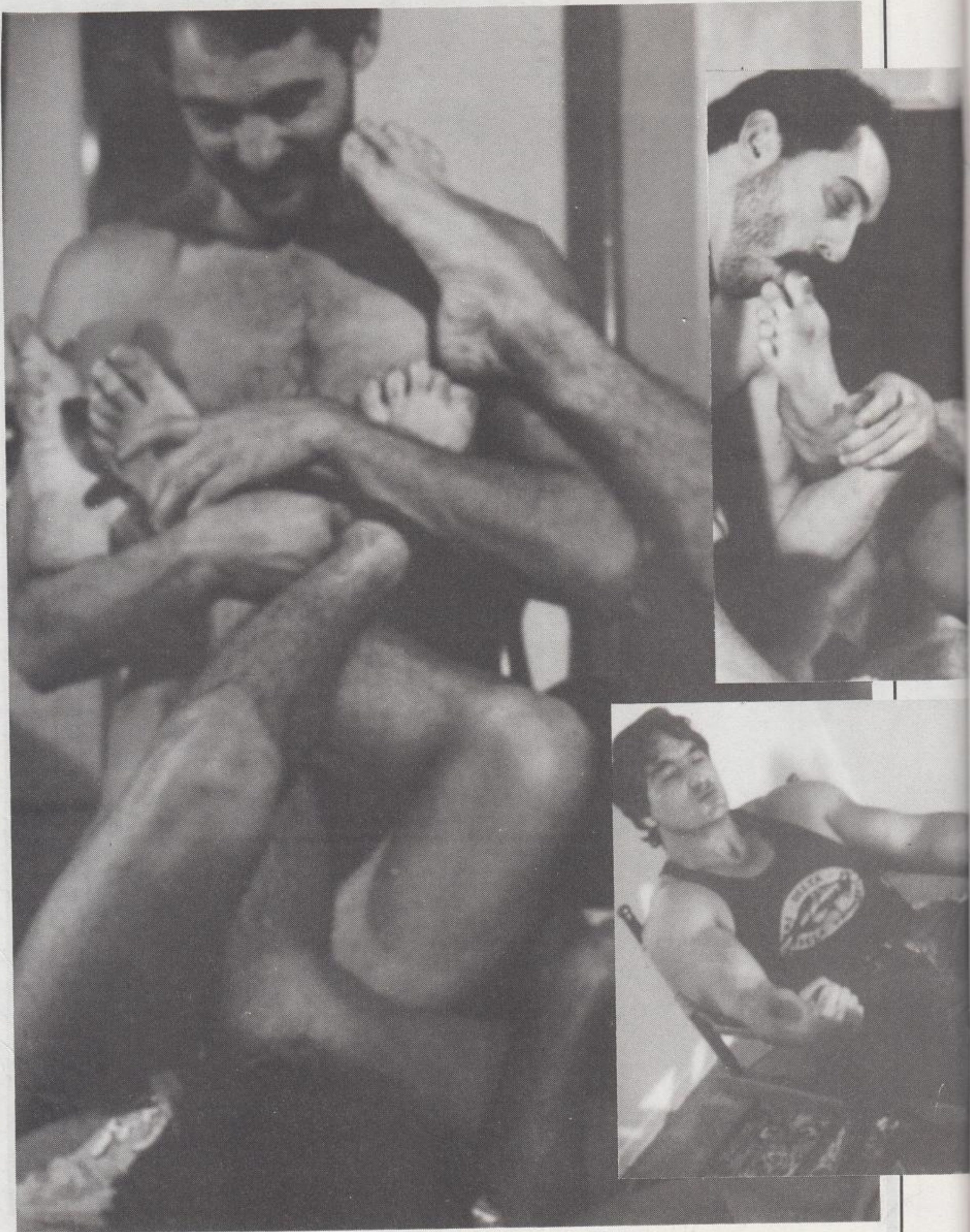


*Foot Ball*, 66 minutes, VHS/Beta, \$38, Scorpion Productions, 1801 Lincoln, Suite 106, Venice, CA 90291. VISA/MC (213) 550-1303



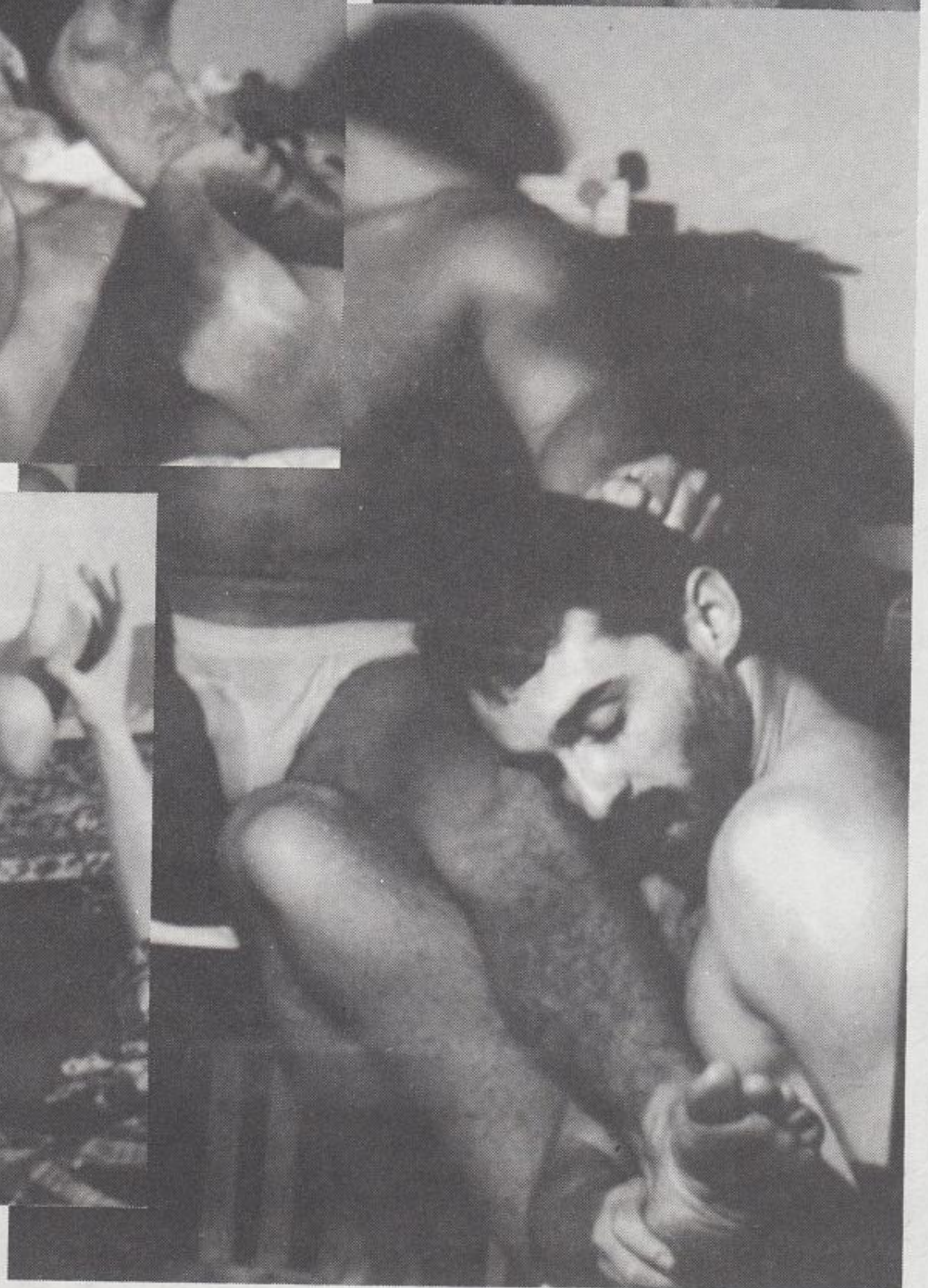
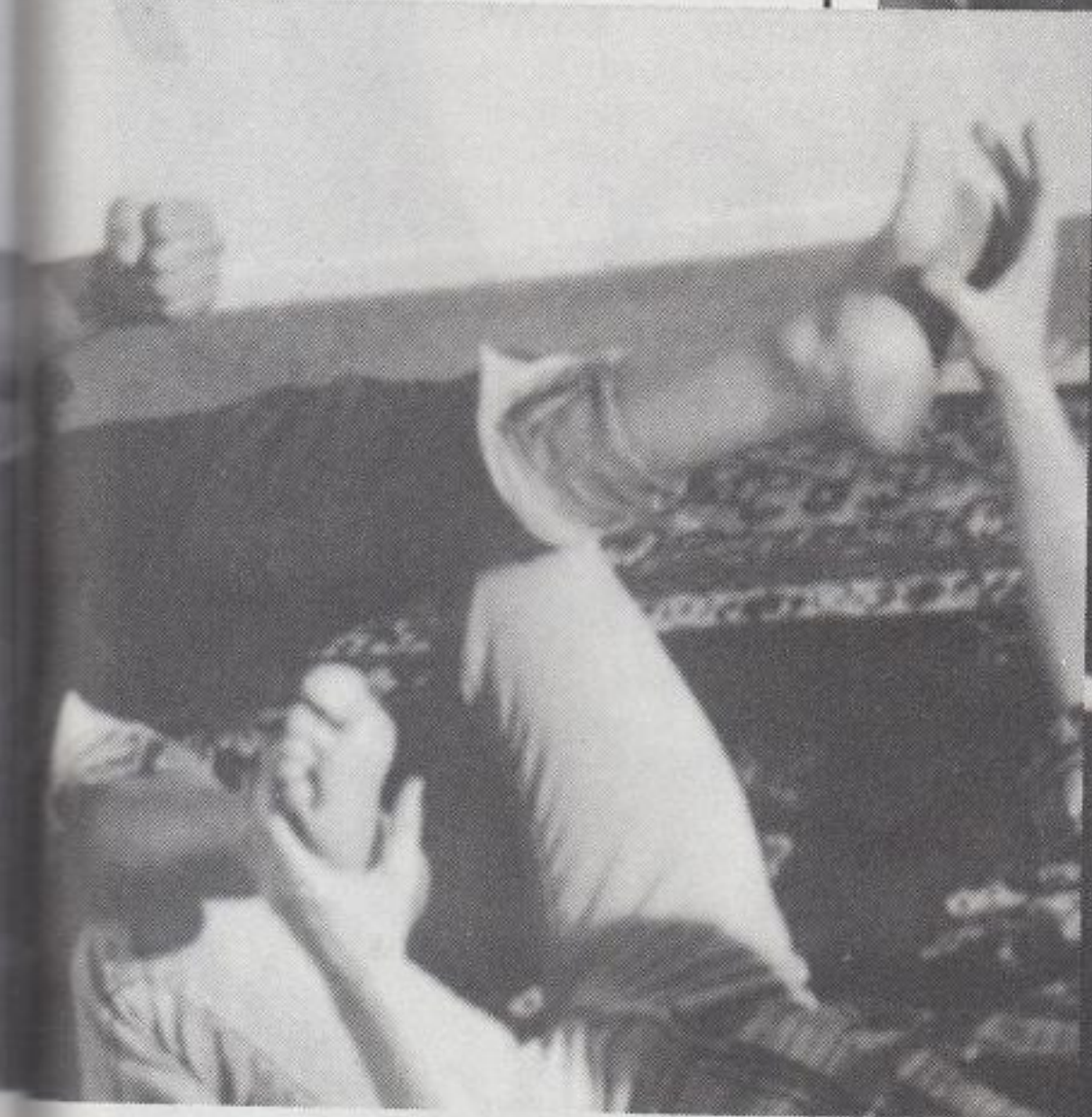
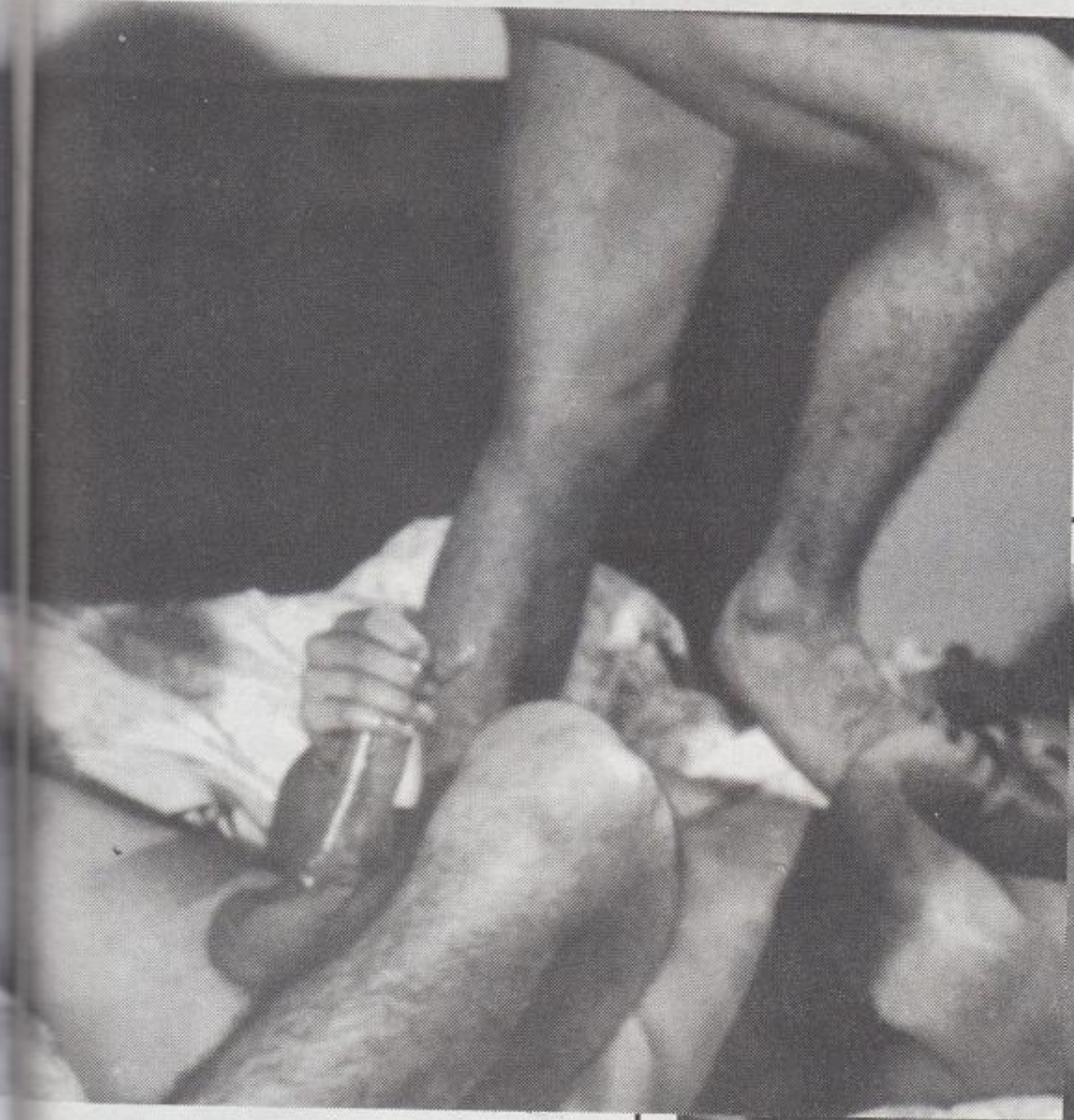








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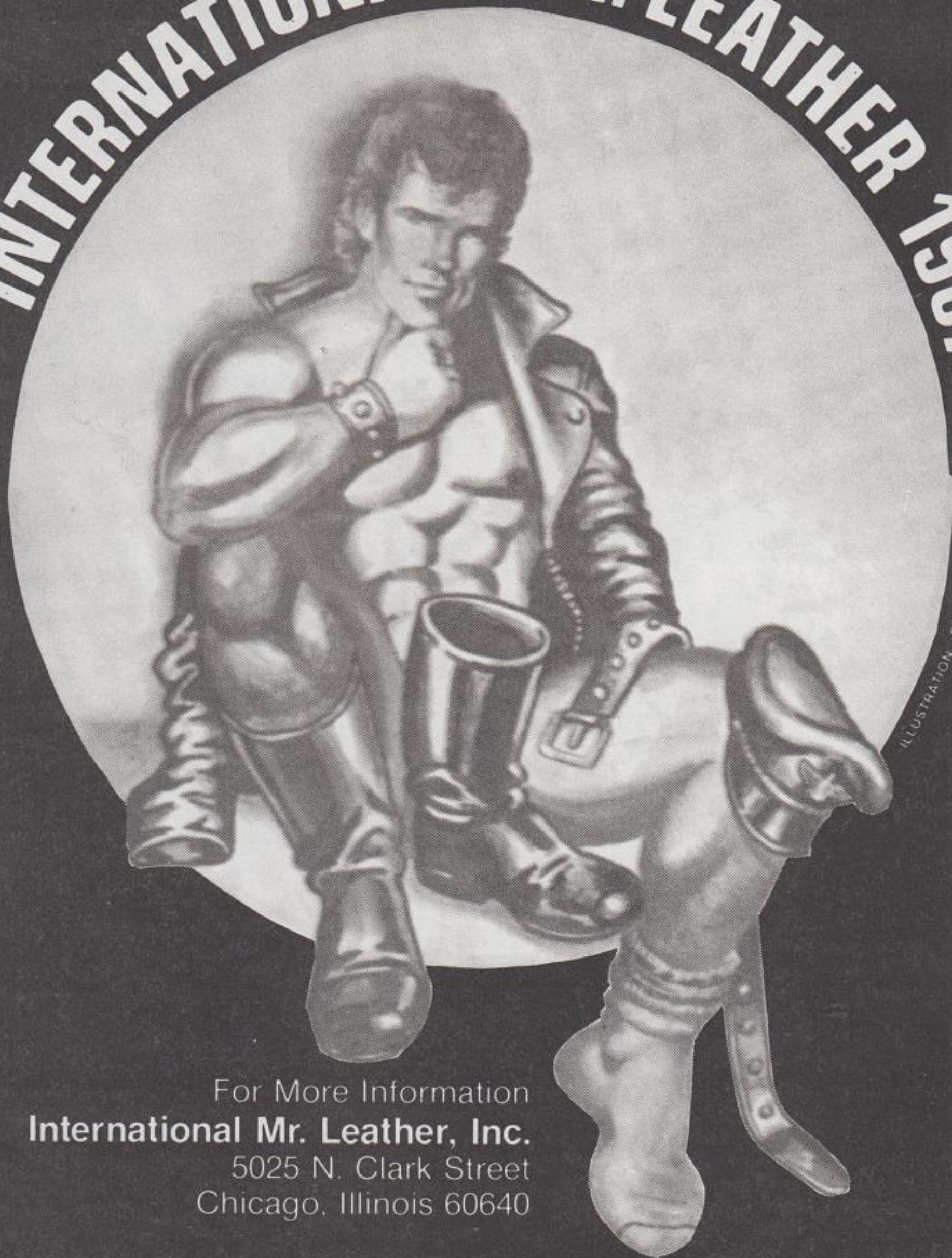


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## OUT OF THE THEATRICAL CLOSET

A drama historian in New York has uncovered a long-forgotten history of lesbian and gay roles on the American stage. Kaier Curtin, who himself worked as an actor for many years, has discovered over 100 Broadway and off-Broadway productions from the '20s through the '50s that portrayed gay men and lesbians. Many faced attack from critics, producers, theater owners, police and politicians, but were often surprisingly successful in spite of attempts at censorship.

Curtin's research will be presented in *We Can Always Call Them Bulgarians: The emergence of lesbians and gay men on the American stage*, published by Alyson Publications, \$20 postpaid, by mail from Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118.

## MAKE LOVE, NOT AIDS

So reads a new ad in the Swiss newspaper, *Sonntagsblick*. It is just one of several inventive ads submitted after the Office Federal de la Sante (Federal Health Department) in Bern started a nationwide campaign of AIDS prevention.

Other ads were not as subtle. One introduces Pope John Paul II hoisting a pack of rubbers and stating, "Fifth commandment: Thou shalt not kill!" And another got straight to the point, eventually, with an official styled death announcement which read, "Get rid of those damned rubbers! They are terrible! Hard to buy, boring to use. Offensive to you and your partner, and really frustrating. Rubbers destroy your sexual pleasure. Sure, they are the only way to prevent AIDS, but that's not enough reason to use them. Sincerely," and it is signed "DEATH," flourishing a scythe with "AIDS" printed on it.

Another agency submitted an ad which shows a row of Swiss soldiers with white blindfolds reading "HTLV-negative," except for one who has a black blindfold with "HTLV-positive" on it. The same treatment is given a row of children in cradles. The slogan reads, "Are you sure normal citizens don't need to know about AIDS?"

## WE'RE ALL INVITED TO THE RECEPTION

Formal recognition by the organizers of the National March on Washington was recently made for couples. The march on Oct. 11 will be the largest demonstration in history for lesbian and gay rights. As part of the sponsored events, a mass wedding for lesbian and gay couples will take place.

Eleven regional committees, hundreds of local groups and numerous national organizations are already organizing. For information, contact the office of the National March on Washington for Lesbian and Gay Rights, PO Box 1876, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10013-0323.

## CONDOM CONNOISSEURS

Student organizers at Stanford distributed 500 free condom samplers, which included lubricated and unlubricated varieties, smooth and ribbed, and exotic pink and black rubbers, as part of a Great Condom Rating Contest. The giveaway on February 17 and 18 was part of the kickoff of National Condom Week at the university. The contest was coordinated by Ken Ruebush of the Stanford AIDS Education Project with the support of the Stanford administration.

The only kicker was that contestants were asked to fill out and return a questionnaire

on the various condoms by February 20. Considering that each packet of samples contained at least six condoms and only two days to complete testing, that meant quick work and willing partners. We have received no report as yet on the results of the survey.

## LUBRICANT STUDIES

The public's concern over AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases in general has prompted the use of many nonoxynol-9-based lubricants, since *in vitro* tests have shown that nonoxynol-9 kills the AIDS virus. In fact, Lubraseptic was tested *in vitro* against the AIDS virus and achieved a 100% kill within 30 seconds of contact, with no recoverable virus from the sample exposed to Lubraseptic. It also achieved a 99.999% kill on contact of the Herpes Simplex II virus as well. Actual transmission of such viruses is another matter, since testing has not been conducted on either the HIV or Herpes Simplex virus since there is no safe protocol to date to permit such tests.

In addition to the virucidal testing, comparative testing of Lubraseptic against a popular product containing nonoxynol-9 (ForPlay) was conducted to determine which formula has the strongest antibacterial effects. Using three common bacteria—Coli, Salmonella and Proteus—a leading independent laboratory's test results showed that Lubraseptic killed all three in less than 30 seconds, while the other nonoxynol-9-based product took over twenty-four hours.

## MASS CANCELLATION

The Archbishop of San Francisco announced that a papal Mass scheduled to be celebrated by Pope John Paul II at St. Mary's Cathedral when he visits San Francisco in Sep-

tember has been cancelled. No reason was given for the change, but judging from articles on the Pope's visit in the gay and nongay papers in the Bay Area, it is obvious that public opinion and the threat of demonstrations caused the change in plans.

Fr. Robert Crome, a nongay priest at Trinity Episcopal Church, referred to the Pope as "immoral" and said, "His incredible stupidity in calling AIDS a gay disease is unbelievable. He's forgotten all about Africa. In addition, his position on abortion, birth control, the ordination of women to the priesthood, his proclivity stance are all antisexual positions. He gives Christianity a bad name."

A papal Mass is still on the Pope's schedule, to be held at Candlestick Park. Gay and lesbian atheists will take part in a demonstration planned there by a coalition of gay organizations of the Bay Area.

## MONEY TALKS

The *U.S. News and World Report* recently covered a story about the power of the gay buck! "A sound dollar is in the eye of the beholder. Banks in Chicago sent the Federal Reserve System as mutilated currency some bills that had been stamped 'Gay \$' to show the economic power of homosexuals. The Fed, however, ruled the bills were not defaced and returned them to circulation."

The amount is rumored to be in the neighborhood of \$4½ million! Several bars and clubs are actively stamping money in this way and it is hoped that others will join in this demonstration of gay economic power.

Your bills can only be stamped on the left side of the front in order to be in compliance with the law. Keep up the good work!



# BOUND FOR

CONCLUSION: *The Ultimate*

Part XII by MASON P

Even as the last of the semen spurted and dripped from Gonar's big prick, they dragged the others in and fastened them to the wooden X-frames, spread-eagle as he was, facing the hideous huge idol of the veiled Dworkrimian. The orange light from the tripods flickered over their ravaged bodies and the smell of their blood and sweat added sharply to the chamber's reek of death and horror. The High Priest let go of Gonar's cock and wiped the jism from his hand across Gonar's face.

"Now, your Holiness," the High Priest said to the High Prophetess, "we shall exterminate the last of our opposition in Jhent, thereby beginning our conquest of the rest of the world for the Dwork."

"More even than you know," the Prophetess responded. "These captives are enough to enact a powerful sacrifice. Their death agonies should be sufficient to open the gates of eternity and let Dworkrimian come into our world as an actual, physical presence."

"What?" asked Lady Lharna from where she hung, her usual composure broken by her circumstance. "Have you never managed a paltry nine captives before?"

"Never nine of such illustrious provenance," the Prophetess answered coolly. "Never nine leaders of armies, heads of cities, champions of anguish. Never so many who have worshiped so many false gods. As you die, each of you, you shall renounce by name every one of the gods you have called upon. And with that renunciation those gods shall weaken, and the lines of power by which Dworkrimian travels be established in all the lands where those gods are given due. The Dwork is already inexorable, but its movement has been slow. With your aid it will be swift. And you will be rewarded for it in the next world if your repentance is sincere."

"Oh, their repentance will be sincere," the High Priest smiled. "Before they die they will regret every moment of their lives and wish only for the succor of rest at Dworkrimian's great breasts."

Gonar had seen the idol unveiled, and it was beyond his imagination that he should find any succor at those monstrous dugs. But he was too tired now to cry out, too much in the domain of despair. There seemed to be nothing that he could do. Not even his resistance to pain, his ability to escape through the disciplines of Shegri, could avail here. All that was left him was the prospect of honor, dying without renouncing his rightful gods.

He settled the tatters of his mind as best he could, holding central the image that he would *not* renounce Roghgota, would *not* renounce Wa-at, who had possessed him and healed him in recent times. Whatever else, the god of his people and the god who had befriended him would retain his loyalty.

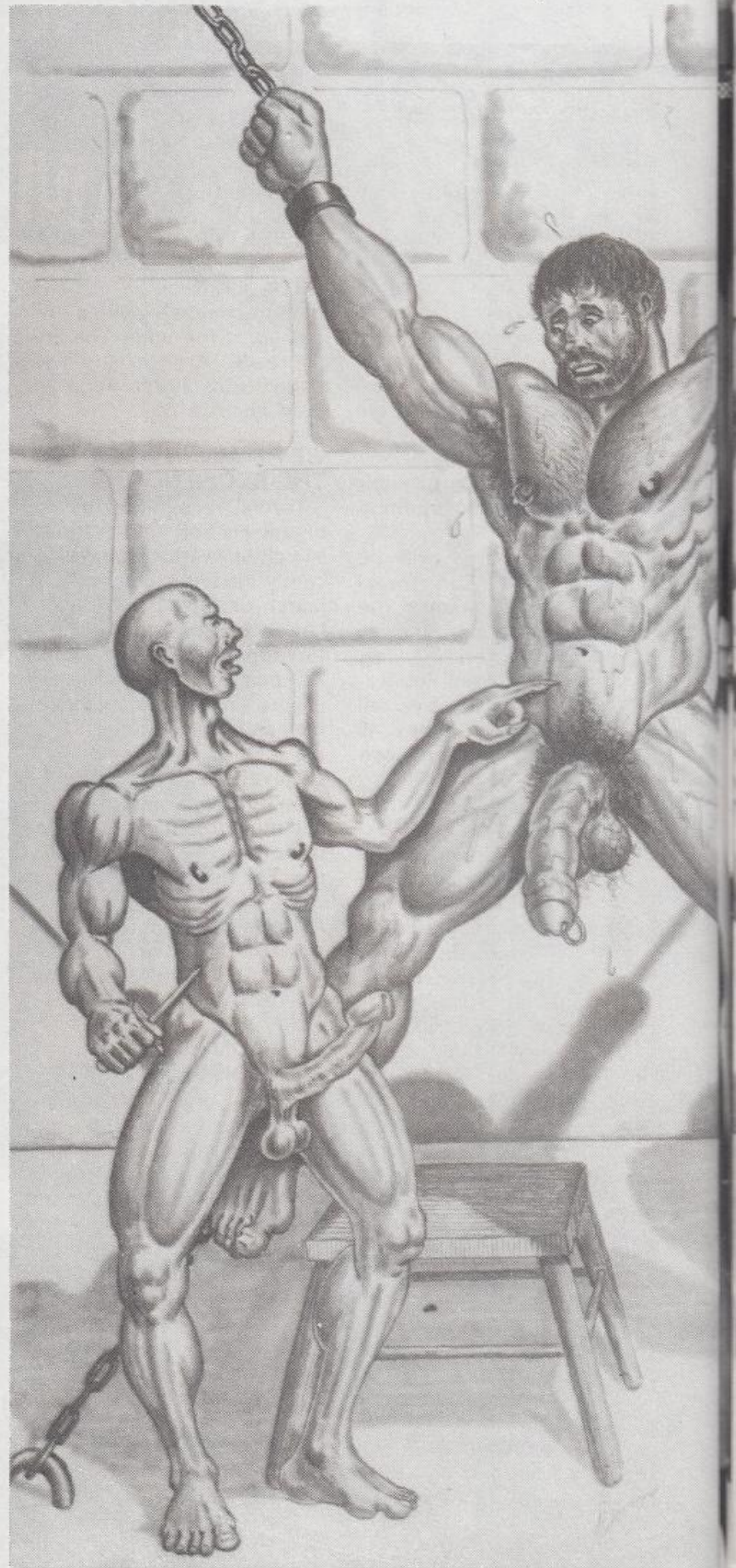
"Bring in a circle of nine of our clergy," the Prophetess instructed.

"Need they have any particular qualifications?" the High Priest asked.

"None," the Prophetess answered. "They will only stand to receive the powers of Dworkrimian that flow into this world with each small death the captives give the other gods."

"If there were only one true god," Lady Lharna asked, "why would you find it necessary to fight against those who did not exist?"

To Gonar the question seemed so self-evident that it need not be asked. But Lady Lharna was a noblewoman of Rhengfel, and her mind was different from his: she might have some hope, some plan yet undefeated. Did she conceive that the Prophetess might be forced to think about her presumptions?





# GLORY

## hate Bondage

OWELL



"For the same reason that your false gods fight against the swamp spirits," said the Prophetess. "Those swamp spirits who are in truth no more than demigods who serve the Dwork, even as we do."

There was an intake of breath in the room, and even the High Priest seemed shaken. This, then, was the final revelation. Dworkrimian, beneath a mask of piety, was monarch of the swamp spirits and could no longer deny it. Dworkrimian was the central force of evil in the world, against which all gods fought, against which all religions were allied.

The myths told how in the ancient times the world had been ruled by great monsters, and how then the monsters had been tamed by the swamp spirits; and how then the gods had come into being and vanquished the swamp spirits. This was the proper order of the universe, that generation succeed generation.

But whereas the great monsters had slowly died away under the despotic rule of the swamp spirits, the swamp spirits, under the benevolent rule of the gods, had not given in to the progression of life, but had fought to hold back the tide of time and fix the world forever in their own image. Thus the gods had made humankind for their allies, beings so short-lived that eternity would not seem to them of much importance.

Yet the swamp spirits had shown humankind eternity as a bauble and offered the short-lived fleshly men and women the prospect of living forever in a world that never changed, in which the rules were fixed and immutable; and some took the bait, and sided with the swamps against the rules of the gods. They were the ones who now were used to frighten wicked children, for they were thrall to the swamp spirits and they lived forever amidst the slime pits and the decay, eternally struggling for food, naked to the elements, creatures without thought or reason or sense of beauty, though they might crawl amidst the gorgeous flowers of the swamp by day and sleep under the warm decay by moonlight.

It was these elder beings, the swamp spirits, of whom Dworkrimian was the chief, and now they bid for power as never before.

*Somehow they must be stopped!*

The High Priest left the chamber and quickly returned with nine priests and priestesses, all black robed and haggard, some with slashes in their garments testifying to their participation in the battle. Among them was the old woman who had given Gonar soup to eat, and her eyes were wilder than before, her gray hair flown loose in mad whips, as if she had indulged in some wild rite since he had seen her. Gonar thought sadly that it was such as she, the deranged, the helpless of heart, who would unknowingly betray both gods and humans into the clutches of the ultimate horror. Into a bondage which, if the Prophetess succeeded, would last forever.

—And yet, as he looked at her mad face, Gonar felt a twinge, a disquieting sense of familiarity about the woman. There was something... But no: he had undoubtedly seen her before when he had offered himself at the temple in order to gain knowledge of the missing prince, so long ago.

"You nine!" the Prophetess commanded her clergy. "Form a circle here before me!"

They did as they were told, linking hands before the Prophetess and the veiled idol.

"Now, priest," she said. "I will need men to hold the victims of sacrifice while they are dispatched. Bring me your strongest!"

The High Priest went forth again and returned with huge, well-muscled henchmen in black robes.

"The first shall be the boy!" the Prophetess said, and Gonar felt his heart stop, forced his eyes from going to Fillian or Ketis. "The one who has already begun his journey by the loss of his balls."

Gonar's heart started again: and yet it was unworthy of him, he knew, to feel relief. It was Chebid's kidnaping by the torturers of Rhengfel that had led him to Ketis, that had brought him to the volcano god's attention. How could he care less about Chala's brother? —And yet he *did*, for Chebid was not his lover.

The muscled priests unbound the dark-haired boy with sullen eyes and dragged him across the sanctuary to stand before the Prophetess on her throne, on the other side of the circle of clergy from where Gonar and his friends hung suspended. His body was pierced by only a few arrows, but he had been whipped until he was crisscrossed with bloody welts. There seemed no spirit to him at all.

"Speak, boy," the Prophetess said. "Tell me what gods you will denounce."

"I will denounce *no* gods, for it has been long since I have worshiped any. When I prayed in Rhengfel they did not answer me and my balls were cut off, and I was raped and used by any who would use me. The gods abandoned me, so I abandoned them. Your god is no better! If it were up to me, I would see them *all* dead!"



# Dance with us into '87

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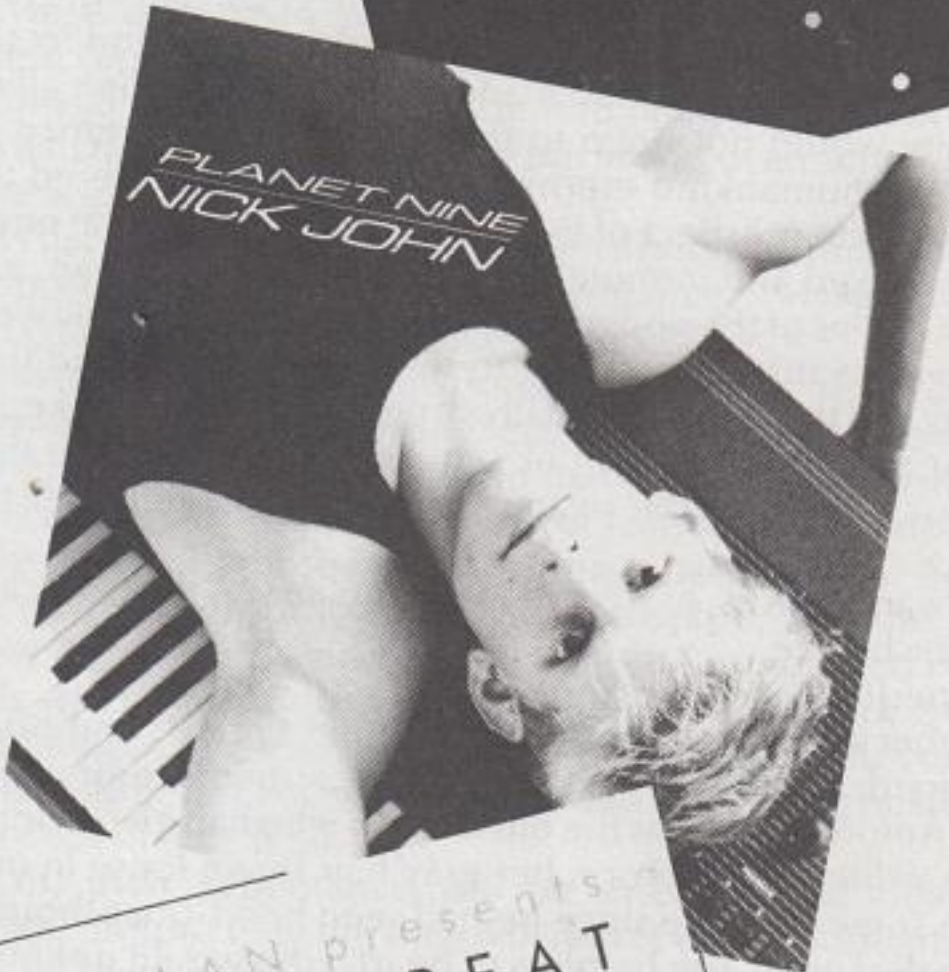
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Chebid's words dripped with sarcasm.

"Chebid, no!" cried Chala where she hung, and Gonar felt for her. But he also understood the boy, knew what the boy felt. He had seen what things had been done, and he had seen by the light of Chebid's behavior at Throm how bitter was the boy's hurt.

"Then you come as a pure sacrifice!" the Prophetess crooned. "We are fortunate indeed!"

She stood and turned and raised up her arms to the huge idol.

"Oh, Great One who was before the gods trod the Earth under their jeweled feet, hear me and accept this, the first of our sacrifices, that your power may be reestablished upon the face of the World."

She reached her fat hands forward, pale extensions of her flabby arms, and seized the veil that covered the statue. She pulled, and it fell away, revealing the features of Dworkrimian for all to see.

It was as Gonar remembered.

Dworkrimian was carved from smooth black stone, but it was not a beautiful visage. Huge, corpulent, it squatted over the pit of the dead as if it were shitting on the lives that were made as offerings. It. For Dworkrimian was neither male nor female, nor yet the beauty of the androgyne, nor even the mystery of the hermaphrodite. The face was round and covered with warts, like a toad. The shaggy hair was cropped off unevenly, like a wild thing with mange. A malicious grin betrayed ugly teeth, but the close-set, deep eyes held no mirth, only contempt. Great sagging breasts that never nursed life hung above a fat roll of a belly. Below that, great seedless balls were surmounted by a cock more like that of a cat than that of a human male; it was long and upcurved and tapered, with a head that was barbed. That cock was thick at the base, but it rose up before the idol taller than a man to where the small, barbed head was not so big as a fist. Behind the balls a vagina opened, as if ready to deliver a child straight down to Death.

It was a travesty of everything that was good or beautiful in life.

Gonar had known, in his heart, the first time he had seen the thing, that it was not a god, but an opponent of gods; had known *instinctively* that it was allied with the swamp spirits.

"Mount the boy upon it!" the Prophetess commanded.

Gonar swallowed, remembering that the High Priest had used this method to kill the boys he chose: that such had been Fillian's intended end until he, Gonar, had rescued the lad and left the High Priest so mounted instead. Better he should have killed the High Priest outright, he thought now, and put an end to at least one evil man, even at the cost of committing plain murder, than for things to have come around as they had.

Chebid struggled, but he was weak, a wounded toy before the strength of the muscled priests. They brought a ladder and raised him up, pulled his legs apart until his asshole was exposed, then lowered him onto the deity's stone cock. Though not so big as a man's fist, the head was large and tore his sphincter as they forced him down on it. When the head was in him they let his arms go but held on to his legs and pulled him down further, forcing the black stone cock further and further up into him, its increasing width ripping him wider and wider apart. His screams echoed from the stone walls of the chamber like the rip of lightning in a nightmare.

Gonar looked at Chala. She had bit through her lip, but she could not look away as her brother was tortured. She would not cry out, but the tears streamed from her eyes.

"Do not kill him," the Prophetess said quietly, and her voice betrayed her subtle lust. "Let him die slowly where he is."

They let Chebid's legs go and he thrashed, tried to reach down to the shaft of the stone prick and lift himself, tried to use his bare feet to push himself up, but it was too late. The blood from his bowels trickled down the black stone obscenely. Though he jerked like a hideous puppet on a stick, he was doomed already to die by the damage that was done.

"Who next?" the High Priest asked, licking his lips with

excitement.

"You shall decide," the Prophetess answered. "You have served here well, bringing the King to his knees, delivering a kingdom to the Dwork. What about Gonar, whose life you asked me to spare in battle? What have you planned for him?"

The High Priest turned to face Gonar and the delight and malice upon it was the very personification of a swamp spirit.

"Yes, Gonar," he mumbled. "Something very special, with Your Holiness' permission. But something that I would do myself, while you finish with the others."

"So be it!" the Prophetess said.

The High Priest gestured and two others brought a small wooden platform and placed it before where Gonar hung spread-eagle. Then the High Priest pulled off his robes and stood naked, his long, thin cock already stiff and dripping.

He gestured again and he was handed a ritual knife, a jeweled thing with rubies and emeralds set in the hilt. He stepped up onto the platform.

"At last, Gonar, at last—you shall serve the Dwork!" he whispered, then he slid the tip of the blade into Gonar's belly. Just slightly, just enough to cut through the skin, the muscle wall, just enough to make a slit, a verticle hole.

Gonar gasped, but he would not cry out. The pain was not even as intense as that of the arrows that still pierced his flesh.

The High Priest handed the dagger to an acolyte, then he took his long prick in his hand, aimed it and pushed it into the incision he had made in Gonar's belly. Their bodies came in contact as he thrust all the way in.

Gonar moved his head quickly, tried to catch the High Priest's throat in his teeth; but the High Priest was too quick. The evil man pulled his upper body back just enough, then, laughing monstrously, he began to fuck into Gonar's guts.

Gonar could not help himself, and he began to struggle. This only made the High Priest more excited. He twisted his hips, rammed the long cock in at angles, punished Gonar's intestines as once he had punished them through the anus. Gonar began to moan, then to cry, then to scream.

The Prophetess stepped into the circle of clergy, turned and lifted her arms again to her deity.

"Come, Dworkrimian, ruler from before time! Come and restore your rule upon the World! Take this blood for your sacrifice! Take this pain for your conveyance! Come! Come!"

A deep humming sound filled the room, a sound like locusts swarming toward fields of wheat. The flames in the lamps and upon the tripods flared up. It was as if a foul wind blew up and out of the pit beneath the idol.

"No! No!" Gonar heard someone screaming, even through the sound of his own screaming and that of the dying Chebid.

But another voice of fear was of little consequence. The pain in his belly as the High Priest fucked him was brutal. Gonar was dimly aware that the great black stone idol was glowing, that the carved flesh seemed to be softening, that its dark stone color was paling to grey. He saw as through a mist that the Prophetess was also beginning to glow, that she seemed to be vibrating with some unnatural energy.

But that, too, was inconsequential. In his pain Gonar knew that it was time for him to die. The cock that thrust within him meant his end, an end of infection if not present and immediate death. He moved swiftly in the corridors of his mind, to the one door that he had never yet opened, the one that led beyond his mind, beyond the world. He opened it, saw within the light of shrines and prepared to step through. His spirit he commended to the keeping of his gods, to Roghgota and to Wa-at; for though they might not now be able to help him, they were still his gods. If he could will his own death now, while still he was theirs, then it might do some small good.

Norem-at's voice cut through the maelstrom of screaming, the priest of the volcano god crying out at last, despairing incantation, a plea for his god to come and stop what was happening; but it was of no avail. The terrible vision grew clearer in Gonar's eyes, the horror of his own pain and death



becoming insignificant before the terrifying reality that Dworkrimian was answering the Prophetess' call.

The statue moved. Its eyes opened, its mouth twitched, revealing more of its ugly teeth. The long cock on which Chebid was impaled twitched, drawing an even more anguished scream from the dying boy. Then one huge hand came up from the statue's side, wrapped around Chebid and forced him downward all the way. The monstrous barbed cock pushed out through his lower chest, blood spurting; then gobs of discolored semen throbbed from the evil prick, and Chebid ceased to scream.

There was a crash like thunder, a sound that hammered the ears, and Dworkrimian stood. It stood from its eternal squat, pulled the boy's spent body of its cock, and hurled the empty husk of him down into the pit beneath where it stood. It looked around hungrily with the idiot grin of unleashed chaos.

The High Priest jerked, and Gonar felt sperm squirt into his belly from the long, pulsing cock.

But he felt something else, something like a rock suddenly present in his innards.

"Mighty Dworkrimian!" the Prophetess crowed. "You are here, and the world is yours!"

The High Priest's body went tense, and he looked up at Gonar's face, puzzlement in his eyes.

"Not quite!" proclaimed another voice, a voice that Gonar recognized: and the old woman, the old mad priestess with grey hair, stood straight up and dropped her hands from the circle and stepped back.

The world seemed to rush, like a field fire fanned by hot winds. The rock in Gonar's belly grew hot, then it was a fire. A presence he knew well spread out from the glowing rock and filled his veins. He felt something rush out of the door that he had opened in his mind, felt himself swept aside, made small, as the god Wa-at came into him, possessed him. The doorway to his death slammed shut.

The Prophetess turned to face the old woman, and her hair stood on end in the still air, like a nest of writhing snakes. She reached her fat hands out, as if to grasp at the throat of the old woman.

The old woman's hand shot up in a ritual gesture of power, and the Prophetess reeled, as if struck. Dimly, from the part of his mind where Gonar was still allowed to dwell, he recognized the old woman. She was the Queen of Jhent; she who had come to him once disguised as a beggar woman. She shook her head and the grey of her hair seemed to slough off, like dust, and she stood tall and red-haired once again. But now she was not a mere queen, she was a priestess; and not of Dworkrimian!

"Unnn," the High Priest moaned, and he tried to pull back, to withdraw his spent cock from Gonar's open belly, but it was too late.

Gonar felt his arms more powerful than those of any living man. His biceps contracted and the bonds that held his wrists snapped. He pulled in his thighs and his legs also were free. His arms wrapped around the High Priest and embraced him, forced the long, thin cock back in.

And Gonar felt his body begin to glow with the burning red heat of lava.

"Aaaahhhnnnnn!" the High Priest screamed.

Dworkrimian stared down at the Prophetess, looked over at the Queen of Jhent, then reached out, as if to seize the Queen in one huge hand and crush her. But as the hand reached, the air above the Queen shimmered, and a vision clothed her of size equal to that of the demon deity. As huge, as fat, but of a surpassing beauty.

Gonar recognized the Great Mother of Rwowal, and the hand of Dworkrimian withdrew as if scalded.

The room began to shake, and Wa-at's head, in which Gonar dwelt, moved to the side. A vision like the one that overlay the Queen was condensing around Ketis, a vision tall and beautiful and possessing the attributes of both man and woman. It was

the Lover of All, the sublimely beautiful deity of Drenfel. Ketis' bonds were snapped as easily as his own had been.

Then, in quick succession other gods appeared, overlaying Lady Lharna, Chala, Fillian; and last Chom.

And the god who came upon Chom was Roghgota, the shining warrior, the god of Jhent to whom Gonar had prayed all his life.

He was the golden war chief now, the man beautiful beyond all men, fiercer than the sun of the summer desert, the defender of the homeland, the stern and loving father. His flesh was like burnished gold and his eyes were like twin stars. He was armed with a bow of silver, but his arrows were of fire fletched with flowers. He drew aim at Dworkrimian and spoke, and his voice was like a thousand small bells and a million great bells, ringing from their heights of the sky and the depths of the sea.

*"Dworkrimian, once ruler of the springs from which life sprang, you have denied the order of nature and sought to stem the tide of generation. We let you live on out of compassion, in closeness to this world, for it once was yours. But you have abused our charity and now it will be withdrawn. We could not touch you, by our own laws, so long as you stayed between the worlds. But you have trespassed here, and here you cannot escape our justice. Go now, to that realm to which you should have traveled long ago. Trouble these children no more."*

The god released his arrow.

Gonar barely noticed that his arms were opening and that the burnt corpse they held, merely brittle ash by now, fell away.

There was a deep swamp to the north of Jhentfel and in it the shattered black and red stones of the Temple of Dworkrimian were sunk. The area where the temple had been built was a place of poverty, so the Queen ordered it leveled.

A lesson had been learned about poverty, and the kind of things that can find their way into life through its despair, so the Queen ordered spacious buildings erected where the poor might be clothed and fed. A more powerful lesson had been learned about poverty in the spirit, so the Queen ordered that temples be built in among the shelters to each of the nine gods who had delivered Jhent from the Dwork. Though the poor might never be more than poor, though their spirits might never mend, they at least would not become the fodder of evil and its doctrines, for they would have access to beauty and such love as the gods could manifest during their reign over the world.

At one side of these temples and dwelling places a small villa was built, so located that one would not come upon it by accident, nor even know of its existence without being told. Small shrines to each of the Nine were built within its walls, and lesser priests and priestesses of each deity delegated to serve there, attending to the rites and caring for King Rhanges, whose madness remained.

Prince Hrendel was promised to his people and acclaimed heir to the throne, but he was not yet well and it might be that he would never recover fully from what had happened to him in Molukenor. For this reason the Queen appointed Gonar and Chom as his regents should she die before he fully recovered.

Gonar felt stupid.

Who was he to be regent to a prince? What did he know of statecraft?

Chom was not pleased, for it bound him to the throne, a thing no Corsair of Tlesia could find amenable. Yet he was already bound by the love he bore Gonar, and Gonar was a citizen of Jhent. Chom admitted that his love for Gonar had already bound him to the climes, so it was not so bad as it might be.

The arena was reopened and word sent forth to the world that Shegri was once again the sport of Jhent. This pleased the populace, but all allowed that it would be some time before body betting held the fascination it once had. There had been too much torture in deadly earnest for it to be the attraction it



was in time of peace.

Gonar found the burned ruins of his house of treasures when he looked for it, but that was not the tragedy it might have been. He had kept much of his wealth buried beneath the earthen floor, where fire did not reach it, nor robbers, nor vandals. He was surprised when Chom dug down in one corner of the ruins and retrieved the ruby firestone which had started it all. He was more surprised when Chom pinned the brooch in which the firestone was set onto his cloak.

Lady Lharna returned to Cledata with her mate, the Head Man of the village, and such of their troops as had survived. They took Norem-at with them, and other priests as well that they might imitate Jhentfel in building temples (if somewhat smaller) to the Nine.

Chala elected to stay in Jhentfel. With her brother gone and the chieftainship of Cledata secure in Lady Lharna's hands there was no need for a warchief there in the mountains. The Queen of Jhent made her a general of the armies and invested her with golden laurels. She put up a stone in memory of her brother and dedicated it to Roghgota.

As for Fillian and Ketis—

"They have the makings of champions, do they not, Gonar, my Gonar?" Chom asked.

"They do, my Master," Gonar said from where he knelt at Chom's feet.

Chom had outfitted a room in the palace, where now they all dwelt, for games. Nearby Prince Hrendel sat entranced, his young cock stiff, as Ketis and Fillian sweated out the ordeal Master Chom had prepared.

Hrendel was beginning to recover, at least physically, Gonar noted. His body was filling out under the regimen of training that Gonar had prescribed for Fillian and Ketis: weights, dance, swimming in a great pool at the center of the palace grounds, gymnastics under the open sky. He was still prone to fear when the other boys played at Shegri, but he watched intently and

masturbated at their accomplishments. He'd certainly have no trouble, if the volume of his ejaculation was any indication, fathering an heir when a princess was found for him.

"Yieeeee!" Ketis yelled as the harness from which he hung let him swing too far downward toward the hot coals over which they were both suspended. He thrashed, then shot up, barely missing contact with the flames.

"Good move!" Chom encouraged, stroking his big dark prick and rubbing the precum over the head of it.

The harnesses were elaborate, crossing the chest and stomach twice and looping tightly around the thighs at the groin. They left the arms and legs free, but fastenings at the knee and ankles were attached to pulleys behind the back so as to give one complete freedom of movement in three dimensions. It was almost like flying, Gonar thought, provided the counterweights were precise. One could leap into the air, bound off walls, sail toward an opponent with no trouble at all. It was a system Chom had seen in a far land for knife fighting, but here it was adapted to Shegri by the simple means of making the floor a pit of hot coals and improvising some rules.

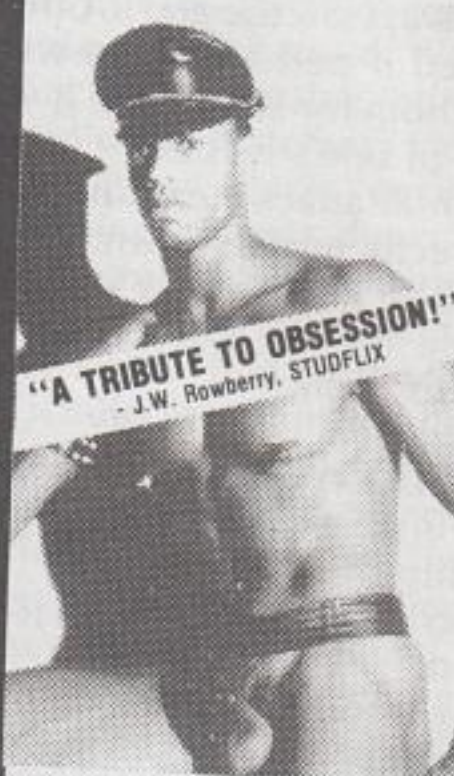
The rules today were very simple. The boy who got his rocks off first was the winner; but he could not touch himself in order to do it. He had to use his opponent's body as sex object, and that without letting the opponent shoot first. It was like a wrestling match for sex, except that you could not really approach your opponent's rear because of the harnesses and their rigging, at least not in the usual fashion.

Fillian bounded off the far wall and sailed in, taking advantage of Ketis' desperate attempt to clear the coals. He grabbed Ketis' ankle and yanked, thus spinning Ketis upside down, then he grabbed Ketis by the balls and shoved his cock against Ketis' face.

"Suck it!" Fillian yelled, squeezing the big young balls.

Gonar felt pride in them, delighted at the way their fully rounding muscles glistened under their sweat. His prick was

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hard with watching them, but he kept his hands strictly at his sides. It was his Master's right to decide when he would come off.

Ketis wiggled, his red hair sweeping back and forth, and both boys began to descend toward the coals.

"Think you can make me? Quick enough?" Ketis asked.

Fillian had to let go and twist his body hard to keep from touching down and getting burned, and that gave Ketis the advantage. He wiggled again, relaxed, let his counterweights lift him, then reached out and grabbed Fillian's cock as he went up. Fillian yowled as he was pulled off course by his dong, then grappled for the boy who held him, his blue eyes flashing as sweat flooded them.

"Come up here and suck me!" Chom commanded quietly.

Gonar eagerly climbed to his knees and fastened his mouth on Chom's big cock, sliding his tongue around the foreskin, lapping up the precum as happily as any cat laps cream. He knew now, for the god had told him in the last seconds before leaving, that Chom could do with him as he would. There would be no more possessions unless they were called for. Further and further he took the engorged tool down his throat, his eyes stinging with the sheer pleasure of it.

From the corner of his vision, Gonar saw Fillian get hold of Ketis' arm and twist. For a moment it became a contest of sheer endurance, a question of whether Fillian could inflict more pain on Ketis by twisting his arm than Ketis could inflict on him by pulling and twisting his hard prick. But Gonar knew better than either boy who *must* win that exchange, and it was no surprise when Ketis let go the stiff dick and twisted in midair to take the torque off his arm.

Chom reached down and seized the ring through Gonar's nipple, began to twist it. Gonar sucked harder, his eyes moving back and forth between the airborne battle and Chom's face. Chom's black eyes glittered with pleasure as he watched his charge's waver, as he felt the ministrations of Gonar, his slave of love. A fine sweat coated his darkly glowing skin, not unlike the golden skin of the god who had possessed him.

It had seemed the perfect miracle to Gonar that Chom should have been possessed by Roghgota, the god that he, Gonar, loved more than all others. For one always saw the god in others easier than in oneself. He wondered if perhaps there were some special place in the heart of Chom for Wa-at; but it was not the kind of question one asked of one's master.

Fillian came in with a daring frontal attack next and with sudden swiftness knocked Ketis directly upside down. While the redhead was trying to recover, he grabbed his legs and helped them upright, then rammed his stiff cock between them, right into the soft mass of Ketis' balls.

"Oww!"

With delighted fury the blond youth fucked at his opponent's balls while Ketis hung unbalanced, unable to recover without sending himself head downward onto the coals.

"That's it! Fuck him! Fuck him!" cried Prince Hrendel, jacking madly at his cock as he watched.

Chom twisted savagely at the ring through Gonar's tit, then forced his face hard down on the huge prick. It began to pulse in Gonar's mouth and he felt himself quiver all over, the excitement of receiving his master's load almost unbearable.

"You shoot it on my balls, you'll lick it off!" cried Ketis, trying a last-ditch distraction and knowing full well that Fillian would do so happily.

Ah! cried Prince Hrendel, and Gonar knew the boy was cumming.

Uuunnhhh! cried Fillian, and Gonar could almost feel the sensation of hot cum flooding onto battered balls.

"Take it!" cried Chom, and the hot, sweet load gouted from his master's prick into Gonar's mouth, and everything was right with the world: for Gonar knew himself now to be in the ultimate bondage, which was love. □



# Electrotorture/Electropleasure

by Fledermaus

Electricity—a mysterious force that has no shape, no color, no visible form. It isn't solid or liquid or gas. Heat and light we can see and feel, we want them and need them. They are forms of energy that have been with us since before our ancestors came down from the trees. But except for an occasional crack of lightning, electricity is new to civilized man.

At the turn of the century, and well into our own, this marvelous new form of energy illuminated our buildings, heated our coffee, toasted our bread, ran moving pictures and locomotives and did all sorts of things. Electricity was also the "wonder drug" of the age. A new generation of snake oil salesmen

created electrical devices that would "Promptly, Absolutely, and Permanently Cure Rheumatism, Lumbago, Siatica, Gout, Kidney Diseases, Epilepsy, Paralysis, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervous Exhaustion, Bronchitis, Pulmonary Affections (sic), Neuralgia, Spinal Weakness, Liver Complaint, Consumption, Asthma, Female Disorders, General and Local Debility, Writer's Cramp, Hysteria, Functional Disorders, Etc., Etc." And this was just the "Long Tested, Never Equalled, Harness' Electropathic Battery Belt." Many others claimed a much longer list, including everything from dandruff to athlete's foot, from acne to gonorrhea, from hypertension to impotency.

## ELECTROTORTURE

In the real-life torture centers of the world, electricity is in. Electric shock in one form or another is listed as a method of torture used by virtually every country covered by Amnesty International. It is cheap, readily available, easy to use, and most importantly of all, it is effective and, if done correctly, leaves no trace on the victim. Electric torture can be excruciatingly painful. With intense questioning it can force information from a reluctant source. It can make the strongest man writhe in agony and scream his head off. After a couple of "educational" sessions he will cringe at the sight of the wires.

For the torturer, another great benefit is that it is so easy. No hard labor is involved. Swinging a whip, using fists and boots, even squeezing balls, is hard work. With electricity all you have to do is hook him up and throw the switch or turn the crank. The electricity takes his undivided attention. You can sit back and relax, or even go out to lunch; his only thoughts will be of the pain and how to stop it. And when you are finished with him there are no telltale bruises, cuts, contusions, broken bones, etc.

During the Algerian War, when the French in Algiers got desperate and started rounding up men at random for questioning, in hopes of getting some information from someone, anyone, they had shifts of torturers working around the clock interrogating the day's catch. One after the other the prisoners were brought in, stripped, strapped down to a plank and wired to a magneto. Questions were asked and the juice was cranked into their trussed-up bodies. When they were unstrapped and led back to their cells, the next in line took their place. This was truly an example of "assembly line" torture that would have been physically impossible without the modern efficiency of electricity. Jacobo Timmerman describes similar continual use of electricity in Argentina in his biographical *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, and each of Amnesty International's annual reports and other publications list many instances.

## EROTIC ELECTRICITY

Electricity can give both pain and pleasure, and most devices are adjustable so that they can produce the balance of these that each individual may desire. If all you want is a tingling sensation, you can get it. If your idea of pleasure is a severe, gut-wrenching jolt, you can get that too. S/M devotees are well aware that *very often pain IS pleasure*. But even many of those who wouldn't identify themselves as S/M'ers, can like the stimulation provided by mild electrical devices.

A friend usually took an intermission in a session by wiring his bottom up to a Relaxacisor and leaving the controls within the bottom's reach. Then the Top would sit back, have a beer, and relax for a while. Invariably, when he returned, the bottom would have turned the controls all the way up. It's like a good massage, a little feels good, more feels even better, and for everyone there is a time where a lot will be too much.

## ELECTROPLEASURE

It is doubtful that these devices were ever of much medical use. But thousands were purchased and used, most likely because they felt good. Were they still available from Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalog today, I know many men who would gladly strap on a Heidelberg Electric Belt, complete with Electric Sack Suspensory which "encircles the organ, carries, the vitalizing, soothing current direct to these delicate nerves and fibers, strengthens and enlarges this part in a most wonderful manner." The Von Graef Vari-Clamp is another wonderful device I wish I had for the Sandmutopia Supply Company catalog. It would be an instant best seller!

Electricity can be frightening. Early in this century it was marvelous, magic. Minds were open to the unlimited uses to which it could be put. They were willing to believe it could cure anything and were willing to accept it as a source of pleasure (as much as our ancestors' puritanical background could allow them to accept *anything* pleasureable). Today, electricity has lost its mystery. It is accepted as an absolute necessity, but it is also feared. About the only way we even see electricity discussed in the common press is related to its cost, or to its ability to kill—the electric chair, a TV antenna against a power line, or a bolt of lightning on a golf course. Electricity kills. It is not something to be played with. This statement is both true and false.

Bright sunshine, a lazy day at the beach, lying in the sun; it feels good. Blazing sun, blistering heat, arms and legs tied to stakes, naked body exposed, immobile; it's torture. The difference is the degree and the control. The same is true with electricity. The same man who will writhe in ecstasy at the tingle of electricity to his balls—current he applies and controls—will quickly scream in agony at an only slightly increased current controlled by someone else.



## SAFETY

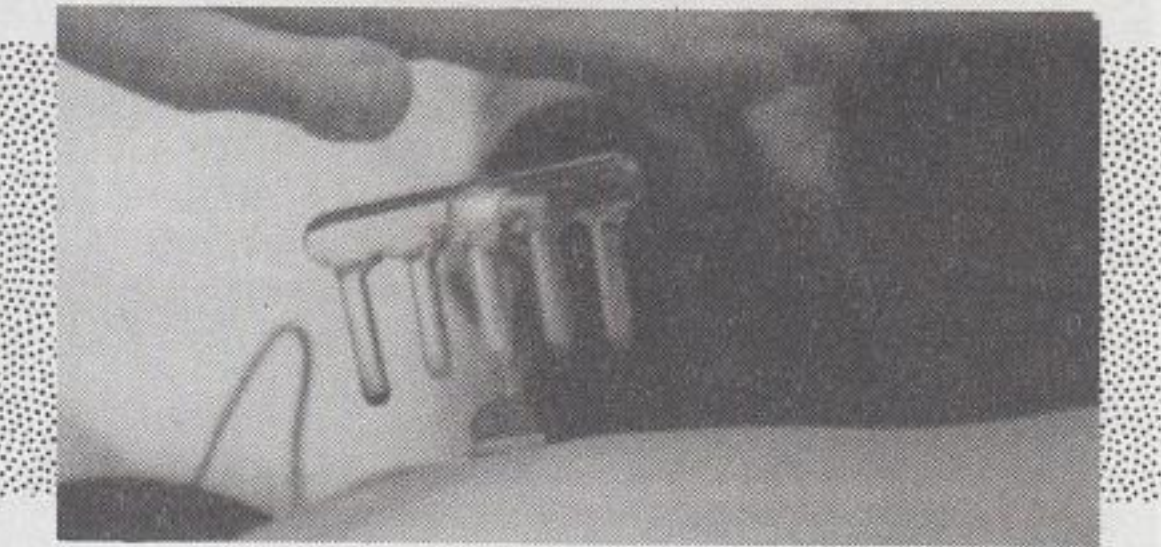
Electricity can be safe sex and safe S/M if you follow a few simple rules. With one exception (which will be discussed more in detail in the next section) all electro-stimulation devices require two contacts with the body. The current flows between these two contacts following the path of least electrical resistance. The body's nervous system functions because of minute internally generated electrical signals. The main danger from external electrical sources is interference with the body's own electrical signals. The heart's pacemaker is a prime example and is one of the body parts most susceptible to outside interference. So the primary rule of electrical play is *never connect the two electrodes so the path between them passes through the chest cavity*. This is generally simplified as **NEVER ABOVE THE WAIST**. Actually there are a few safe ways to play above the waist, (these will be reviewed in *DungeonMaster* 33) but they are best left to someone experienced in electricity.

Three kinds of power supplies are used. The hand-crank generators or magnetos produce their own current; batteries are a popular source; and the third is line current from a plug in the wall. The latter of these three is definitely the most dangerous. Line current direct from the wall can kill, easily. Anything plugged into the wall *must* be stepped down through a transformer before it is applied to the body. Any and all equipment must be kept in good repair, but this is particularly true for any electrical toy that plugs into line current. When dealing with line current, use only approved devices in good condition. Don't try do-it-yourself stuff unless you are quite experienced in both electrical wiring and electrical play.

Muscles are controlled by electrical impulses from the nerves. Part of the fun of electrical play is to seize control of those muscles. The Top can make them contract to the beat of his electrical drum. This is a heavy "control" scene enjoyed by many Tops and bottoms. However, take care not to make it too violent, particularly if the bottom is tied down. Violent muscular contractions against immobilized limbs can tear muscles and tendons, and in extreme cases even break bones!

## THE VIOLET WAND

The Violet Wand is unique in many ways. It is the one electrical device that does not require two electrodes and it is the only one that can (by a beginner) safely be used above the waist. It is also the only one of the antique devices still being manufactured by one of the original suppliers.



The Violet Wand consists of a control unit that plugs into line current and has a hand piece into which various electrodes may be fitted. Most of the electrodes are glass bulbs that glow with a violet light, thus the name. However, some all-metal electrodes are also available. The electrode gives off a very high-voltage, very low-amperage charge that jumps from the electrode across a small gap to spark against the skin. It is very much like the static electricity spark you get after walking across dry carpeting and reaching for a door knob. The charge travels over the surface of the skin and does not penetrate the body. Thus, it can be safely used anywhere on the body. (I do recommend keeping it away from the eyes—sparks here can do damage in and of themselves.) The sensation felt is the crackling of the spark against the skin. This can vary considerably with the strength of the spark and the sensitivity of the area at which it is

directed. If the electrode is in direct contact with the skin, there is no spark and no sensation—more on this later.

During the '20s and '30s the Violet Wand was touted as one of the marvelous electrical cure-alls. Master High Frequency was one of the several brand names available. Old manuals show dozens of specialized electrodes designed for insertion into each aperture from the nostrils to the anus. (Note: should you find one of these old sets, *do not* insert the glass electrodes in a body opening. There may not be danger from the electricity, but there is always danger of the glass breaking while inside!) Master High Frequency units are still being manufactured, though today there are no medical claims, in fact the new units have no instructions whatsoever, and from their literature it would be impossible to figure out what they are supposed to do. However, they are marketed by barber and beauty shop equipment suppliers and are intended for scalp massage and treatments.



They can provide a stimulating massage to the scalp and to other parts of the body as well. Unless applied to a very sensitive area, such as the head of the cock, the level of spark with the glass electrodes never really reaches the painful level—but of course the definition of "painful" varies from person to person too. The metal electrodes give a heavier spark.

The ultraviolet radiation produced by these electrodes can, if used extensively in the same area, produce a reddening of the skin not unlike a sunburn, that does not appear until several hours later. Very heavy use can produce a heavy "sunburn" with peeling skin, etc. With the metal electrodes, it is even possible to "brand" the skin; however, this is a technique best left to experts.

I mentioned above that if the electrode is in contact with the skin there will be no spark, and thus no sensation. The charge is traveling over the surface of the skin however, and will discharge somewhere. It is possible for the Top to grasp the electrode (preferably the metal rod) in one hand and use his other hand to discharge sparks directly from his fingertips to his bottom's nipples, cock, etc. This is an unbelievable feeling for both the Top and the bottom. Talk about POWER! The Top does have to be careful, however; I have more than once received an unexpected zap in the ass when I backed too close to some metal object that attracted the spark from my body more strongly than the bottom did!

## THE RELAXACISOR

This is the brand name of a series of devices manufactured and marketed up until the early 1960s. All of them were touted primarily as passive exercise machines. You wired yourself up using a series of rubber padlike electrodes and turned the dials. The electrical charges took control of the muscles and "exercised" them, supposedly building muscle tissue and reducing fat. They were removed from the market because of government intervention. I have never heard the details of this and would appreciate information on the exact reasons from anyone who may have the info.

The Relaxacisor is definitely a pleasure device. It can feel very good. And it can be a great S/M toy, particularly when used on the cock, balls and ass. Even though it was originally intended to be used above the waist, we definitely recommend that it *not* be used there.

*continued on page 57*



# SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314 (415) 864-3456

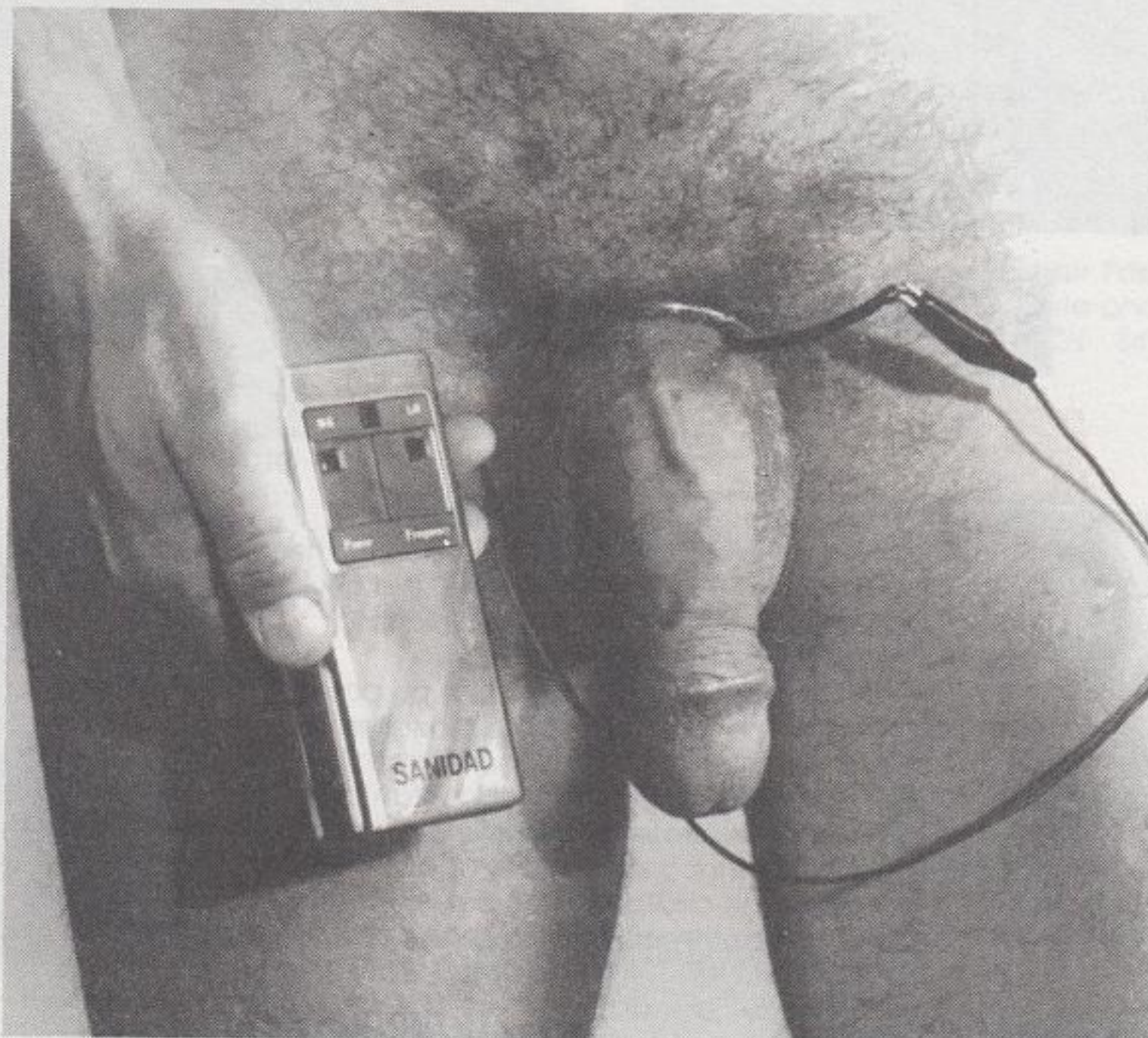
## ELECTROTORTURE/ELECTROPLEASURE

*Static stimulation, the Violet Wand, magnetos, electrified cockrings, and other shocking techniques.*

### WalkMaster

The WalkMaster is made in Taiwan for muscle stimulation. It's the size of a small transistor radio (2½x5"x1") and is powered by a 9-volt battery. There are two control dials, one for intensity of electrical stimulation and one for the frequency of the pulse. The unit comes with three double leads, which can be used individually or together. One lead has a permanently attached pad with both contacts built in. The others terminate in a pair of banana plugs intended for insertion into two sets of small electrocontact pads. Also included are two elastic bandages for securing the pads to the desired location. If you wish to use contacts other than the pads provided, alligator clips are available at Radio Shack that will accept the banana plugs and can then be attached to whatever you wish. Use the WalkMaster with a friend or by yourself. Use it in the playroom, the bedroom, or get wired up, slip it in a pocket and go off for a walk, to a bar, to the opera or wherever!

**BT E1 WALKMA** \$74.95 (2.50)



## ELECTRICAL SOURCES



### The Music Box

The Music Box is manufactured by LaFargewerks. You can plug it into the headphone outlet on your stereo or portable cassette player and put in a tape. Two pairs of leads with alligator clips are available for attachment to your subject. Play the tape and whoever you have wired up will actually "feel" the music you are playing. The Music Box has a volume control, a jack to receive an earphone plug, a built-in amplifier and battery (9-volt), and on/off switch for longer battery life. Make him dance to your tune.

**BT E1 MUSICB** \$115.00 (2.50)



### SPARKER ELECTRODE

Much shorter and gives a heavier jolt. Held in the air, the sparks radiate from the tip. Not recommended for "electric fingers."

**BT E3 VWME3F** \$20.00 (.50)

### CHROME ELECTRODE

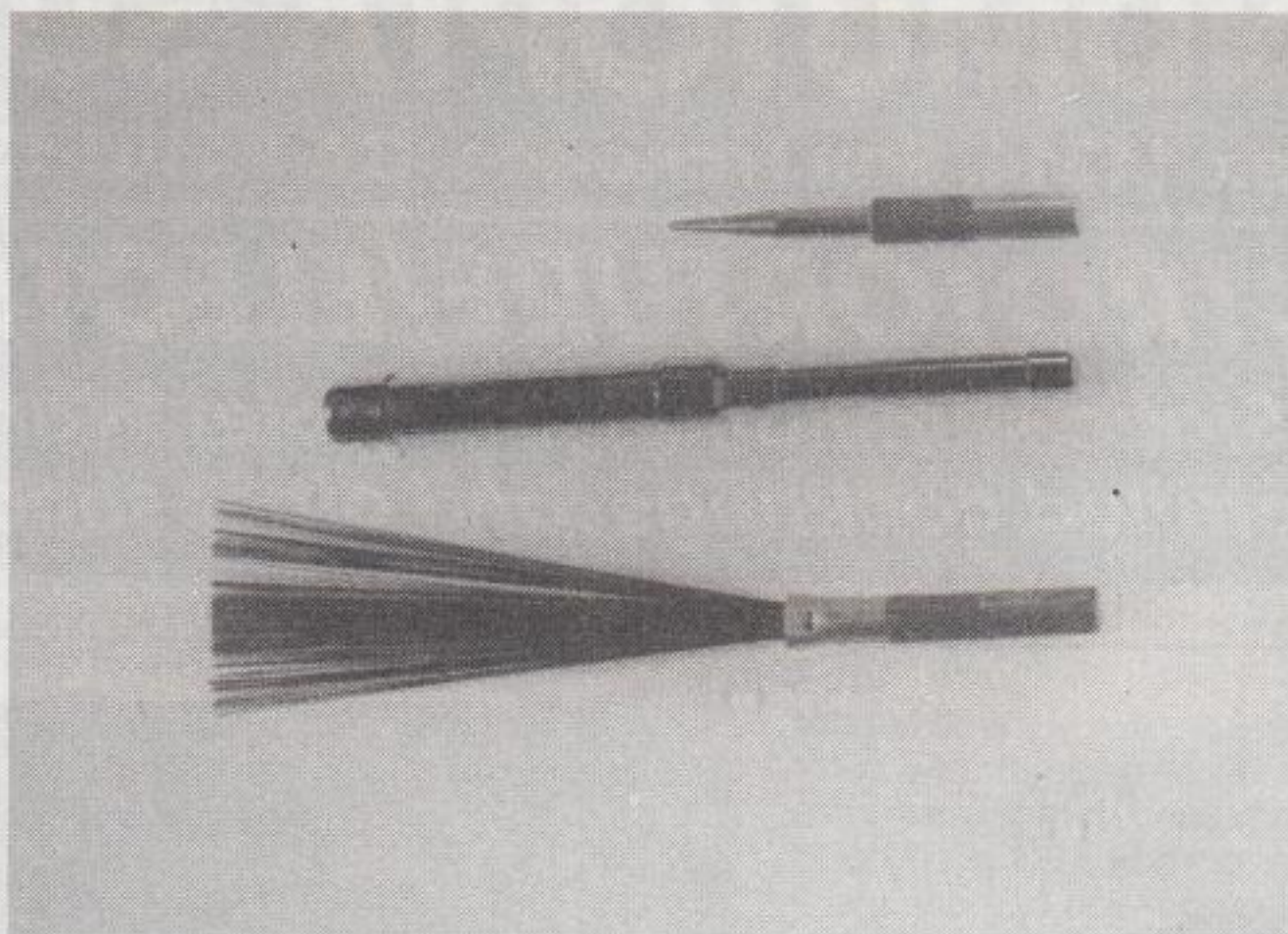
A LaFargewerks product made of chrome-plated copper. Hold for an "electric fingers" scene, or to "write" on skin (prolonged use causes a mild sunburn-like result; works for temporary branding).

**BT E3 VWME1C** \$25.00

### FAN BRUSH ELECTRODE

A fan-shaped array of thin metal wires. Similar effect to glass rake but much heavier sparks.

**BT E3 VWME3F** \$32.50



## VIOLET WAND

### Master High-Frequency Unit

The Violet Wand, officially known as the "Master High-Frequency Unit" is a device used by barbers and beauticians to stimulate the skin. It can be very effectively used for the same purpose by Tops. The glass electrodes glow purple when in use and sparks jump from the electrode to the skin surface (fantastic in a darkened room). This is one electrical device that is safe for use above the waist, since the charge travels across the surface of the skin rather than through the body. *CAUTION: Keep the bulb away from the eyes.* For an even more interesting scene the Top can grip the electrode firmly in one hand and use the other hand to stimulate the bottom. The charge will cross the Top's body (he won't feel it) and tiny sparks will jump from his fingers to the bottom's cock, tits, etc. *Electric fingers!*

Two types of wands are available. The regular unit is entirely contained in the hand-held unit. This type should not be used for more than ten minutes at a time without allowing it to cool. The heavy-duty unit has a transformer box and extra-long cord and may be used for longer periods of time without resting between applications.

**BT E3 VWREG1** \$144.95 (\$2.50)

regular w/disk electrode

**BT E3 VWREG3** \$179.95 (\$2.50)

regular w/3 glass electrodes

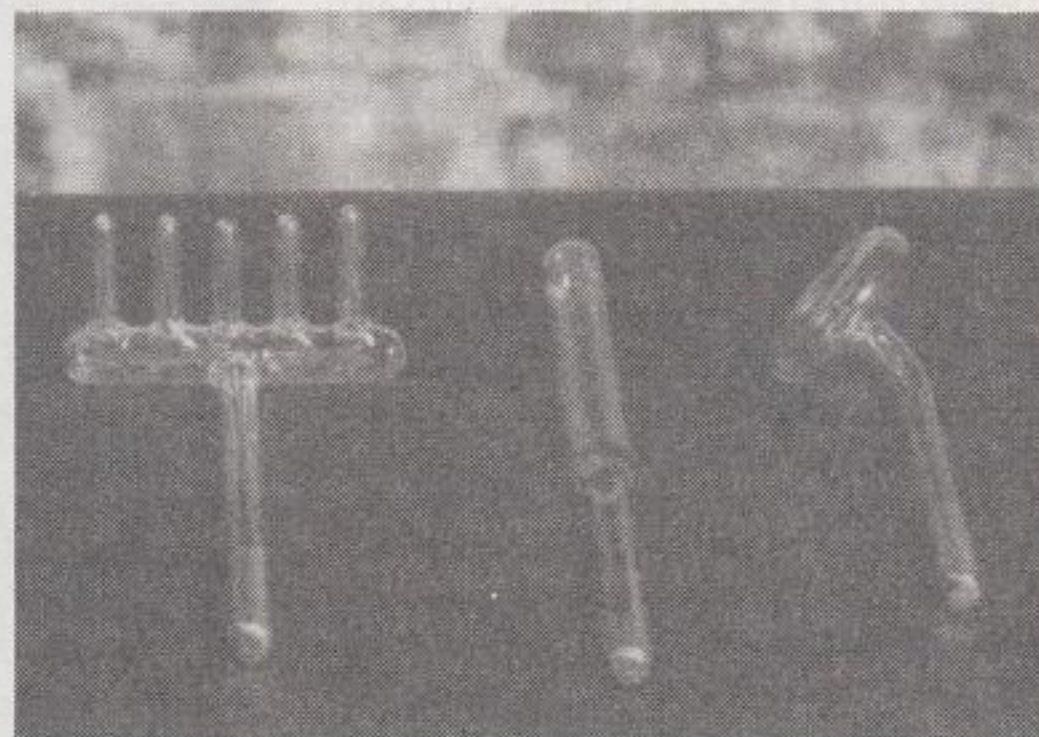
**BT E3 VWHUD1** \$174.95 (\$3.50)

heavy duty w/disk electrode

**BT E3 VWHVD3** \$229.95 (\$3.50)

heavy duty w/3 glass electrodes

Regular Unit Shown at Left



### Violet Wand Electrodes Glass Electrodes

Three styles of glass electrodes are available. #1 is a disc shape, #2 a long slender rod, and #3 a rake or comb shape. The disk is the basic electrode and comes with each unit. The rod gives the strongest zap of the glass electrodes and the rake gives the gentlest, since it can be spread over several tips and a greater area.

**BT E3 VWGE1D**

glass electrode #1, disk \$22.50

**BT E3 VWGE2R**

glass electrode #2, rod \$22.50

**BT E3 VWGE3C**

glass electrode #3, rake \$22.50



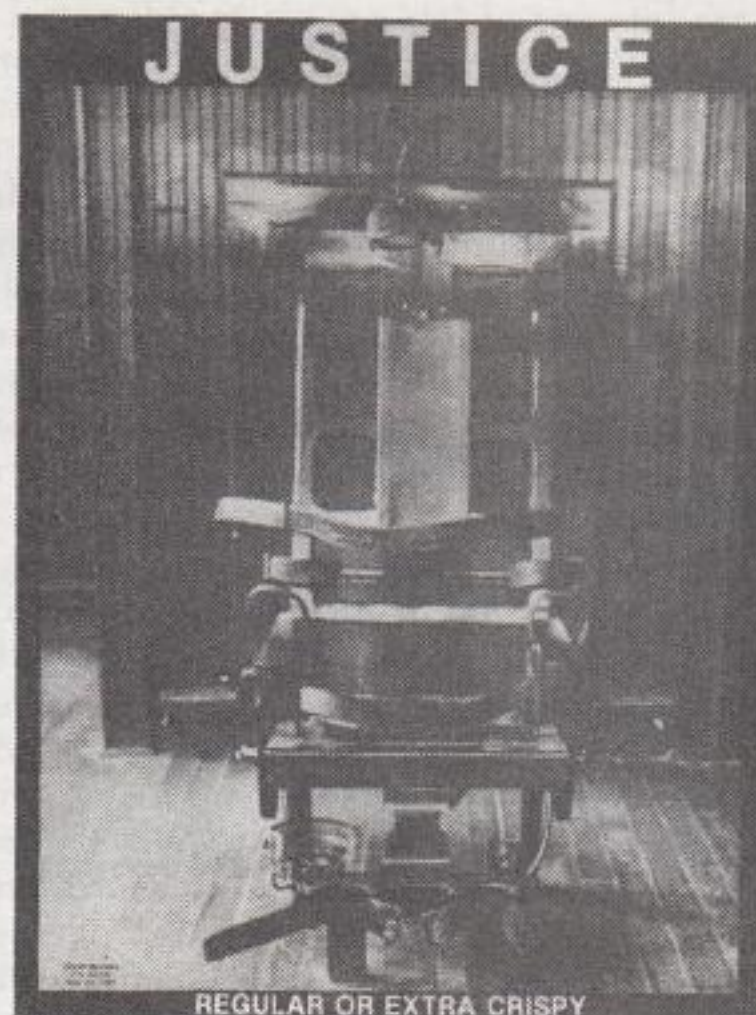
## ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES



### CHROME BUTT PLUG

Handmade by a Chicago craftsman of copper fittings appropriately shaped then chrome electroplated. It has a loop for easy electrode attachment and is hollow so it can be filled with water for weight or hot/cold sensations - stopper it with a small cork (not included).

**BT E2 BPCHRO \$52.75**



### Electric Chair Poster

17"x22" black and white photo

**NV PS ELECCH \$4.95**

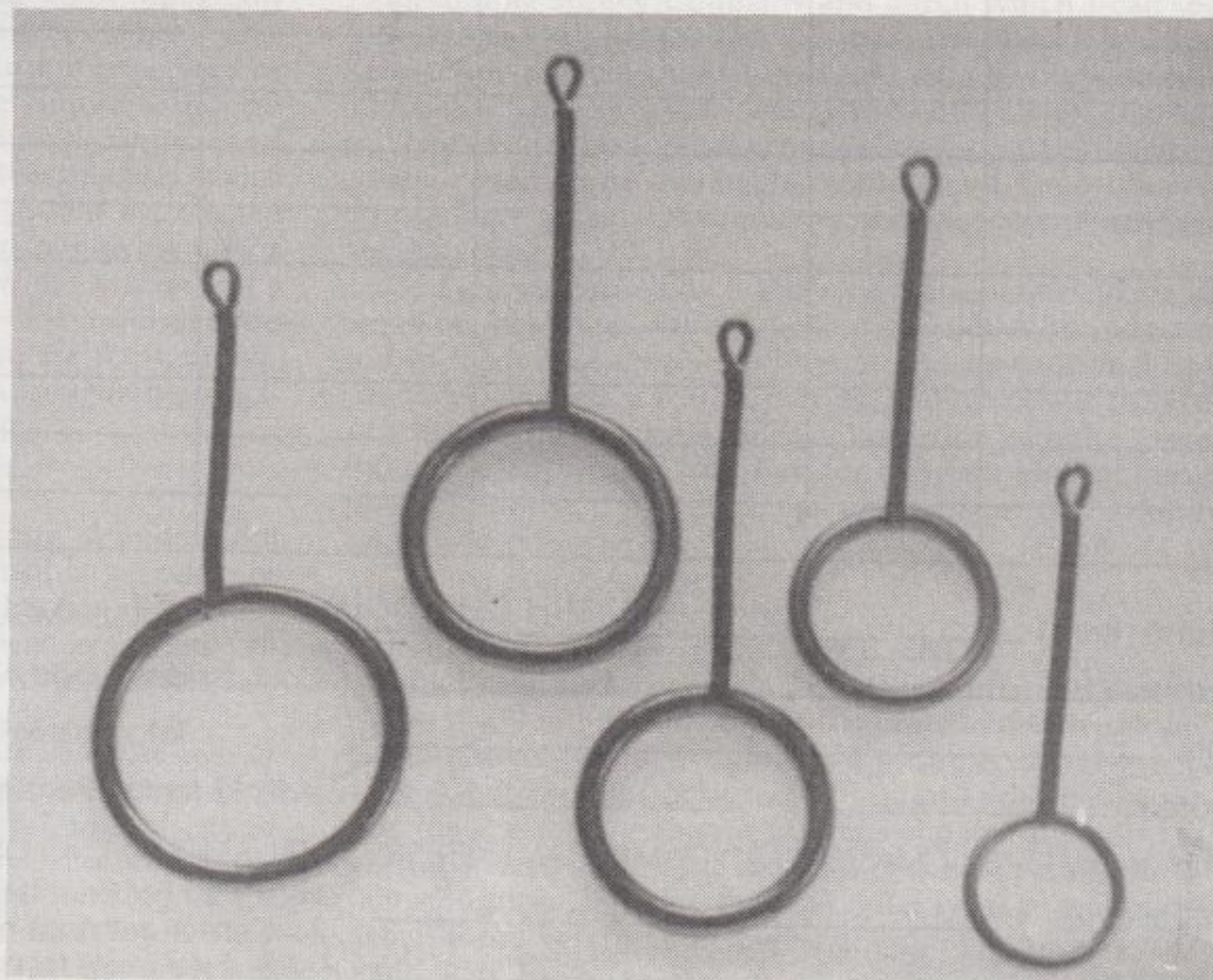
**Caution:** The basic rule in using electrical stimulation toys of any sort is that the two contacts must not be attached so that current running between them passes through the chest cavity. Usually that is simplified to **NO CONTACTS ABOVE THE WAIST**. Observe this rule!

### Electrified Cockring Set

An Electrified Cockring Set has been designed and executed by LaFarge-works. The set includes five steel rings with inside diameters of 2", 1 3/4", 1 1/2", 1 1/4" and 1". Each ring has a length of electrical wire securely attached and each wire terminates in a loop for easy connection of an alligator clip.

Attempting to put an alligator clip directly onto a cockring can be difficult and usually leads to a "hot" spot that can be annoying. These rings alleviate the problem. LaFarge recommends using one in the normal cockring position and another as the second contact just behind the head of the cock. Use your imagination.

**BT E2 CRINGS \$22.50**



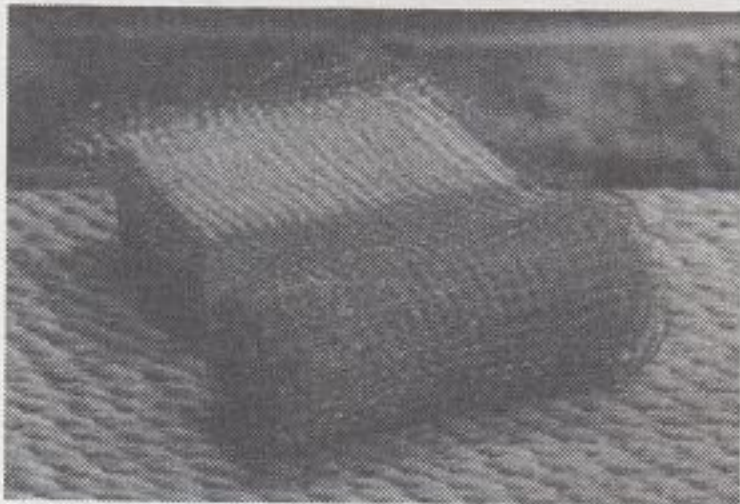
ALL ITEMS IN THIS CATALOG ARE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY.



### COPPER MESH WRAP

A 5'-long roll of copper "stocking knit" 5" wide (10" if slit down one side). It makes a great contact for the Walk-Master, handcrank generator or other sources. Wrap large areas, line a pair of shorts, etc.

**BT E2 COPMES \$7.95**



### Stock Prod

The Stock Prod is one of the most effective control devices made. Excellent for conditioning your animal to behave the way you want him to. There is nothing erotic about a jolt from this device, just a quick painful zap that he will want to avoid having repeated. This model takes three C cells and gives a jolt that is painful without knocking him over the way some larger units can.

**BT E1 3CPROD \$24.95**

### Copper Minnesota Ballcrusher

The Copper Minnesota Ballcrusher is built on the same design as our wooden version, and it works effectively for putting agonizing pressure on the balls. But being made of copper, it is also excellent for hooking your alligator clips to for electrical genitorture.

**BT E2 CMINBC \$15.00**



### CONDUCTIVE ROPE

A little over 6' of wire-mesh rope with insulation inside. (In a former incarnation, this was an oven door gasket.) Tie a length wherever you want - around the waist, along the ass etc.

**BT E2 CONROP \$5.00**

### Electrode Retaining Straps

The Electrode Retaining Straps are black nylon web straps 1/4" wide and about 22" long. Each has a steel buckle and black rubber, 42" x 1 1/2" pad that can be positioned anywhere along the length of the strap. They are excellent for holding Chore Boys, WalkMaster pads or whatever electrodes you prefer, firmly against the sole of the foot, the ankles, knee or wherever you desire. You get a set of four.

**BT E2 STRAPS \$5.00**

**ALL ITEMS IN THIS CATALOG ARE SOLD AS NOVELTIES ONLY.**

## SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

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						\$1.00

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Add \$2 for first item ordered and \$1 for each additional item.

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Credit card holders may order by phone: (415) 864-3456

Make check or money order to: Desmodus, Inc.

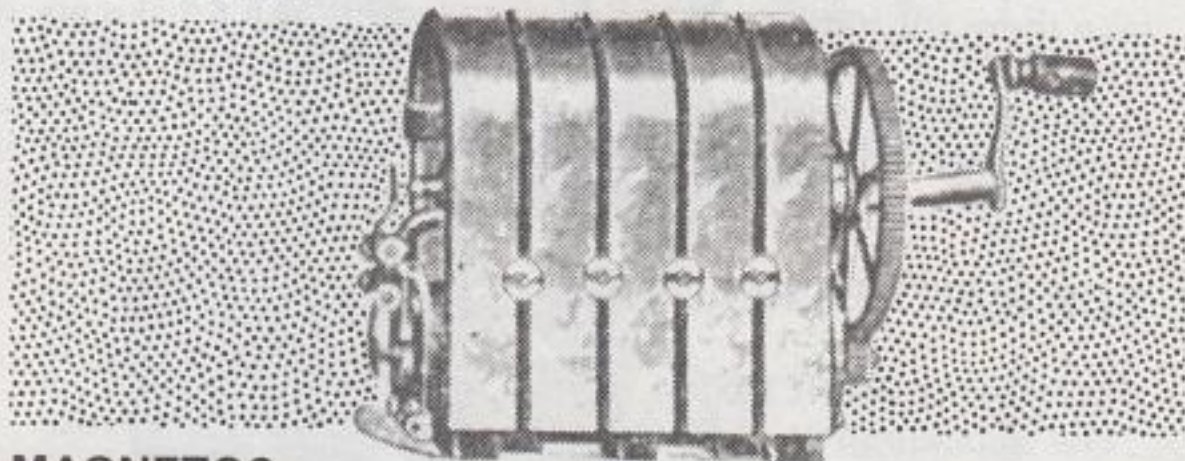
(Allow three weeks for processing of personal checks)

(For orders outside the U.S. contact us for details.)



## "ANTIQUE" DEVICES

Violet Wands, Relaxacisors and several other less commonly encountered "medical" devices, such as the "Electreat," can be found at resale shops, yard sales, flea markets and the like. Prices for the same object can range from as little as a few dollars to several hundreds of dollars, depending upon how much the seller knows about the device and the demand for them. While some of these devices, including a few models of Relaxacisors, are battery operated, most operate on line current. The buyer must be able to evaluate the condition of the machine, and test out its operation before he hooks himself, or anyone else, up to it. I urge you to buy line current antiques only from a reputable dealer who will vouch for its operation, or, if you do get a flea-market bargain, get a competent electronics man to check it out before you use it. Battery-operated devices are less of a problem and you should be able to try them out for yourself.



## MAGNETOS

Hand-crank generators were mainly used to ring telephones, or to crank-start engines. These generators are tightly wrapped wire coils that are mounted to rotate inside a magnetic field. The main sources are starters from antique autos and tractors and bell-ringers from hand-crank telephones. Those from autos are quite rare and very expensive. Those from hand-crank telephones go for about \$100, when they can be found. Small "pepper-pot" models, so named because they are about the size and shape of a kitchen pepper grinder, come from army field telephones. They can still be purchased from large electrical suppliers that also deal in surplus materials and are usually priced anywhere from \$12 to \$25.

Unless equipped with a rheostat there is little produced by a magneto that can be called pleasurable. This is definitely a torture device. Because the current is produced by repeatedly entering and breaking the magnetic field it is impossible to turn the crank both smoothly and slowly. The current generated by turning it smoothly and quickly is definitely more than most people find pleasurable, particularly with anything larger than a pepper pot. To turn a magneto into a more versatile play device we recommend wiring a rheostat in line so that even when being cranked at high speed, you can start out giving only a tingle of electricity. The varying glow from the filament of a small clear 5- or 10-watt bulb wired into the circuit will give you a good gauge of the amount of current you are transmitting.

If you are really into electrotorture, particularly for interrogation scenes, a magneto is a must-have device.

## STOCK PRODS

Even more than magnetos, stock prods are definitely not electropleasure devices. Designed to control large cattle or attack dogs, these devices deliver a shock that has all the subtlety of a good swift kick. With a rheostat, even a magneto can begin lightly and build up in intensity. A stock prod has two settings—on and off.

Most prods use "C" size batteries. The smallest use two or three cells. These are well within the endurance range of most S/M'ers and can be very effective tools in the hands of a good Top. They should be used to control behavior, or as punishment, in the same way a riding crop would be used. Larger prods, with up to seven cells, give a sudden and heavy jolt. They should be used only on large muscle masses, such as the ass and

thighs. They can feel like a kick from a horse. Definitely heavy duty equipment. It is possible to cut the kick in any of these by replacing one or more batteries with aluminum foil-wrapped pieces of wooden dowel.

## MODERN "RELAXACISORS"

Relaxacisor-like devices are still being manufactured in the Orient and are widely marketed there and in Europe. I have seen them in shops in France and Italy and have seen ones purchased in Taiwan, Hong Kong and Korea. There are also very expensive (\$350+) devices for passive exercise advertised in the *Advocate* and other gay publications and, in certain large cities, there are "health" centers that have large console models where patrons can go to be wired up for sessions. These modern devices can be used in the same way as the antique Relaxacisor, and some of them have more interesting refinements.

The modern "Relaxacisor" I know best is what I call the WalkMaster. It is a battery-operated (9-volt), pocket-sized unit that delivers the same kind of pulsing action put out by a small Relaxacisor. It is not nearly as powerful as a full-sized antique model operating on line current, but it has two great advantages: It has variable pulse speed, a feature lacking on almost all of the antiques, and it is totally portable. While there are some battery-operated antiques, the batteries don't come from the local drugstore and the units are still rather cumbersome, at best only as small as a small briefcase. The WalkMaster is truly portable. You can wire up, turn on, slip it into a pocket and go for a stroll, shopping, to the opera, to visit mother, or whatever. No one will suspect anything except for the happy grin.

As I mentioned above, many other similar devices are available outside this country. I am trying to obtain as many examples as possible and will report on them in future editions of this publication.

## MADE-FOR-PLAY DEVICES

Dozens of kinds of electrotorture/electropleasure devices have been designed and manufactured in home workshops over the years. I have had little experience with most of these and cannot speak with authority about them. Generally they are not for novices to play with. You should gain experience with the kinds of toys I have described above before attempting unsupervised experimentation with homemade devices. However, there are two items that I have offered for sale through the Sandmutoxia Supply Company and about which I can speak with some knowledge. The Brown (later Black) Box was a Relaxacisor-like device that operated on a 6-volt lantern battery. It was between a WalkMaster and a Relaxacisor in strength and had several advantages over a Relaxacisor in portability and variety of sensations that could be produced. Unfortunately, I do not have a current source for this device and cannot, at present, offer it.

The LaFarge music box is a device that operates like a light organ. Its jack plugs into the headphone outlet on your stereo and its leads give a pulse in time to and proportional to the intensity of the music you are playing. Though now in its second incarnation, this device is still not operating with the strength and versatility I would like. But, for the right kind of music—generally loud and staccato—it gives a sensation that is impossible to find elsewhere.

## HOOING HIM UP— WHAT TO USE ON THE OTHER END

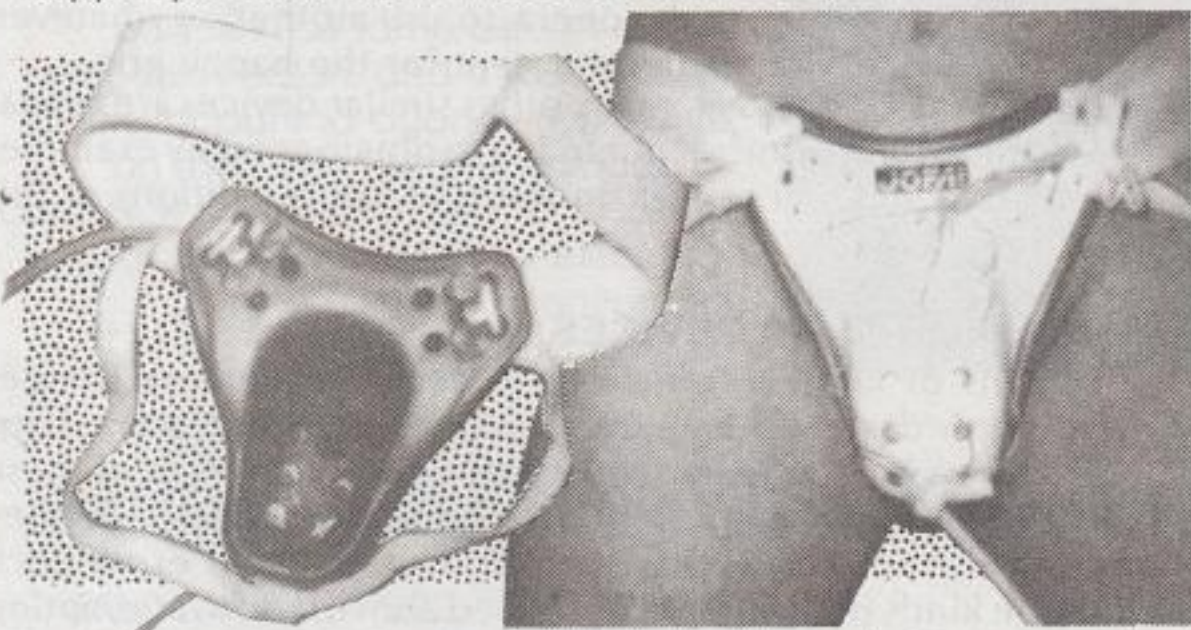
So far I have talked primarily about the source of the electricity. But it will not provide the sensations you desire unless you deliver it to its intended recipient. This subject is irrelevant for violet wands and for stock prods. These latter devices have two short metal electrodes on the business end that are meant to be pressed directly against the skin. It is possible to attach alligator clamps to these and wire them to other types of electrodes—such as those described below—but I don't know why anyone would want to.



The epidermal layer of the skin has a relatively high resistance to electricity. This resistance is diminished greatly by the presence of an electrolytic solution: liquid with dissolved salts. Some of the best such solutions are human saliva, sweat and urine. Glycerin with dissolved salt is the solution preferred by the medical profession for EKG and similar machines; this has the advantage of not evaporating as quickly as water. Make your own solution from water and table salt, Vaseline and table salt, your urine or your bottom's, or buy a bottle of EKG solution at the drug store or hospital supply shop.

Relaxacisors, WalkMasters and many similar devices come equipped with rubber pads that include conductive rubber surfaces and have sockets to receive banana plugs. Just plug in the leads, apply a conductive solution to the pad and strap it in place. These pads work very nicely for stimulation of muscles in the ass, leg and abdomen. However, they are awkward to use on more interesting contact points.

Conductive rubber is generally not available for you to custom shape electrodes. Copper and aluminum are the two best conductors and the metals of choice for electrodes, though steel and most any other metal will also work. To wrap around large areas, use strips of aluminum foil, copper mesh, or other metal strips. Copper scouring pads are great as electrodes for the ass cheeks or inside the thighs, or try lining a jockstrap with one! One friend has lined the inside of a hard-cup jock with copper pennies, each wired to leads. Use your imagination.



Most cockrings are too large to accommodate average-sized alligator clamps, and it is almost impossible to put an alligator clamp on a cockring without having a part of the clamp itself touching the skin—a situation that will result in a distracting “hot-spot” where the clamp touches. However, steel rings modified for indirect attachment are available. Or you can make variously shaped electrodes for the cock and/or balls from copper wire. Brillo recently began marketing carded three-packs of small, donut-shaped, brass scouring pads that are marvelously elastic and will stretch to go around all sorts of interesting places.

The height of electropleasure comes from stimulation to the prostate. Electrodes in the crack of the ass and at the base of the cock will reach this area, but if you really want to pinpoint the stimulation, probes that center at least one of these passages are better. If you want to extend the shocking experience internally, you must find a metal electrode that you can connect to and that it is safe to push into the anus or urethra. The common anal probe used to be an aluminum cigar tube cleaned of any paint and attached to some kind of base to keep it from slipping all the way in. These are still available, but Caution!, the manufacturers seem to be using thinner and thinner aluminum all the time and these tubes can now easily bend, often resulting in cracks with ragged edges that are sure to cause damage. Specially made anal electrodes are available from the Sandmutoxia Supply Co. and are much safer than cigar tubes. For the urethra, the only thing I recommend is a urethral sound—a stainless-steel medical device manufactured for just this purpose. An alligator clip will attach easily to the flat “handle” area of most models.

Permanent or temporary piercings can be used as electrodes. But remember that the smaller the point of contact with the skin the higher the perception of the intensity of the charge. Thus the same dial setting that produces a mild tingle from a large pad on the thigh will produce a much sharper jolt when administered through a needle in the skin at the same place. Likewise, a Brillo pad around the head of the cock will feel much milder than the same lead attached to a Prince Albert.

## HOOKING IT ALL TOGETHER

The three most common terminals you will be dealing with are banana plugs (like those on a stereo), alligator clips and bare wire. The banana plugs come on Relaxacisors and WalkMasters and are the best possible contact for the pads that come with these, but they are virtually impossible to connect to anything else. Radio Shack, and other similar outlets, sell alligator clamps that will fit onto the banana plugs—but if you put them on and take them off frequently they get loose and don't make good contact. You can also buy patch cords that have an alligator clamp at either end. These are great for connecting to nearly everything, including banana plugs and bare wire and several should be a standard part of any electrical toy bag. □

## FOR FURTHER READING

### TECHNICAL ARTICLES

- “The Shocking Art of Electrical Torment,” by Fledermaus, *DungeonMaster* 8, 1981.
- “Electricity Letters,” various authors, *DungeonMaster* 10, 1981.
- “Building a Hand Crank Generator,” by Lord Kelvin, *DungeonMaster* 10, 1981.
- “The Relaxacisor,” by T.A.Feldwebl, *DungeonMaster* 16, 1982.
- “Telephone Magnetos,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 22, 1983.
- “Making Contact,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 23, 1984.
- “Electrical Day Dreaming,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 24, 1984.
- “The DungeonMaster's Magic Wand,” by Fledermaus, *DungeonMaster* 25, 1984.
- “Electrical Safety,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 25, 1984.
- “Starting at the Bottom,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 26, 1984.
- “Working Up Front,” by Dean of Seattle, *DungeonMaster* 28, 1985.

### TRUE TORTURE ACCOUNTS

- Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, by Jacobo Timmerman, 1981 (\$2.95).
- Torture in the Eighties*, by Amnesty International, 1984 (\$5.95).
- Turkey: Testimony on Torture*, by Amnesty International, 1985 (\$3.50).
- Amnesty International Report 1986* (and previous years), 1986 (\$10), 1985 (\$8.95), 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984 (\$6.95).

### FICTION

- “Some Wounds Don't Heal,” by Anthony Santos, illustrated by Cavelo, *Mach* 11 (\$6).

All of the above are available from the Sandmutoxia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Back issues of *DungeonMaster* are \$4 each, postpaid. Add \$1 per volume shipping and handling for books. Make checks payable to Desmodus, Inc.



IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

# SADO <sup>Part V</sup> ISLAND

Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt



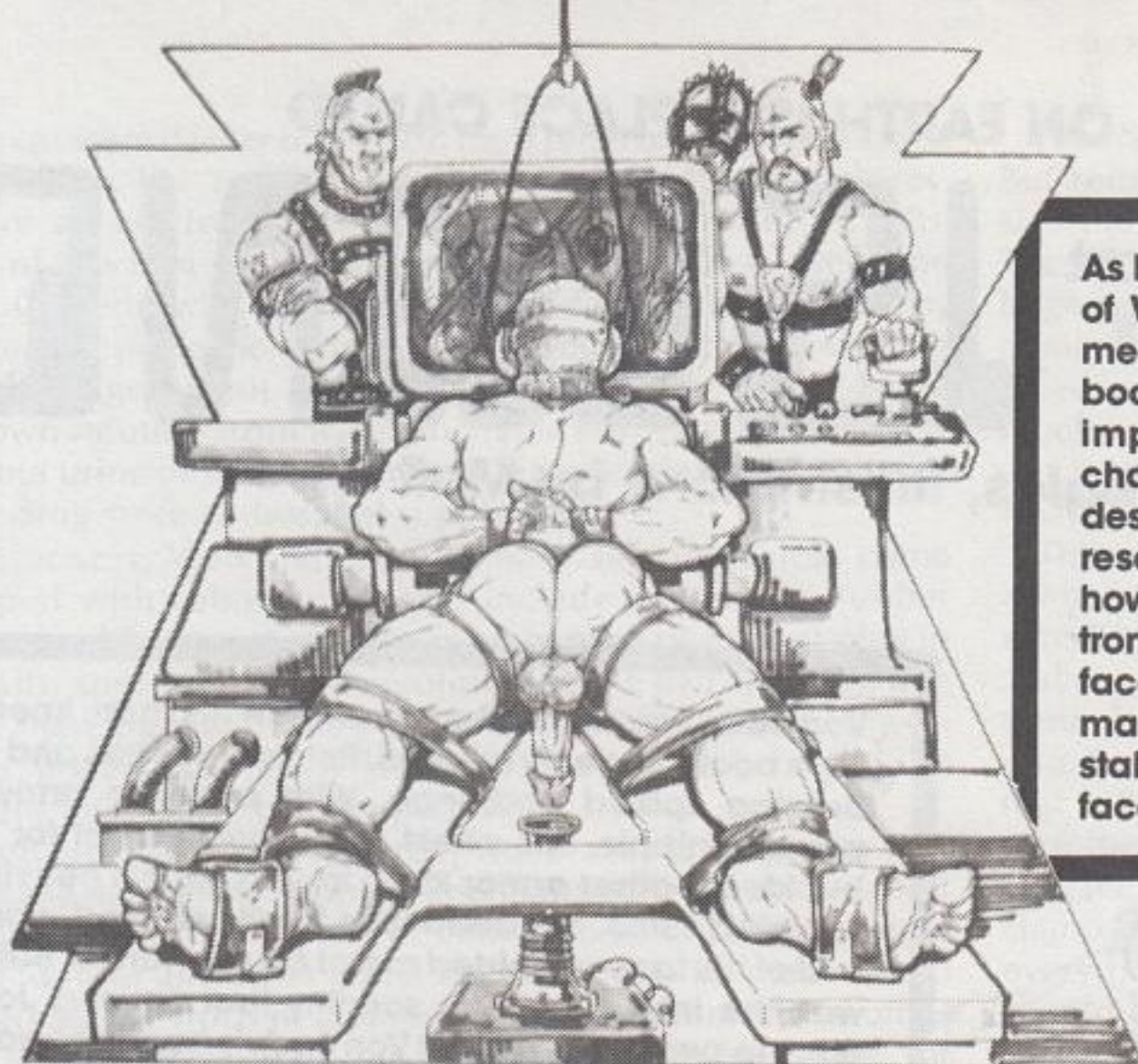
Von Sado was uniformed much like his men: knee-high boots, expertly tailored. Reich breeches and a bulging spiked codpiece. With a single arrow-pierced nipple, his chest was bare except for a buckled leather armor strap traversing his heavily sculpted torso. His head was totally shaved, one-half of his face a molded metal countenance. But it was the intensity of his scrutiny that caused Joe Buck to sweat. The instant Von Sado's hands began to roam and appraise the chiseled musculature of his captive, Joe Buck's reaction was an involuntarily swelling cock—a response that did not go unnoticed by Von Sado.

SADO ISLAND is available for \$12.50 plus \$2 postage and handling from Zeus, PO Box 64250, Los Angeles, CA 90064; and from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

When Von Sado's one quiet question to Joe Buck went resolutely unanswered, he returned to his throne and growled a curt order that the cadet be taken to the interrogation chambers. The word "interrogation" generated a flood of recollection within Joe Buck. Not only was his cock rock hard from Von Sado's thorough inspection, but the thought of the punishment his captor was about to inflict added to his sexual arousal. As he was dragged from the throne room he unconsciously gave Von Sado the same mockingly defiant do-your-worst countenance he'd given his Academy trainers. Von Sado smiled silent acceptance to Cadet Golden's challenge.

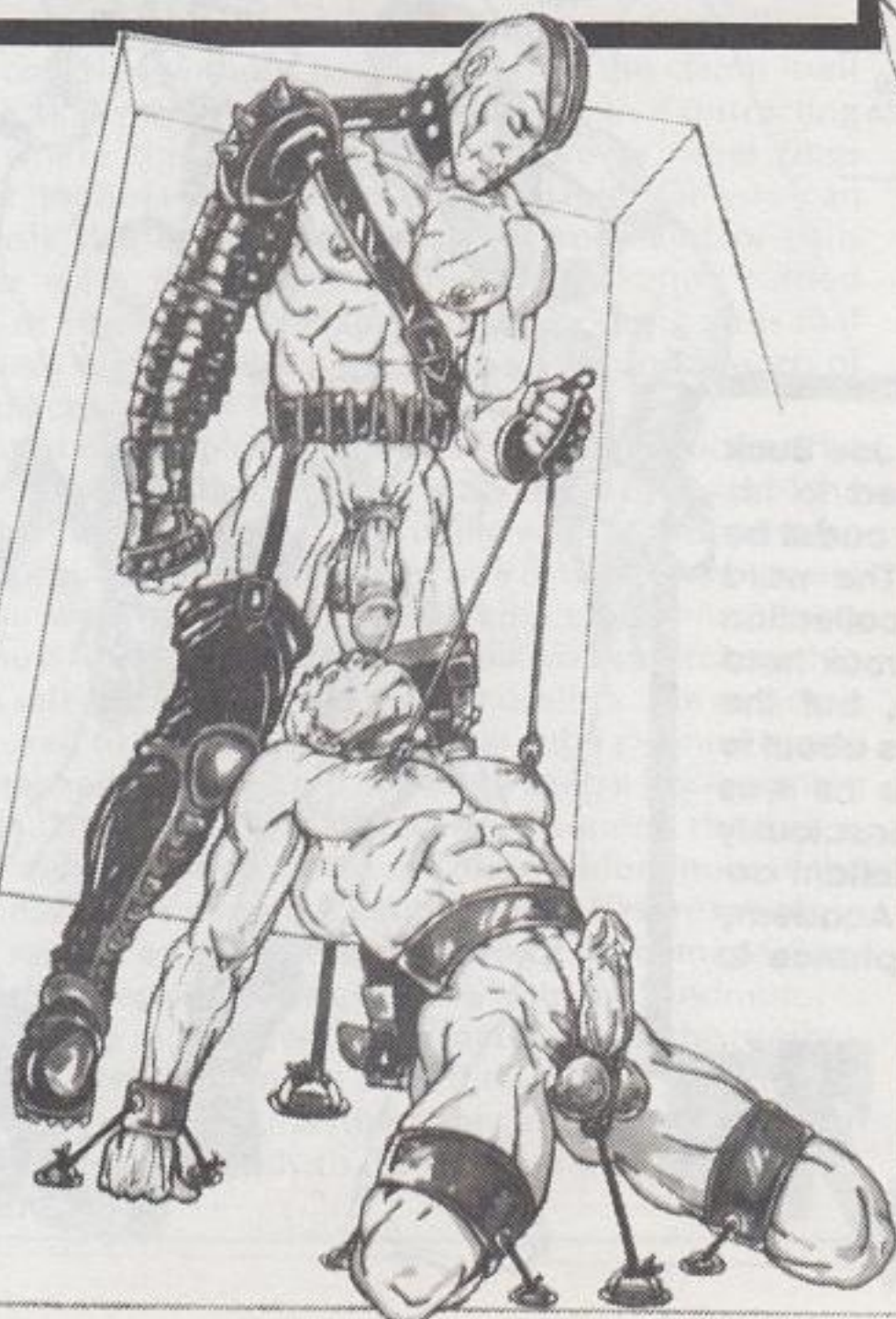






As he was marched through the black marble halls of Von Sado's war fortress, Joe Buck entered the meditation necessary to separate his mind from his body and make him impervious to the pain of the impending torture. Von Sado's interrogation chamber was an enormous operating room. In design, the gleaming chromium instruments resembled ancient torture devices. In application, however, the sophistication of their advanced electronics was unsurpassed. The vast area was surfaced with glowing white phosphorescent tiles made from the cavern's luminous stalactites and stalagmites. Joe Buck was horizontally shackled face-down onto a large, white tiled "X."

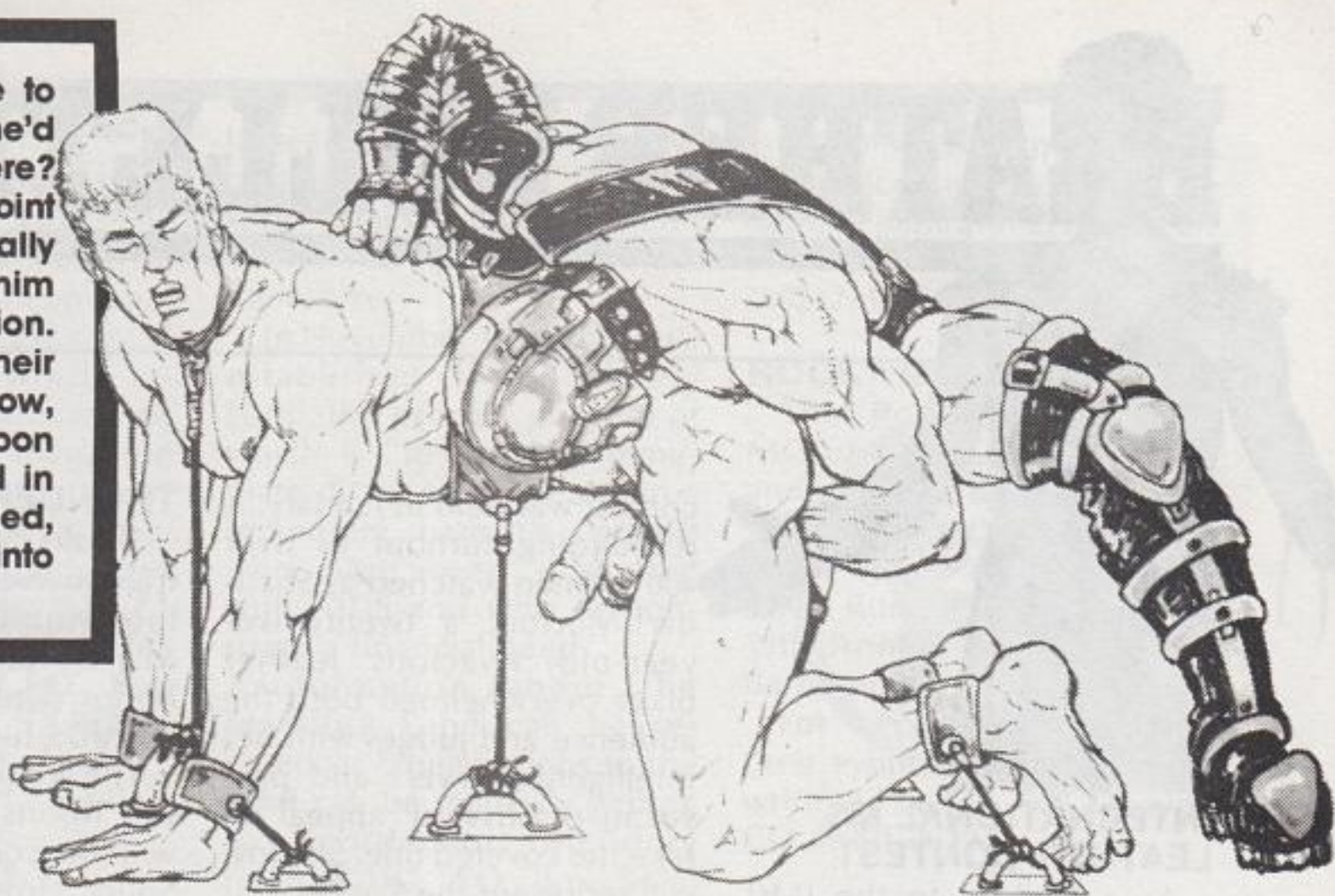
Led by Mongo, Von Sado's sadistic Major and leader of Joe Buck's original jungle captors, the inquisitors wasted no time applying their interrogation talents to the captive cadet. At Mongo's silent command the assistants suddenly left the chamber, leaving him alone with Joe Buck. Approaching him with a stainless-steel needle, Mongo surprised Joe Buck by falling to his knees and taking the cadet's cock in his mouth. The sensation of pleasure after so much pain was abruptly interrupted as, without notice, Mongo drove the gleaming needle through Joe Buck's scrotum, sending the cadet to the floor in agony. As he lay semiconscious, Mongo pierced and ringed his nipples and left the chamber, laughing.



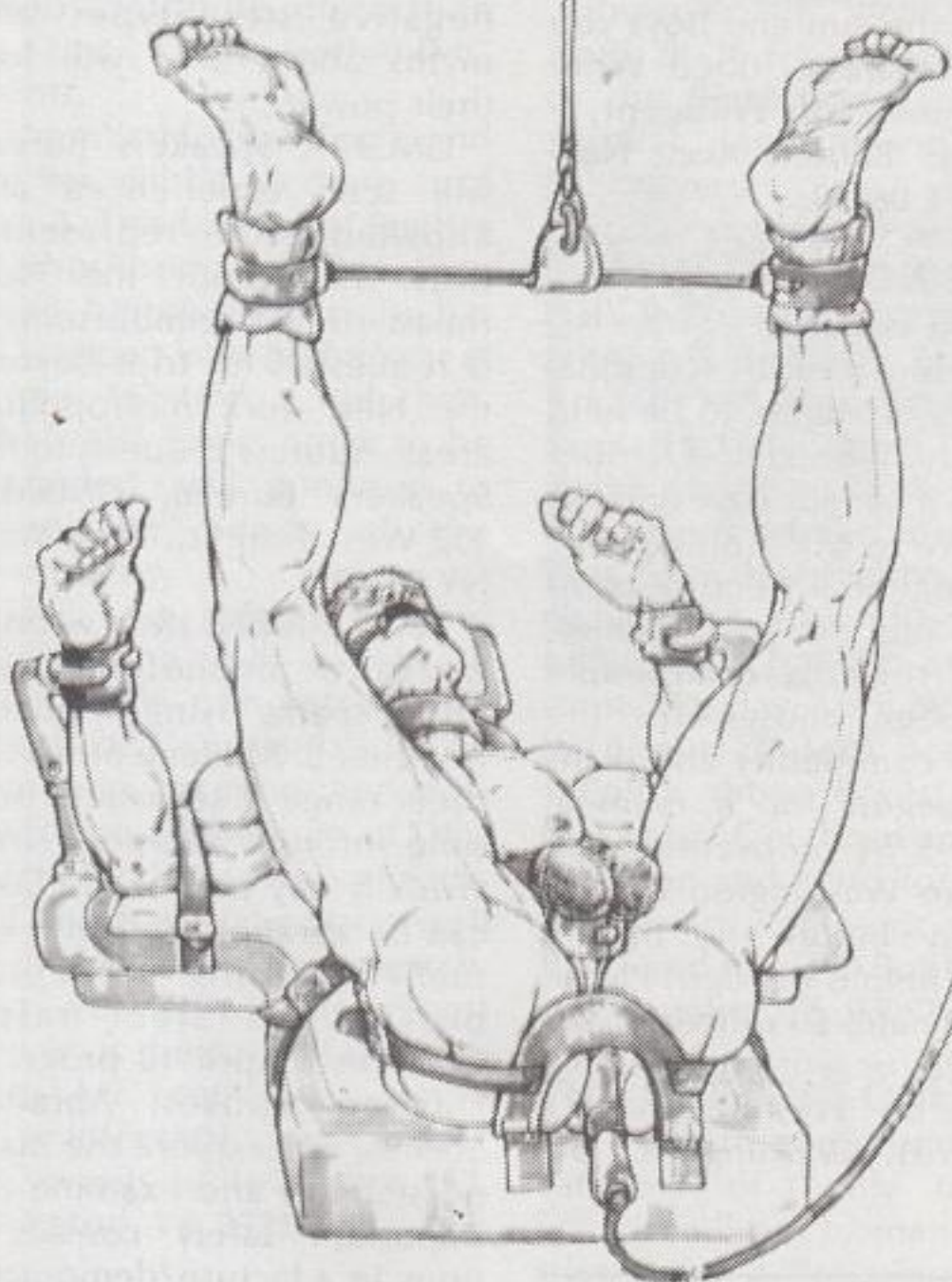
Discovering that his private slave's flesh had been violated by someone other than himself, Von Sado sentenced Major Mongo to the Arena of Rape and the sadistic whims of his troops. Re-restrained to Von Sado's liking, a still-dazed Joe Buck was jolted back into consciousness by pain exploding in his nipples and balls. Even with his eyes tightly shut, flashes of light ignited in his mind. Deluded by the pain, Joe Buck sensed Grey's sexual energy and opened his eyes. The energy was real but emanated instead from Von Sado, who towered above him. As Von Sado roughly jerked at Joe Buck's freshly pierced nipples, his pain turned into involuntary pleasure.



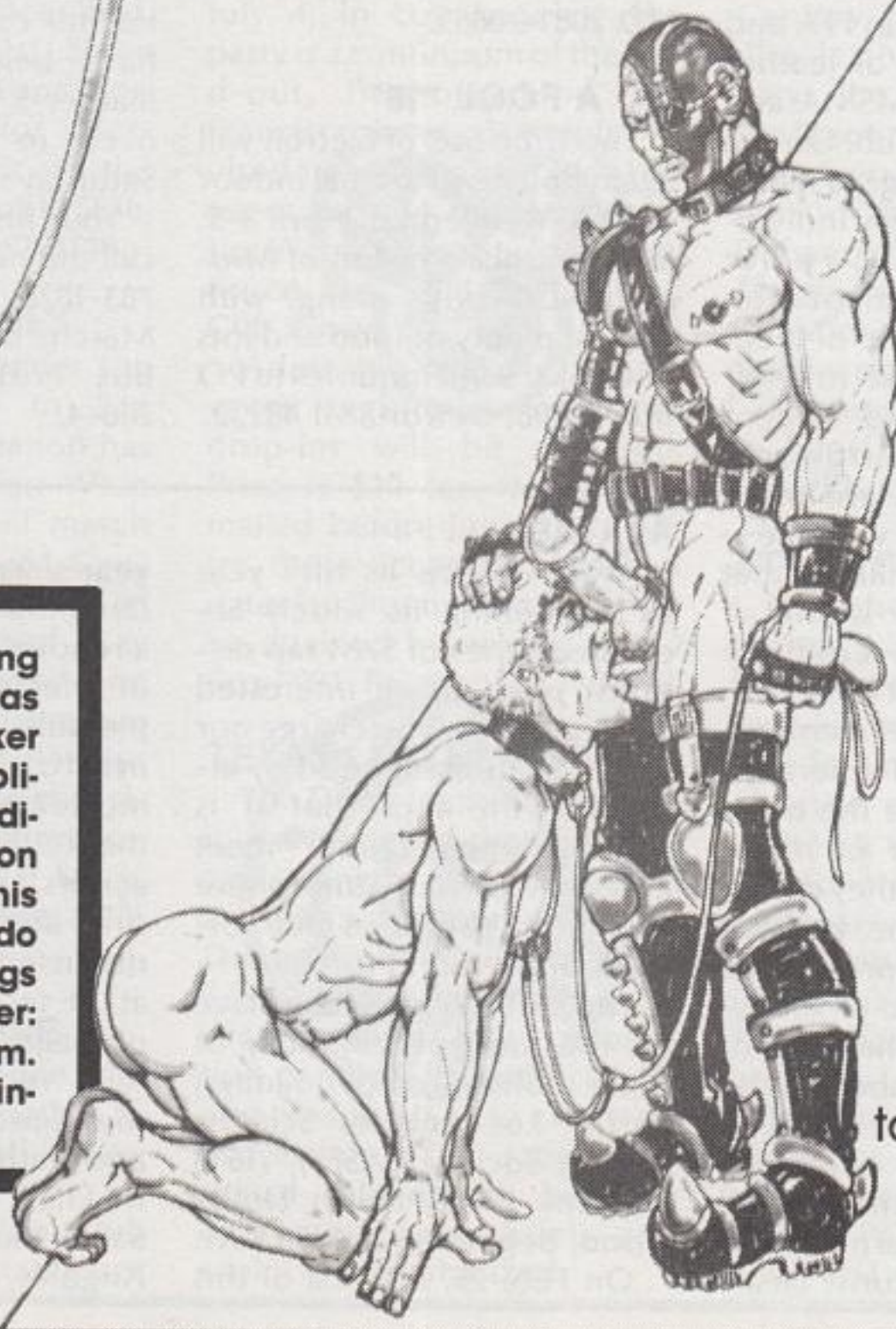
Almost as if hoping Joe Buck would refuse to answer, Von Sado repeated the question he'd asked him in the throne room: Why was he here? Joe Buck's silent defiant grimace didn't disappoint him. At Von Sado's hand signal, four surgically gowned assistants released Joe Buck, flipped him onto his knees and reshackled him in dog position. Now Von Sado's massive hands concentrated their attention on the melon-like ass which, up to now, only Grey had ever penetrated. This would soon change. Stifling a scream, Joe Buck writhed in silent agony as the smiling Von Sado's gnarled, calloused fist slowly, steadily forced its way into and up Joe Buck's resisting asshole.



Through his shackles, from up through the tiled surface on which he knelt, currents of electricity were shot into Joe Buck's body at Von Sado's silent command. The jolts caused his body to spasm, and with each spasm Von Sado's massive fist rammed deeper into his gut. When he lost consciousness he didn't know whether he would die of the pain or of the brutal ecstasy of it. He awoke in Von Sado's private clinic, restrained in a crucifixion-like enema apparatus. A burning mixture of unknown drugs and chemicals was slowly invading his ravaged ass and weakening reality.



How many hours or days Joe Buck spent being brainwashed, he didn't know. All he did know was that his will and clarity of thought became weaker with each new programming cassette and disciplinary device inserted into his computerized conditioning units. Soon his only thoughts were of Von Sado's fist and his willingness to comply with his Master's every question or order. When Von Sado finally ordered his release, Joe Buck's pleadings sounded to himself as if coming from a stranger: begging his Master to fist him, beat him, use him. He now existed only to be sexually abused by Heinrich Von Sado. All else faded in importance.



to be continued...



# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

DRUMMER BULLETIN BOARD  
PO BOX 11314, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94101-1314



## INTERNATIONAL MS LEATHER CONTEST

As a lead-up to the IMsL contest, to be held in San Francisco at the multimillion-dollar Club DV8 on March 21, the Ms San Francisco Leather

contest was held in January. A resounding turnout of over 400 women watched as Shadow Morton, a twenty-five-year-old vivacious leather biker overwhelmed both the audience and judges with her intelligent answers and provocative physical appeal to take the coveted title. Shadow will represent the San Francisco community at the international contest and will host other contestants from around the world.

## SIGMA

The Washington, DC-based SigMa organization make a particular point of welcoming newcomers—recognizing that all of us are ignorant or rank amateurs in some aspect or the other of the full range of activities covered by their umbrella. They have close ties and considerable overlap in membership with other local organizations such as FFA and GSA and a variety of leather clubs as well as GMSMA and Chicago Hellfire Club. On the whole, however, SigMa members tend to be highly individualistic and to resist unnecessary regimentation and regulation. Some of them are very specialized in their erotic interests and seldom play outside their narrow area of expertise. Most are more wide ranging and versatile—but it is highly unlikely that any single member is into all the activities covered by SigMa. They expect little conformity among the membership—and a lot of tolerance for diversity. While the overwhelming majority of members are gay males, they do not discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation or gender.

Sigma is realistic in recognizing that a great many, if not most, of their members in the Washington area are involved either directly or indirectly with the U.S. government and have to be concerned with such matters as security clear-

ances and the attitude of an administration that is hardly sympathetic to either gays or kink. SigMa respects their need for anonymity or discretion.

For more information on SigMa and an update of their coming events in the Washington, DC area, write to them at PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651.

## DO A FOOL "16"

The Tribe MC of Detroit will again hold their annual indoor run the weekend of April 3-5, a live musical version of *Midnight Cowboy*, along with games, plenty of food and lots of drinks. Send inquiries to PO Box 32798, Detroit, MI 48232.

## AVATAR

Avatar begins its fifth year by continuing its widely acclaimed series of S/M rap sessions, open to all interested parties. There is no charge nor any obligation incurred by attending the raps, but it is promised that you'll meet kinky men in an atmosphere free of the pressures and postures often found in bars.

The monthly raps take place on the fourth Wednesday of every month (except holidays) at the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society (LASFS), 11513 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, beginning at 8:30 P.M.

On Feb. 25, the first of this

## THUNDERBOLTS MC

T-Bolts Night at the Brook Cafe in Westport, CT will feature Mr. New York Leather Martin Burke as guest of honor. The affair will also be an AIDS fund raiser.

The weekend of June 12-14, the T-Bolts run at Fire Island will be cohosted by the L.I. Spuds. Housing, meals, parties and all the sun and boys you can catch are included. Write to Jacques Carle, President, T-Bolts, 49 Bartlett Ave., Norwalk, CT 06850.

## WE'RE NOT GOING BACK!

The slogan for the National Gay Rights March, to be held in Washington, DC October 11, says it all: *For Love and For Life—We're Not Going Back!*

The national steering committee met in Los Angeles, several regional chairpeople have been chosen for the leather community and plans have begun for a national leather-S/M convention to occur in Washington on the Saturday before the march.

Your help is needed! Please call the national office at (202) 783-1828, or write to National March on Washington, PO Box 7781, Washington, DC 20044.

year's rap series featured Drummer's own Fledermaus, a renowned expert in the field of electrotorture / electroplesure. Much of the information on electricity, including "antique" instruments, the violet wand, Relaxacisors, hand-crank generators and the Walkmaster, discussed and demonstrated at the session, are also covered on pages 51-58 of this issue.

To receive a prerecorded message about other meetings and gatherings, call (818) A-IN-LINE, or write Avatar, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., #316, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

## BACK TO SCHOOL

One of the reasons for GMSMA's existence is to provide easier access to representative members of the gay male S/M community for media, political organizations and researchers on human sexuality. It is only as the rest of the gay and nongay worlds get to know us better that the negative stereotypes and myths about S/M will lose their power.

GMSMA Speakers Bureau will send experienced and knowledgeable representatives throughout the Northeast (travel reimbursement is requested for trips beyond the New York metropolitan area). Address requests to the Speakers Bureau, GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

Being rubbed the "wrong" way can be just the thing to get erotic sparks flying. Probably no other S/M scene offers the sheer range of sensations possible through abrasion, since virtually any part of the body can be abraded, and with virtually anything—from soft brushes to steel rasps. GMSMA's April 18 program, *Different Strokes: Abrasion Scenes*, will explore the many possibilities and examine the important safety considerations in a lecture/demonstration at 208 W. 13th St., NYC at 8:30 P.M.

## NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION

There has been an important change of dates for the Living In Leather II conference. Due to conflicts with other functions, the event is now scheduled for the weekend of August 28-30. Exhibitor and registration packets should be out by March 15, and three registration levels will be available with respective offerings and costs. For further information, write to NLA, PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.



## IRON CROSS

Iron Cross of Montreal will celebrate its 15th anniversary May 15-17. The run fee is U.S. \$50, \$69 Canadian. Housing is possible. For information, write Iron Cross MC, Box 1721, Station A, Montreal, PQ, H3C 3A5, Canada or call Marco at (514) 931-2202. Reservations must be made before May 4. This is one of those events that should prove to be exceptional.

## ATLANTIC MOTORCYCLE COUNCIL

Our thanks to Al Santora of the Centaur Motorcycle Club, Washington, DC for continuing to contribute information on East Coast leather/MC events.

The Washington Eagle and Exit Bar will be no more as of May 3. This bastion of leather brotherhood will be torn down, but not to fear, the bar will reopen later in the year at a new location. Until then, Dick's DC Eagle, soon to be expanded, will continue to serve the needs of the community.

The Lost Angels MC of Washington will celebrate their 18th anniversary on March 28. Congratulations on your long and continued service to the leathermen of DC.

The Mr. Philadelphia Leather Contest will take place April 25 and is a contest to watch. Last year's winner, Scott Tucker, is the current International Mr. Leather.

For information on Centaur MC events, write PO Box 362, Arlington, VA 22210.

## SPIRIT OF BROTHERHOOD

The Trademen, a leather/Levis club in Charlotte, NC, are planning their first anniversary bash for the first weekend in May. The clasped arms on their colors are symbolic of their brotherhood and common interests. Since Charlotte is and has been a trading center from its beginning, they decided upon the name of The Tradesmen. May is a great time of year to visit the warm Southeast and sample the hospitality. Also, the 1987 Mr. Carolina Drummer contest will be held May 16 in Charlotte. (See p. 29 for details.)

## CIGAR STUDS

At present, Cigar Studs is essentially a contact club. The club listings consist mainly of contact ads which are updated regularly. There is a \$12 annual membership fee which includes their newsletter and an infrequent club magazine containing information on cigar-related issues, clippings, drawings, erotic stories and fantasies.

For an application and information, write PO Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212-8544.

## ATTENTION, GENTLEMEN!

Reserve the weekend of April 24-26 for the Regiment of the Black and Tans' 12th Annual (and brand new) Maneuvers.

Friday evening, April 24, is slated for a new and very "special" event that the members aren't talking about. Saturday, April 25, will be the traditional formal cocktail party. If you haven't been lucky enough to attend one of the Black and Tans' formal affairs, this is your chance. A splendid visual gathering of hot men and uniforms. Sunday, April 26, will be the annual Uniform Beer Bust.

Polish those boots! Shine that brass! Get those uniforms together and send for information to Regiment of the Black and Tans, PO Box 875616, Los Angeles, CA 90087-9716.

## THE ONE AND ONLY

It's got to come under the category of "only in San Francisco," but formation has started for a Precision Whip Drill Team which will march with the Bay Area S/M Contingent in the 1987 San Francisco Lesbian and Gay Freedom Day Parade. The whip drill team will have two distinct segments—bullwhips and cats. If you wish to participate or wish more information call Jay, (415) 861-1093; Stacy, (415) 635-3925; or Bette, (415) 585-2262.

## CHICAGO HELLFIRE

Abraham Lincoln once said, "We must all hang together or we surely will all hang separately."

The Chicago Hellfire Club has taken Lincoln's statement

to heart more than once in the past and continues to offer support for those of the leather community less fortunate than themselves.

In November 1984, the CHC established the McAdory Fund, the primary purpose of which is "to provide immediate direct financial aid on a temporary basis to patients who have been diagnosed with AIDS and who demonstrate a financial need."

Information about the McAdory Fund can be secured or contributions to the fund can be made by writing to Coordinator, McAdory Fund, CHC, PO Box 5426, Chicago, IL 60680.

## MR. WASHINGTON STATE LEATHER

The leatherman representing Washington state at the International Mr. Leather contest in Chicago Memorial Day weekend will be chosen March 29 at the Seattle Eagle.

## SECOND TIME AROUND

Tattoo and piercing enthusiasts will have another gala to show all their stuff at Tattoo and Piercing Celebration II, set for all night Saturday night, July 4, in Los Angeles. The party is a continuum of the sold-out, first-of-a-kind San Francisco event of last July. Invited participants for this event include master piercer Jim Ward, tattooists Mad Dog, Bruce Lee, Phil Payton and Cliff Raven.

Admission will be by advance registration only. No drop-ins will be admitted. Price is \$10 for reservations mailed before June 1 and \$15 for those accepted after that date. Further information may be attained by writing to PO Box 7091, Pasadena, CA 91510.

## TEXAS LEATHER SCENE

The Dallas leather community continues to grow in spirit and strength. A recent second anniversary dinner for Men of Dungeons, a Dallas leather-S/M organization, was a great success. MOD is an association of men who practice S/M and pursue S/M as a necessary expression of a satisfactory sexual relationship between consenting men. Safety and sanity are emphasized.

MOD holds monthly events and welcomes those who are definite practitioners of the art of S/M. Write MOD, PO Box 780242, Dallas, TX 75378.

## ROCKY MOUNTAINEERS

The Rocky Mountaineers MC of Colorado has a long and varied list of events for the year. Among the more interesting items are the Shake-down Run on April 19 and the 19th Annual Poker Run and Barbeque on May 17.

For a complete listing of their events and information, write to PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201-2629.

## PITTSBURGH MC

In celebration of their third anniversary the Pittsburgh MC will hold the now infamous Three Rivers III run on Saturday, April 25. For registration fees and information, write to Gus Coleola, 5133 Saltsburg Rd., Verona, PA 15147.

## THE SAM BROWNE SOCIETY

Over the last two years the Sam Brown Society has built an impressive collection of historic and reproduction uniform sources, including 19th Century military boots, saddles, leather items, etc. In January, the Society petitioned the Steering Committee of the American Uniform Association for creation of the Fort Defiance Division of the AUA. The division would serve uniform interests in the greater Southwest.

For more information, write to Sam Brown Society, PO 8293, Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293.

## AT HIS FEET

Feet, shoes, boots, sneakers, thongs, clean sox, dirty sox, foot worship, boot licking, foot kissing, sox smelling, to be a foot mat, slave, footstool, pleasure comes from all this ... being at his feet or having someone worship our feet and footgear. This is the reason The Foot Fraternity was formed, and now it has over 1,700 members and is still growing.

For free information, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Fraternity, PO Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124.



## DUNGEON!

The Dungeon is alive. As any living entity, it has its own collection of memories, feelings, hopes and desires. Its walls strain to tell stories of repeated scenes. They have witnessed untold episodes of absolute domination and limitless submission. The Dungeon waits in arrogant defiance for the accomplished hands of yet another master of the art of S/M to try to unleash the sensuous fury that many seek but few can master. It waits for the topman who has the ability to use its inspiration to impose its will on yet another recalcitrant bottom.

As the evening's subjects are led down the creaking wooden stairs into the darkened concrete basement, they gaze at the massive, roughhewn wooden support beams, eye-bolts conveniently placed, evenly spaced the entire length of the room, and their excited anticipation reaches fever pitch. Their pulses quicken. Minds and loins stir with a thousand images of the Dungeon's possibilities. A masculine musky odor assaults their senses; a dark sensual aroma provided by the Dungeon adds to the excitement of the scene to come. As the subjects take each step down into the bowels of the building, the Dungeon knows that it is once again coming closer to the expression of its ultimate desire, complete dominion over all who enter.

Once inside, the Dungeon provides dim candlelight for the subjects to survey the selection of whips and paddles, restraints, suspension devices, ropes and chains, slings, crosses and instruments of torture ranging from simple manifestations of the Dungeon's cruelty, to the exquisitely painful machine for electro-torture. Each device waits patiently for the man with knowledge of its use to bring it to life with his assured grasp. Each tool hangs hungrily, awaiting its first touch of the subject's skin, the acrid aroma of his sweat, the salty taste of his glistening body, and the arousing sound of his cries and

moans, audible proof of his submission to the Dungeon's will, as well as that of his master.

The master and his subjects move, as in an erotic ballet, perched on the edge of excruciating pain and extraordinary pleasure. As they move from one of the Dungeon's offerings to another, the last vestiges of independent will are stripped away and they become as one, performing for the Dungeon's pleasure, doing its bidding as interpreted by the man who has become its voice and again brought life to the concrete walls.

In a frenzied rush to satisfy the Dungeon's hunger, the subjects strain against their bonds, labor in suspension, cry out at the ecstatic sting of leather straps against their tender skin, writhe from the sensual pain of molten wax slowly dripping onto their erect nipples and tightly stretched balls. They feel their minds and bodies prodded to the absolute limits of endurance. When their subjugation is complete, the Dungeon enfolds them in cool darkness and rewards them with its tenderness. They are slaves not only to their master, but to the Dungeon as well. It will possess their bodies and their minds from this night forward.

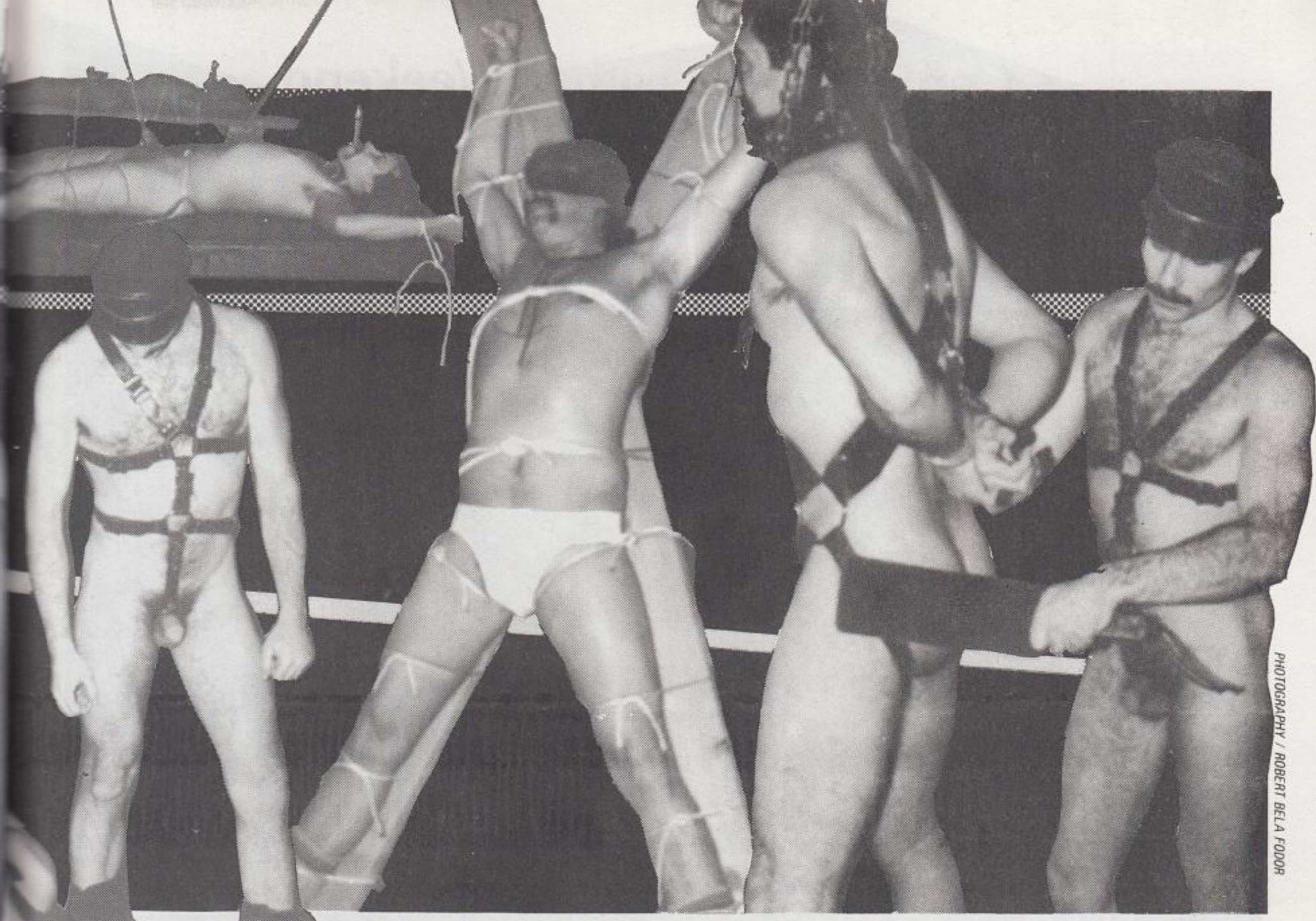
Deserted now, the Dungeon waits again to fulfill its purpose. The Dungeon will open its doors and share its secrets as part of the MAY DAY! celebration cosponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild and the National Leather Association over the weekend of May 1, 2 and 3. MAY DAY! will include many activities away from the Dungeon, but its hunger will be satisfied. The Dungeon will be the proving ground upon which many men will test themselves and be tested by others.

The Dungeon invites all who are able to descend its creaking stairs and join in the celebration. Information is available by writing MAY DAY!, PO Box 21911, Seattle, WA 98111, or call (206) 328-2518.

—Steve Maidhof







PHOTOGRAPHY / ROBERT BELA FODOR

## EUROPEAN LEATHER NOTES

### MSC FINLAND

Things were very different in 1986 for MSC Finland. The club lost their infamous clubhouse and hurriedly but successfully found another before August when they celebrated their tenth year.

The new Tom's Club is now open and welcomes all foreign leathermen. The club now has over 1200 members from all over Finland, but due to the long distances seldom do all of the members show up for meetings.

Some of the active members in Tampere began during the five months the Helsinki club was inactive to arrange MSC club nights there. Tampere lies 170 kms northwest of Helsinki.

MSC Finland's most well-known member, Tom of Finland, will be honored at a special party upon his return from California. The party, as with most special events, will be held at Tom's Club, Pihlajatie 26, Helsinki on May 30.

Other important events for the club include Midsummer Camp the weekend of June 19-20 and their renowned Bondage Party at the clubhouse on June 27.

### ROB'S GALLERY AMSTERDAM

A must-see when visiting The Netherlands is the three-story emporium of leather and S/M, Rob's Gallery. A frequent visitor to the U.S., Rob is well known for his creative and beautiful S/M demonstrations at Chicago Hellfire Club's Infernos and welcomes visitors from all over the world. Rob's Amsterdam Gallery is located at Weteringschans 273, 1017XJ Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

### GRUPPE LEDER, HAMBURG

A serious S/M-oriented group of men in Hamburg, the GLSM (Gruppe Leder SM)

hold meetings each Wednesday at 9 P.M. and each Sunday at 4 P.M. at Eichholz 56. Write to them for information on their group and future functions at PO Box 323448, D-2000 Hamburg 13, West Germany.

### MSC ICELAND

Yes, leathermen are everywhere! In case you are taking a scenic trip to Iceland to see the volcanos, the glaciers, the men, contact MSC Iceland at PO Box 5521, 125 Reykjavik, Iceland.

### MR. EUROPEAN DRUMMER

Regional contests will begin taking place throughout Europe during late 1987 and early 1988 to determine contestants for the finals to be held in early April at the Amsterdam Eagle. If you, your club or bar wish to sponsor a contestant, hold a local or regional contest and have not yet been contacted

by *Drummer* or our representatives, write Mr. European Drummer, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, USA or telephone (415) 864-3456.

The winner of Mr. European Drummer will receive an all-expenses-paid vacation to San Francisco, California, USA to participate in the Mr. International Drummer 1988 finals.

### GAY AMSTERDAM

Peter Glencross of *Eden Cross' Best Guide*, is offering a complete list of gay events, functions and parties in Amsterdam. It runs two pages and covers nearly all that will take place in and around the Dutch mecca. To get your copy of this indispensable listing, send one dollar to cover postage and photocopying costs, along with a self-addressed, but *unstamped* enveloped to Peter Glencross, PO Box 22643, NL-1100 AS Amsterdam, The Netherlands.



# Centaur MC Leather Weekend

—and the—

## Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman Contest

PHOTO by PATSY LYNCH



**THE BIG MOMENT:** Michel Rousse, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1987, will represent mid-Atlantic leathersmen in Chicago for IML '87.

by JimEd Thompson

Washington, DC was cold and drab when my plane arrived, but the warm and friendly attitude of my host, Dan Dutcher, Leather Weekend Chairman, when we met set the mood for an extraordinary experience.

After a hurried change into my leathers, we arrived at the Washington Eagle and Exit bar, unfortunately to be torn down in May, for the registration and presentation of judges and contestants. Final count was over five hundred leathersmen mostly from the East Coast, but the entire country was represented. The Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council was holding their elections during the weekend, with officials from over forty clubs.

The judges were picked for their reputations within the leather community and experience; Louis Bothwell (Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leatherman 1986), Scott Tucker (International Mr. Leather 1986), Steve Maidhof (Mr. Washington State Leather 1986 and founder of the National Leather Association), Vern Stewart (columnist and writer) and myself, JimEd Thompson (Mr. S.F. Leather and Associate Editor of *Drummer/DungeonMaster*). Al Santora, contest chairman, wanted to insure that not only was the judging fair, using judges from other parts of the country, but that a feeling of brotherhood be extended beyond their

own realm of membership. Truly a formidable task, but one that was accomplished with style and dignity.

Each function and event of the weekend came off without a hitch and on time, a rare and unique statement for functions of this nature. Saturday started with brunch at the Exit. An excellent fare, varied and tasty—if you have ever tried to provide food for several hundred people or even if you haven't, you can imagine what a massive coordinating effort this took. Later, while the AMCC was voting and the other leathersmen enjoyed the friendly bars and normal tourist attractions in the nation's capital, the judges and contestants spent the afternoon at Dick's DC Eagle for pre-judging. Fourteen men, covering the ages from twenty to forty-five, all different types, looks and attitudes, told us why they wanted to represent the Centaur MC and the Mid-Atlantic leathersmen. An impressive and varied group of men.

Saturday evening the Centaurs continued a tradition by having "Formal Leather Cocktails," sashes, medals, buttons, club colors and every possible variation was represented. The buffet was a feast to the eyes as well as the palate. Men from all segments of the leather-S/M world forgot their differences for an evening of dignified communication and mutual admiration. At least until we had all had a few drinks and the contest

began...then all hell broke loose. In a fun way. The contestants during the competition brought cheers.

Sunday brunch, a bit hung over, was enjoyed at Louis' Rogue. (I don't remember having attended a run or function of this nature when the food was consistently good and plentiful as with this one.) Afterward the contest resumed with each of the contestants giving a short and sometimes moving talk, followed by the jockstrap category, which was followed closely by the audience as well as the judges.

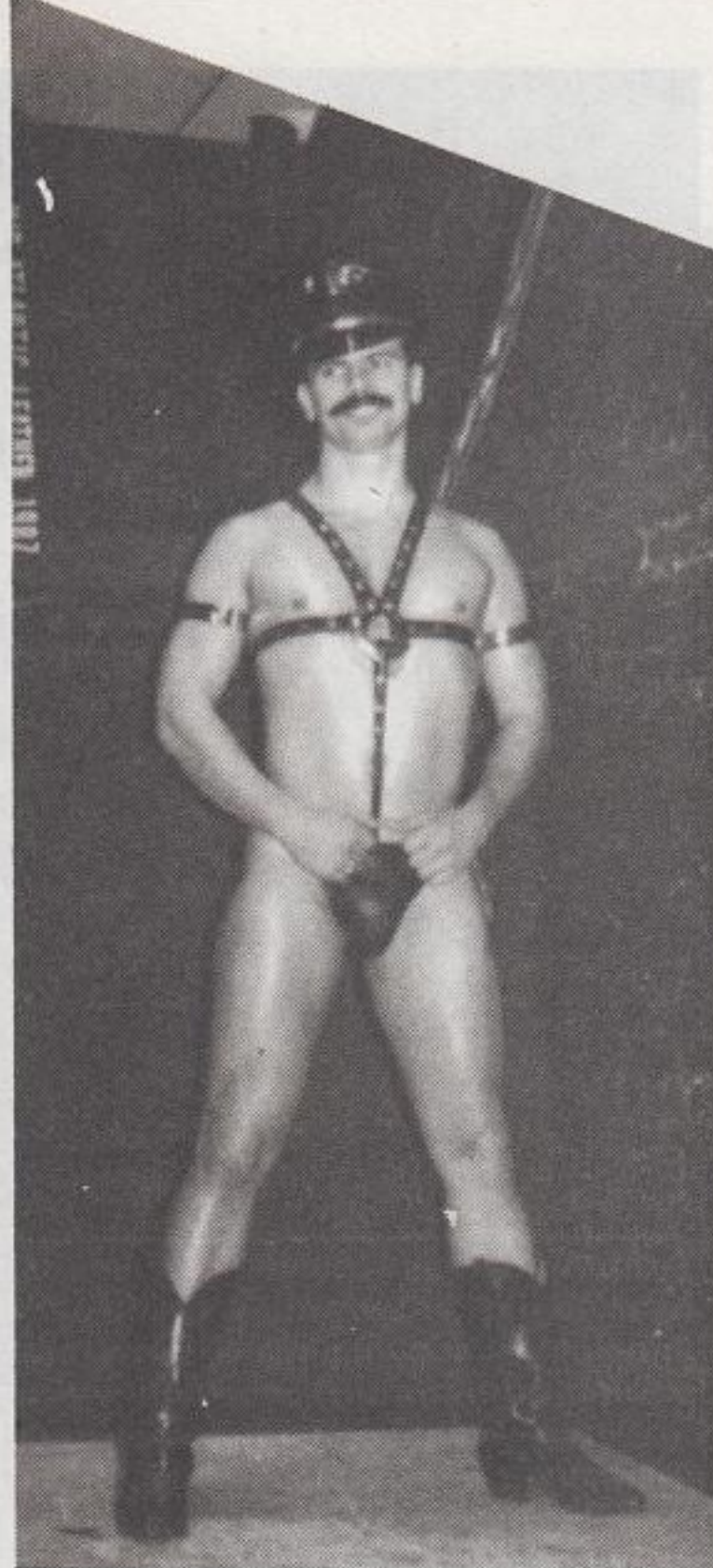
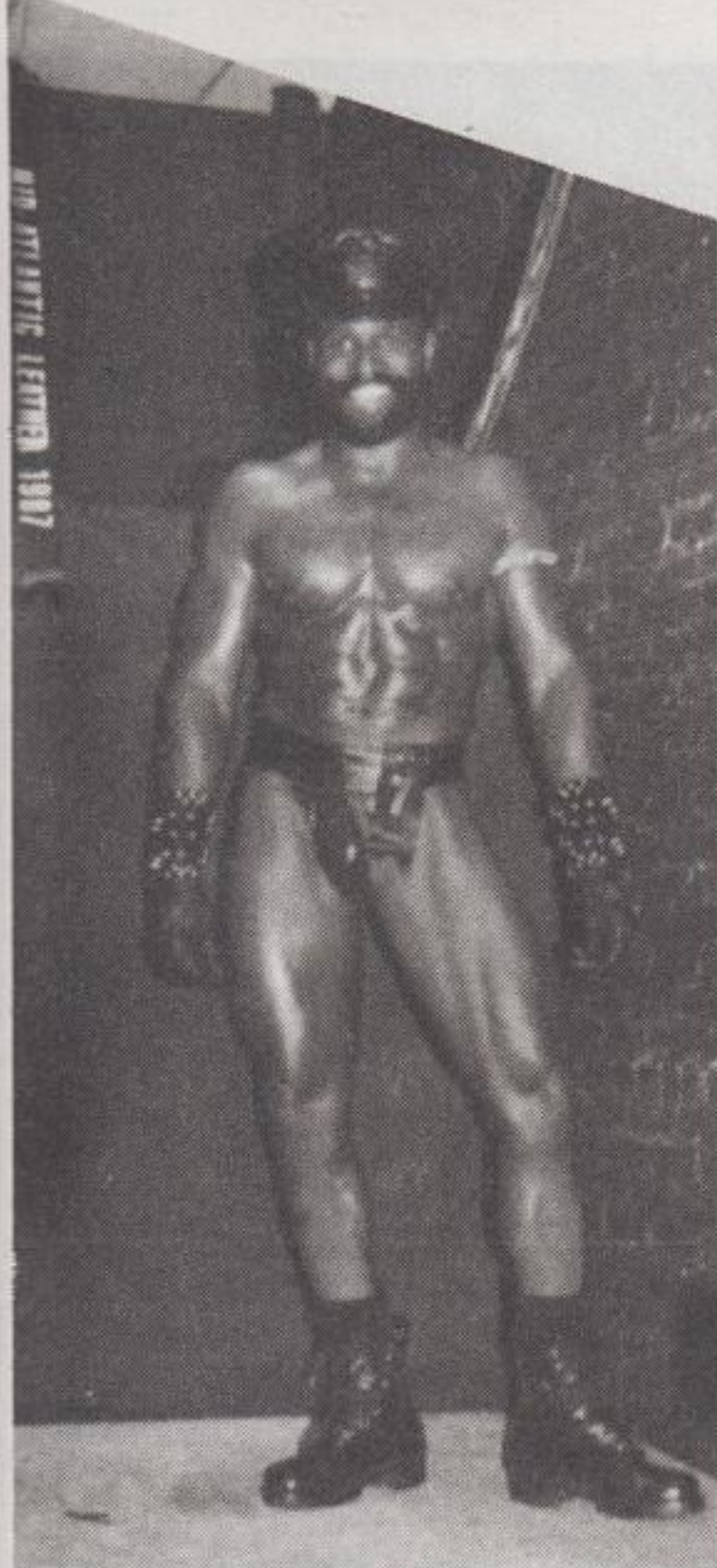
The parade of colors from visiting clubs was impressive, as was the introduction of visiting notable, Artie Haber from Interchain and others, and supporting titleholders Mr. NY Leather and Mr. Baltimore Leather.

The big moment arrived, the announcement of Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1987—Michel Rousse—a big, hairy motorcycle cop from Canada. An exceptional man and a true leathersman. Rusty Simm, with a pleasing personality and incredible body took second and Philip, a very hot and humorous young man, third.

My congratulations to the men of Centaur MC and their new president, Hugh Gage; all the contestants and especially the winners, Jim Taylor and the other bartenders at the Washington Eagle and DC Eagle and the rest of the leather family—a great bunch of guys! □



MR. ATLANTIC LEATHER 1987



**THE WINNERS:** First runner-up Rusty Simms, Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1987 Michel Rousse, and second runner-up Philip.



PHOTOS BY KEVIN STEWART

**MANY MOONS:** It has been a long time since this many hot men were together in one contest.





**BEHIND THE SCENES:** Contestants at the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest pose for an informal photo.



**VISITING TITLES:** Mr. San Francisco Leather 1986, JimEd Thompson; Artie Haber, president of Interchain and Artry Foundation, Inc.; Mr. International Leather 1986 Scott Tucker; and Mr. Leather New York 1986/87 Martin Burke joined the "family" of leathermen.



## BOOKS

### NEVER FORGOTTEN, NEVER REPEATED

*The Pink Triangle: The Nazi War Against Homosexuals*, by Richard Plante. Henry Holt and Company, \$19.95.

The most important book on the homosexual experience since John Boswell's *Christianity, Social Tolerance and Homosexuality*, Richard Plante's *The Pink Triangle*, quite possibly the best single volume published in 1986, makes for shattering, numbing, overwhelming reading. The tragic story of the destruction of German homosexuals by the Third Reich (those not murdered in the concentration camps or in the war were forced into airtight, sunless closets; many gays simply vanished into the night and fog, into, in Hannah Arendt's famous phrase, "holes of oblivion") is told here with a passionate, thrilling intensity. Richard Plante lets us hear the death cries of our slaughtered brothers; he parts the mists of time to show us the part homosexuals were condemned to play in the supreme tragedy of Western civilization.

Written in a clear, crisp, shimmering style with not a single wasted word, *The Pink Triangle* generates so much tension that you may find yourself, as I did, viscerally responding to it as you've rarely, if ever, responded to a book before. I can't even imagine the incredible stress Plante must have been under while writing *The Pink Triangle*. Plante wants to be a good historian (and he most definitely is); he wants to look at all the facts and tell us exactly what happened. But the documentary evidence can't help but astound; in one particularly stirring passage, Plante writes of his research in the archives of the International Tracing Service:

Over the main entrance to the three-story building complex was a stone tablet in German, French, and English: "This

building has been erected to house the archives of horror which testify to the extermination, torture and slavery inflicted by the National Socialist dictatorship. These archives will help to furnish relief for their victims and their families. May these serve as a warning to future generations that never again must such horror afflict humanity."

I spent long weeks in these archives, which did more than "testify to the extermination, torture and slavery" inflicted by the Third Reich, but preserved, sifted, and organized the testimony so it could never be denied. Although Eric Henschel and his assistant guided me gently through the various mazes, I never lost my sense of trauma. Here in a central index the fate of roughly 39 million people was put on record. Here the certificates of incarceration filled all the folders on one side of the room housing Buchenwald, while on the other side stretched endless rows of other Buchenwald files—inmate registry entries; work assignment rosters; personal effects cards; plain prisoner lists, usually by numbers, sometimes by names; transfer and location sheets; medical work abilities records; and last, but most revealing, the death books.

The Nazi extermination program for "contragenetics," "a term the linguist Richard J. Deppe has coined to encompass all those groups the Nazi regime resolved to eliminate: Jews, antifascists, gays, Jehovah's Witnesses, nonconform-

ing clergymen, gypsies, etc.," is too monstrous to contemplate fully. To Plante's credit, he never pretends to be a disinterested historian; he sees that the horrors of Hitler and his henchmen are not buried in the past, but live on—as brutally real today as they were when Dachau, the first camp, was constructed in 1933. Plante realizes that the demons of fascism can never be totally exorcised, but must be ever remembered while we yell "Never again! Never again!"

Born in Germany, Richard Plante left that country on February 27, 1933, the day the Reichstag burned, first for Switzerland, then for the United States, where today he teaches at New York City's New School for Social Research. On one level (this is an amazingly rich book) *The Pink Triangle* is the story of the author's search for his boyhood friend Eric Langer; the book is dedicated "to Eric and all those who did not get away." Plante seeks to discover Eric's fate, a fate he knows might, but for the quirks of fortune, have been his; he has written *The Pink Triangle*, in part, to expiate his "survivor guilt," the touching malady people often feel when they are spared from a catastrophe in which so many others perish, leaving those left behind wondering, "Why me?" (Many gays today feel this

"guilt" when they remain healthy while their friends die of AIDS.) But to learn what befell Eric—he was killed by the Gestapo; where and when remains unknown—is to learn about the Nazi program of genocide against gays. The personal has become poignantly political.

Framed by a personal prologue and epilogue, *The Pink Triangle* looks at Hitler's extermination of gays from five chief angles. Plante brings us into the camps, into the homophobic mind of Himmler, into "The Night of the Long Knives" (June 28, 1934—when the SS wiped out the SA and two days later killed the SA's homosexual head, Ernst Roehm), into the endless documents in which the Nazis spelled out, in horrifying detail, their hatred of homosexuals, into the entire history of Germany. The full horror of the Third Reich can never be fully grasped. Plante recognizes his limitations, knows that the complete picture—infinite in its sheer terror—can never be seen (our minds are incapable of grasping it; Evil is as essentially unknowable as the complex mind of God), so he gives us portions of the picture, short takes from the endless movie of infinite madness.

I don't see how *The Pink Triangle* could be a finer book than it is. There are passages in it as powerful as anything ever written. In light of recent history, I was particularly startled to learn that one of Hitler's first acts on being appointed chancellor was to simultaneously outlaw pornography and homosexual acts. (The Third Reich also grouped homosexuality with abortion; one of Himmler's pet projects was the "War to Combat Abortion and Homosexuality.") In the fascist mindset, sexuality exists only to serve the state. The pornographic imagination is inherently antifascist; in pornography, sex is purified, made independent



of everything but itself, and, as such, is terrifying to the Nazi (and neo-Nazi, i.e., Republican) way of thinking. Homosexuality, likewise, is a threat to fascism; gay sex acts, because they are never procreative, can't be made to serve the state, whose only goal is producing more little Nazis, more little Republicans, more little murderers. Homosexuality is its own *raison d'être*; you don't have sex with another man for the sake of the future of Germany or the United States. You do it for pleasure, and pleasure, particularly sexual pleasure as expressed in porn and homosexuality and SM, is antithetical to fascist ideology. Fascism denigrates the individual; in Nazi Germany there were no persons—there was only the *volk*. Homosexuality represents a very special triumph of the individual (and decidedly not a "triumph of the will") and so homosexuality is very disturbing to fascists for whom the only ecstasy is blind, brutal conformity.

In Hitler's speeches, as, for example, those recorded in

Leni Riefenstahl's film of the 1934 Nuremberg Rally *Triumph des Willens*, there's an unmistakable erotic charge. The leader makes the people come. (A similar erotic response can be seen in the crowds reacting to a Jimmy Swaggert.) Gays were murdered in Nazi Germany because they implicitly said no to the cockteasing of the fascists. It's an invaluable lesson. As Plante writes, "In many ways, the specters of the Third Reich still haunt us—not because a few elderly Nazis may be hiding in South America and not because groups of younger neo-Nazis demand attention with recycled swastika ideologies and emblems. The specters begin to come to life whenever fanatical fundamentalists of any sect—religious or secular—take over a nation and call for a holy war against its most vulnerable and vilified minorities."

What's remarkable, truly scary, almost unthinkable is that a regime which persecuted homosexuals has become a gay turn-on. I've seen personal ads in this magazine from

people seeking "Nazi masters," from men looking to act out "concentration camp fantasies." It's too facile to maintain that Third Reich freaks are merely psychotic. Rather, the deification of the Nazis as an SM ideal is the acting out of gay self-hatred of a particularly virulent sort.

There persists the myth that the Third Reich was a hotbed of homosexuality. Though homosexual acts, of course, did occur in Nazi Germany, as they occur in all societies, these acts were not officially sanctioned: an estimated 60,000 gay men were killed because of their homosexuality. And there persists the even sicker myth that the Reich, like the Roman Empire, fell because of homosexuality. (This bit of deranged inanity is given its most finely tuned expression in the gay director Luchino Visconti's film *The Damned*, quite possibly the most morbidly immoral movie ever made.) The hatred of gay people is so ingrained into Western society that the nastiest, most vehement way to discredit an enemy in the

popular imagination is to label the enemy a queer, a faggot, a cocksucker. So the Nazis, who killed homosexuals, are cursed themselves for being gay. Gays who embrace the Nazi mystique vilify themselves; accepting the straight world's condemnation of homosexuals, Nazi-loving gays are walking into the ovens of a new Auschwitz.

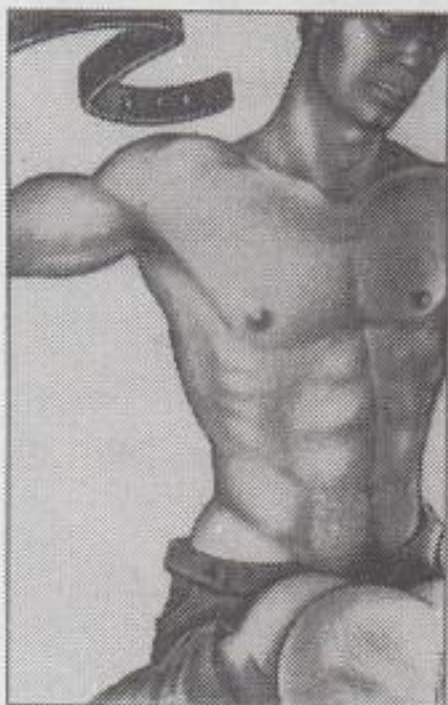
Finally, *The Pink Triangle* proves cathartic. You'd have to be emotionally dead to read this remarkable book without being deeply moved. But the trembles felt and the tears shed over *The Pink Triangle* are redeeming; they bespeak hope, hope that we will never again permit the fascists to attempt to destroy us. Next to *The Pink Triangle*, everything else I've read in many years seems ephemeral, meaningless. Richard Plante is a top-notch writer, a superb historian, a courageous human being, and *The Pink Triangle* is unquestionably a masterpiece.

—T.R. Witomski

Available from SSCo: The Pink Triangle, \$19.95 +1.50 S&H.

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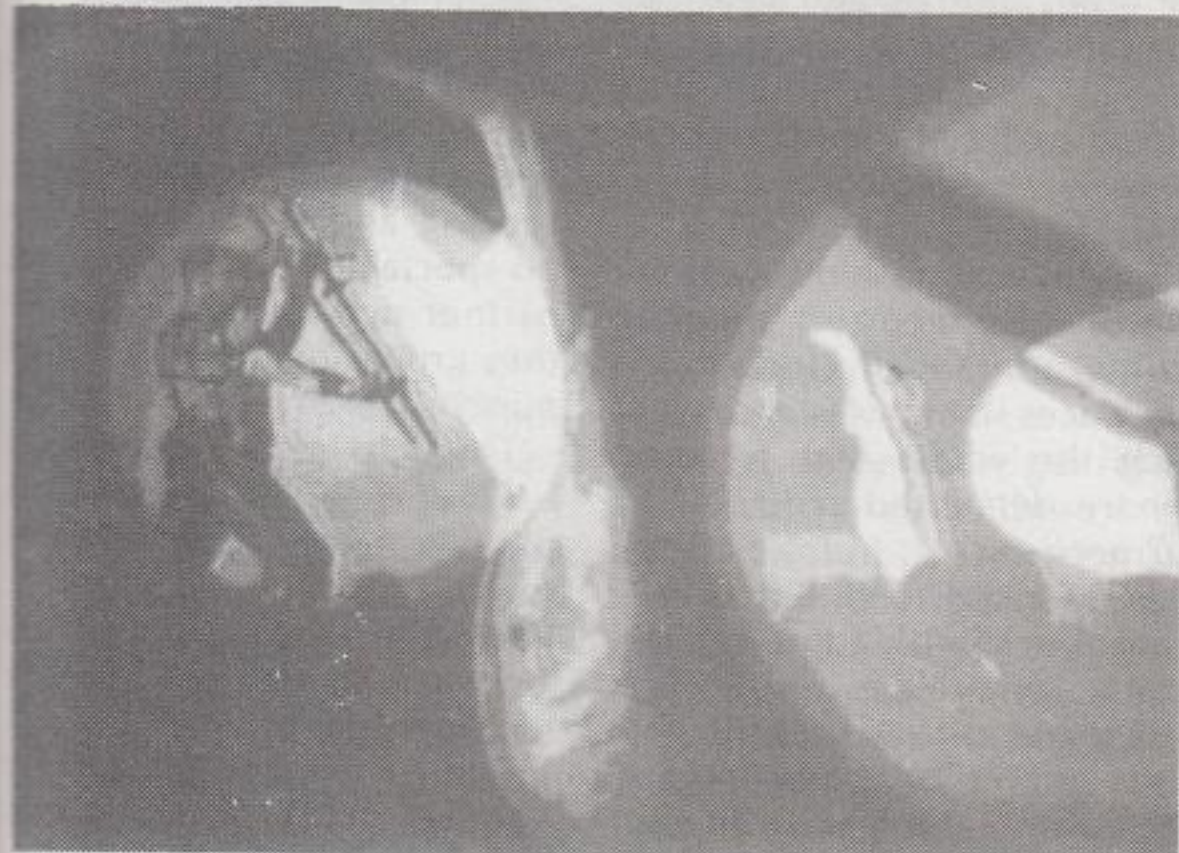


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# VIDEO



## THE MEN OF MEN

Beefcake and bromide—that's what you get in the newly released Male Entertainment Network (MEN) video of the 1986 **Mr. Drummer Contest**. The near-hour-long video documents the nine contestants, their sometimes fatuous pronouncements about leather, and their sexual fantasies, as well as the performances of several guest performers. While not as successful an entertainment as previous video editions of the contest, this faithful recording of the event will be an appreciable souvenir of the contest for those who were present, and a suitable document for those who couldn't attend the San Francisco-based affair which presents the nation's highest-ranking leather title.

"I like the Drummer show because it gives us something as close to sexual as we can get without being too sexual," said Chuck Cyberski, who founded MEN with partner Ri-

chard Wright in 1982. Their goal was clear-cut. "We never had any doubt what our idea was," Cyberski said. "We wanted to do non-X-rated gay video."

Perhaps it was the isolation of the company's origin in Dubuque, Iowa which fueled the partner's vision. "We wanted to bring gay entertainment to the gay people who could not come to these events, to give them a window on all those worlds," said Wright. Both men were well prepared, with many year's experience in the television industry. Following their rapid relocation to San Francisco, their videos have provided gay people windows to a wide variety of events across the country, including the San Francisco gay parade, the New Orleans's Mardi Gras, the Reno Gay Rodeo, the International Mr. Leather Contest, and the Miss Continental Contest and show. MEN has taped extravaganzas like the famous "Men Behind Bars"

variety show, and celebrities like Sylvester and Jack Wrangler. Particularly popular are multiple tapes of the Gay Games, including opening and closing day ceremonies, and 90 minutes of the men's physique contest.

Non-X-rated video didn't exist when MEN was founded, and although there have since been a few gay event videos from other sources, there is no other company producing as much or with the continuity of MEN. They currently have 30 titles in their catalog and are supplying 105 bars cross-country with choice video sequences. To do so, the two-man outfit has frequently had to expand their staff to catch the widespread events. It took a crew of 20 to capture the Gay Games, and for the Mr. Drummer contest, three extra people were needed.

"The Drummer work is exciting," said the husky, doe-eyed Wright, "and it rounds out our tapes."

"We've had easier jobs, though," added Cyberski. The 1986 contest was held in a smaller hall than in previous years, and posts posed viewing problems. The huge crowds who mobbed the stage further impeded camera mobility. So most of the camera work was done with telephoto lenses from the rear of the hall. While the stage, too, was smaller, this helped focus the action so the camera had no trouble getting it all or zeroing in for close-ups. For theatrical effect, the event was bathed in red light, which is very hard to film. Fortunately, MEN's advanced equipment allows compensation with the twirl of a knob.

Mixed live from three cameras ("You only get one chance that way, but you get the best of each camera and eliminate the slack"), the resulting video has professional taping, benefited by post-event smooth editing and electronic enhancement.

One might, however, quibble with the contents. Leathermen are not groomed as performers. It's sink or swim when they're thrown onto a stage. Although there is interest in the men's efforts to speak and perform, future years may see all but the posing left to professional entertainers.

Throw in the compressed time span of video, and you get some painfully fascinating juxtapositions of word and deed. What are we to make, for instance, of attractive Joe Nucatola? He says the Mr. Drummer title would enable him to represent the gay community in times of fear as a model of mental strength, and then during his sex fantasy sequence describes the thrill he receives from murder. And what about the statement of Russ Odom concerning our need to strike down the homophobia that exists within ourselves, which is illustrated so well, if unintentionally, by the fantasy of Mike Mullis, who is cuffed by a cop, called a fag and punished for his gay identity.

These peripheral aspects were for me the most intriguing part of the video, which is more successful as a document than as entertainment. The camera does gloat over the nine contestants—you can see the pubic hair crawling

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over their leather jocks. Two thirds of the video are devoted to the enactment of their fantasies. These include some forceful head shaving, a wrestling/piss section, a flashy Las Vegas-style costumed fuck, a beautiful oiling-up, and Nucatola's unusual reading of a short story (he was properly booed for its content). There is no full nudity; all sex is simulated.

The "sweaty jocks" sequence mirrors a bathing-suit parade, but it was never this revealing, and never included spread cheeks. The video's best moments come from pros, including richly voiced Mario Simone delivering the disco anthem "Drummerman" and International Mr. Leather second runner-up JimEd Thompson delivering to Chris Burns a simulated fistfuck in a scorching strip/sex number. It's been "posterized" by the producers, and the visual effect adds to its imaginative strength and beauty. This is capped by the announcement of the winners by the astoundingly handsome 1985 titleholder, Steve

Reiswig. As "Tara's Theme" booms over the loudspeakers, Mr. Drummer 1986 Mike Murray promises encouragingly, "Forward together—bound by leather!"

*Ed.: Mr. Karr was asked to review this tape, and I believe in letting reviewers have their say. However, I must include my strong disagreement with much of it. Above article says much more about the reviewer's lack of understanding of the "leather" scene, "leather" fantasy and "leather" lifestyle than it does about a videotape or a contest! We are going to be using a greater variety of media reviewers in the future, men who are into the scene. If you are interested, send us reviews of videos, books, etc. that would interest Drummer readers.*

—Fledermaus

### FUCKIN' NASTY

My advocacy of videos by New York pornographer Christopher Rage is continued in full heat by his latest, **My Masters**. It's a jam-packed hour's serving from Rage's

buffet of obsession. His cravings hypnotize and blur together with narcotic music to create an aura of sensation so continual that the idea of climax is replaced by an unceasing state of climax.

In his usual fashion, Rage intermingles recurring snippets with substantially longer sequences in *My Masters*, framing the whole with a never more demented Scott Taylor. Crazy with auto-exhilaration, smeared with dirt, drooling lasciviously and talking filth, Taylor beats his bloated dick and shoves both his finger and his tongue up its gaping piss slit! He laps up his cum and lets it dribble from his mouth. He's disgusting. And you'll get off on it.

Several set pieces stand out among the many segments. One features multiple leather titleholder/Drummer associate editor JimEd Thompson. He's a big bruiser who uses bondage, belts, dildoes and fists upon slave Chris Burns. Strange how his brutal force should carry so much visible concern and care. This is a Master to emulate and desire.

Another standout is a leanly muscular and exotically beautiful black man who is seen in multiple involvements, solo and otherwise. Clothespins, dildoes, throat-gagging cock-sucking and stiff fucking are his specialties. And he and his partner don't just talk dirty—they growl and shout, hiss and punch, scream and spit dirty.

Then there's a beefy body builder who presents his partner with one of the smoothest fistings I've seen. Very little Crisco allows crisp close-ups as asslip slides over forearm.

There's a good deal more: hooded men, tortured nipples and balls and huge dildoes, presented in an atmosphere heightened by music both rhythmic and melancholy. In *My Masters*, Christopher Rage continues to go beyond whatever bounds he went beyond previously. Let him do it to you.

—John F. Karr

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# LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by LARRY TOWNSEND



ILLUSTRATION by BILL WARD

Dear Larry,

I have been reading *Drummer* for eight years. I am black and want to get more into leather, besides just using *Drummer* fiction as the best JO material I have read. How do I get more involved? Also, are there any precautions I should take when answering an ad in *Drummer*? Also, why aren't there more blacks and other third-world gays in *Drummer* fiction?

Robert

Dear Robert,

Unfortunately, when the editors forwarded your letter to me they did not send the envelope, and since you did not indicate a return address on the letter I don't know where you live. This makes it more difficult to answer your first question. If you live in a city with any sizable gay/leather community, it is mostly a question of going to wherever they hang out and socializing. If there are clubs in your area, they will usually have "runs," or "beer busts" in local pubs, or open meetings when they install new officers, etc. Attending these can also put you in touch with active leather guys. As to precautions, you should make sure you are submitting—I assume that as a novice you intend to start from the bottom—to a man who is neither drunk nor gone on drugs, and who expresses enough sense of responsibility that he assures you of his intention to play it safely. And safely applies both to health (safe sex) practices and sane SM behavior. You can never be 100% sure, but if you make it clear that these comprise your limits, most Tops will respect your wishes. Your last question is very interesting, because I've never thought of American blacks as third-world people. In this sense you are actually asking two questions. I have read (and written) several sto-

ries concerning third-world characters — Vietnamese, Central American guerillas, Arabs, etc. Many of these have been printed in *Drummer* or *Mach*. As to blacks, per se, I have to admit that I don't recall a story where one of the main characters was black, but there have been several with blacks as secondary protagonists (as in my recently serialized "Court Martial").

Dear Larry,

This letter is in answer to the guy who was pissed at his parents for circumcising him (*Drummer* 100) and to all cut guys who are mad about it. I am uncut, and it has not been a great pleasure for me. Point one: The so-called pleasure of greater sensitivity is a myth. I have been so sensitive that I have been unable to be touched on the exposed cock-head until the past few years. (I am 45.) I could not enjoy getting sucked because one or two touches of the teeth would either abrade me or cause a very unpleasant jolt. I had to be very careful in selecting "fuckees," because a tight asshole caused pain when the skin was pulled back.

Point two: I have a slight phimosis, a nonelastic ring which clings too tightly when I skin back, so it is a constant problem. I should have had this taken care of when I had the time, but I was not willing to go through the pain and discomfort of adjusting to what might have turned out to be a mistake. As one doctor said: the result might have been to overtraumatize it. My uncut cock has not been a source of pleasure, and although my experience is not a normal one, I want to say to all unhappy cut guys to get over it and enjoy the positive aspects of their equipment, not dwell on the things they think they're missing.

Point three: Real sexual pleasure and cock sensitivity

are generated from the mind anyway. I know that I and many other "uncuts" can't get over the top just on penis sensitivity alone. You need a good fantasy. Good luck to all pissed-off cut men. You really are just as well off as us uncuts.

K, NYC

Dear K,

I guess you've said it all. I'm just glad that Michelangelo left the skin on David. It's so damned pretty.

Dear Larry,

I have two questions I hope you can answer: 1) I'm fairly small and am afraid to get fucked, because I'm afraid I'll be injured. How can I tell if a cock is too big for me? 2) There are electric shockers on sale in stores where I live. Can a person use these on himself?

C.H., Tulsa, OK

Dear C.H.,

The dangers in getting fucked are difficult to assess, because they will vary so greatly from one person to another. It is not so much the size of the anal opening that determines this, as the length (depth) between the opening and the point at which the anal canal turns to connect with the colon. Most damage from ass-fucking occurs because the invading cock hits the top, so to speak, and stretches the tissues, sometimes tearing them. As a general rule, I would say that an average-size cock probably won't do any damage unless the guy gets too violent. Unfortunately, you probably won't find a doctor in your area who could take a look and advise you; although, if you could, this would give you a better answer.

As to the "shockers," I assume you mean cattle prods. These come in various strengths and are intended to be used on animals with hides considerably thicker than

yours. The power of the prod is usually determined by the number of batteries (C cells mostly) that it holds. If you're going to play with one, don't exceed three cells and don't use the nine-volt battery model, even though it is smaller than the others and looks less lethal. It isn't. Don't use it above the waist, and then only on large muscles (butt or upper thighs). It is much more fun to use one on someone else (or have him use it on you), but everyone to his own taste.

Dear Larry,

Among the many disadvantages of censorship is that it suppresses information which may save a life. As a specific example, drinking piss is a forbidden subject. I would like to know if drinking piss is a way to extend life at sea in a lifeboat.

George, Los Angeles, CA

Dear George,

Although I doubt that the Navy will ever publish this as a survival technique, it is certainly true that drinking piss is one (sometimes the only) way to obtain essential fluids in an emergency situation. Of course, we know that a person suffering from a serious viral infection can also pass this to the recipient via his urine, since the body uses this as one way to eliminate undesirable microorganisms. But you knew that all along, didn't you? [Ed. Re: the lifeboat or a long-term prisoner scene. You can "recycle" piss up to three times, however, each time your body will concentrate it further. After three times, it will be too concentrated.]

—AFD]

(If you would like Larry Townsend to address a particular problem or issue, write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.)



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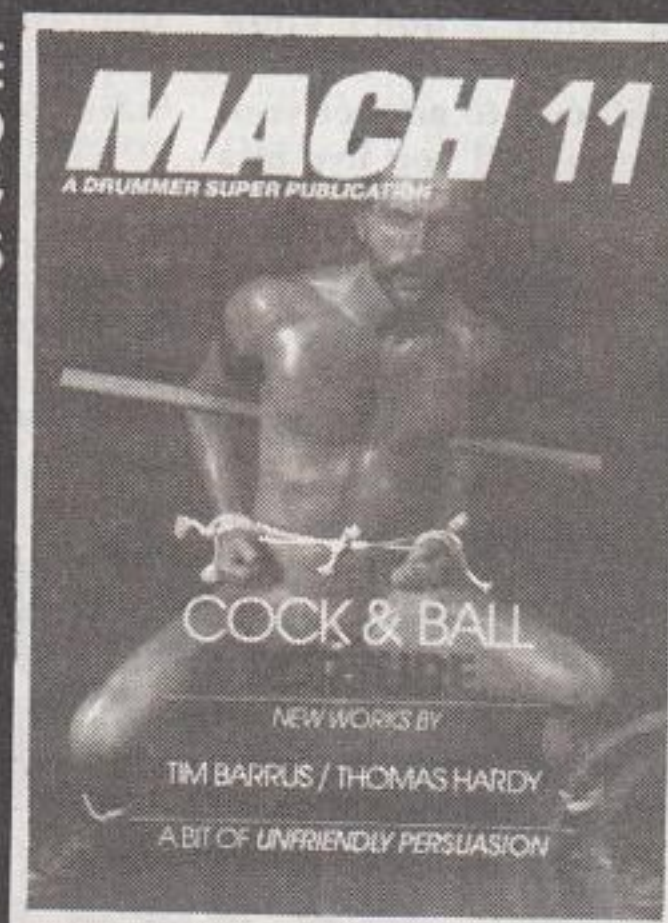
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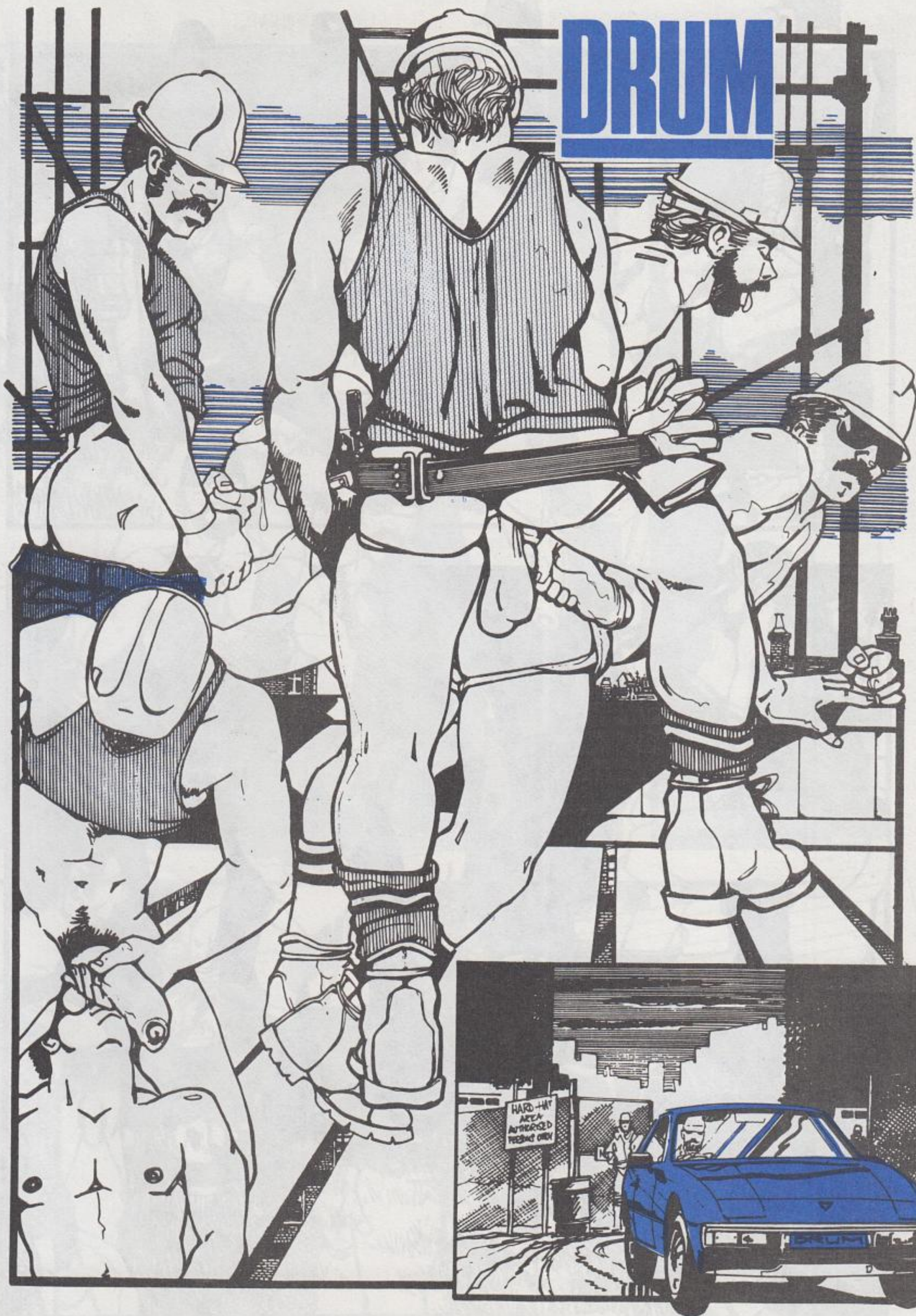
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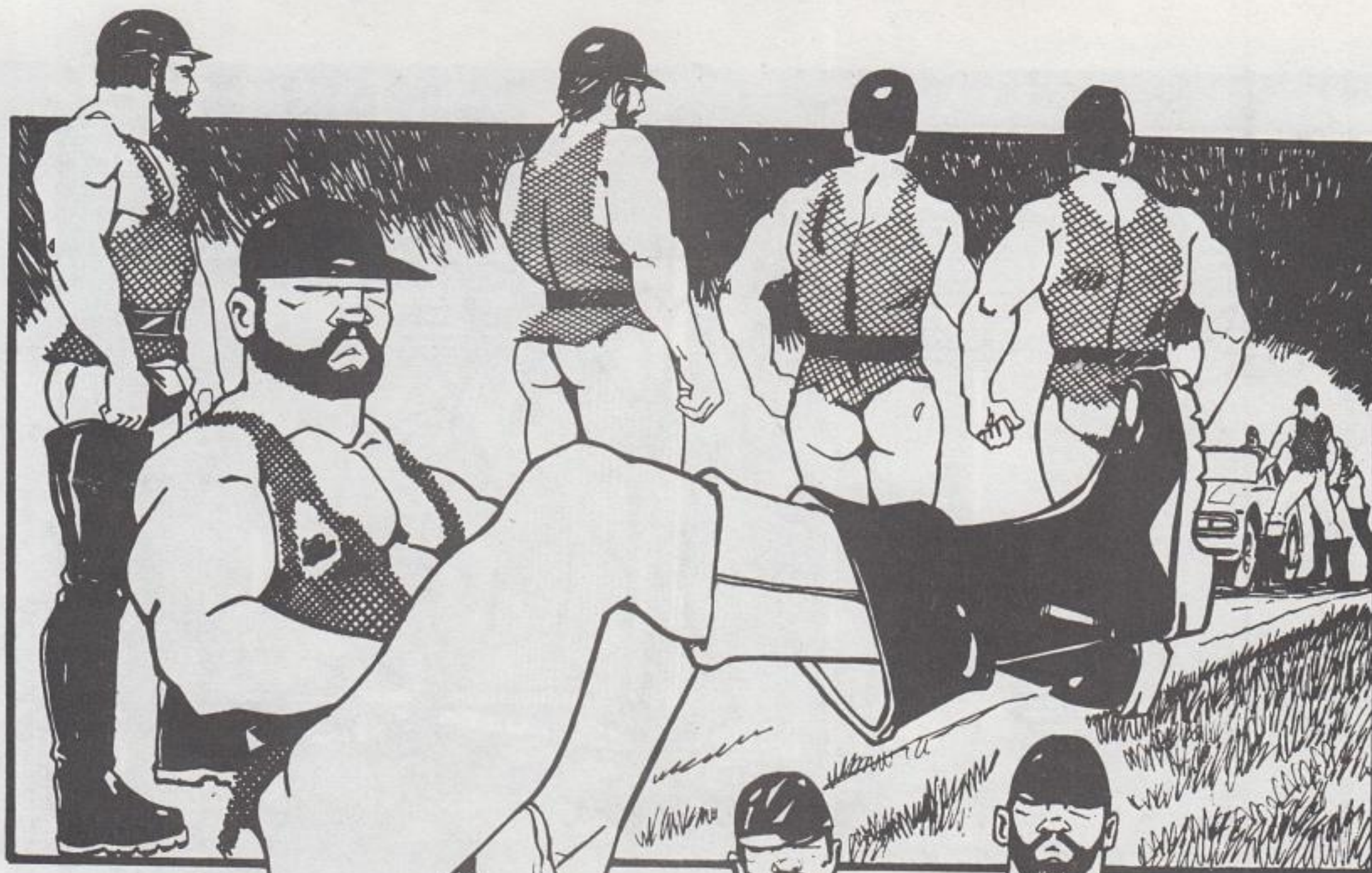
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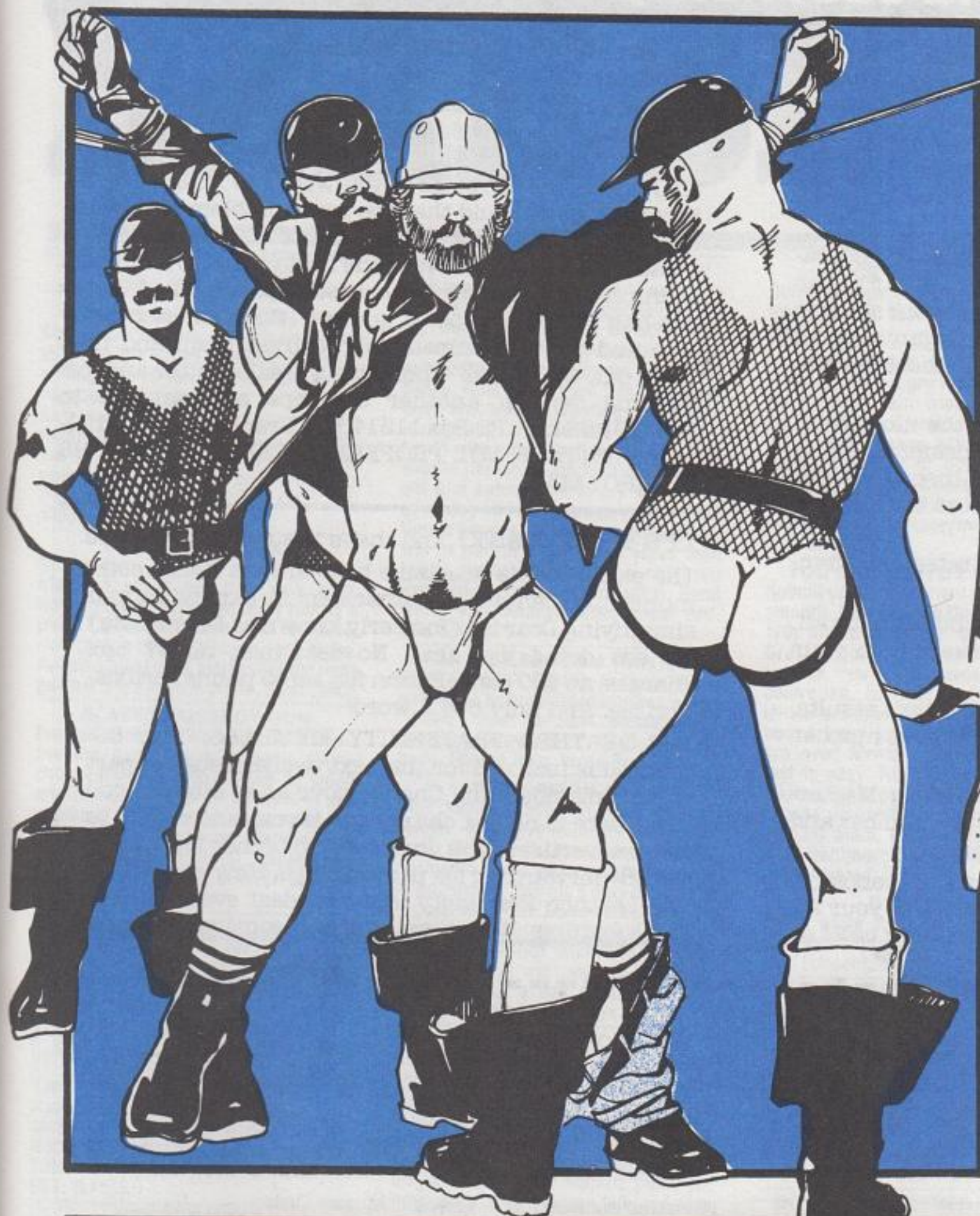












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**Print it out:** Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

**Where will your ad run?** Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under "Nationwide" or "International" instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

**Deadline?** There isn't any. You'll get in the next issue, even if your ad is listed under "Late Submissions." Allow 60 days for your ad to appear. Subsequent insertions will find you where you belong if yours is more than a one-time effort.

**Discount?** You've already gotten it. Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

**Want a DRUMMER box number?** Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address immediately. That's a bargain!

**Phone number?** Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your and our protection.

**Payment?** Pay by check, money order, Visa, or Mastercard. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

**Censorship?** No, Sir!—provided you keep references to Minors, Animals, Prostitution, or Drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And you, of course, must be 21 or better.

**How to reply to a DRUMMER box number:** Answering a DRUMMER box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or **else**. **1)** Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. **2)** Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. **3)** PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE—domestic postage is 22¢ for the first ounce, 17¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 44¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose a quarter (25¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. **4)** Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!

**IT'S THAT EASY!** And that's the way it should be.

The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir (formerly known as Drumbeats) we are doing just that. No deadlines, no \$7 box charges, no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

**FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS:** Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership! Change your ad as often as you like. There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 25¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them it is even a bigger bargain!

## DEAR SIR

DESMODUS INC.  
PO Box 11314  
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY:

**BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum)**

**AD COPY (please print)**

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion ( \_\_\_\_\_ Words × 50¢) .. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Additional insertions—× \_\_\_\_\_ (10% discount) .. \_\_\_\_\_

Box Number (Add \$1<sup>00</sup>) .. \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1<sup>00</sup>) .. \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed .. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

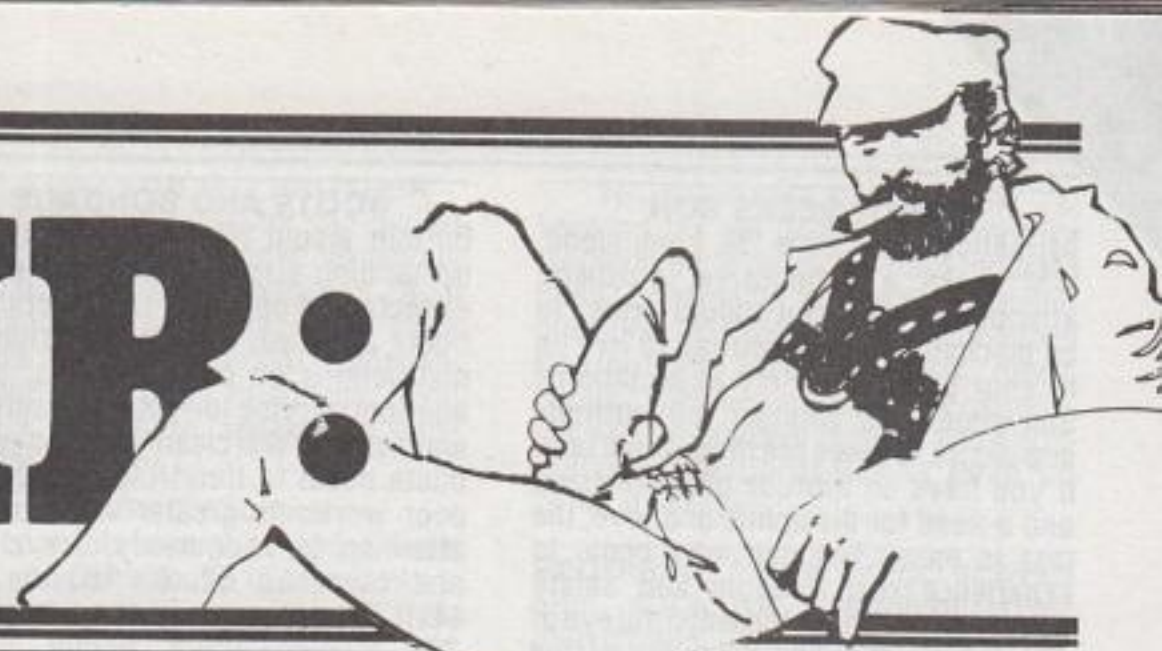
Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
(I am 21 years of age or older)

I declare that I am 21 years of age or older and that the data in my ad is true and correct. I understand that no proofs of ad will be supplied to me for approval and I waive all claims regarding accurate reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that Desmodus, Inc. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any persons I contact through their publications.



# DEAR SIR:



## NATIONWIDE

### HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

Slave must be slim, smooth and under 25. Domestic duties include cooking (or willingness to learn) and maintaining two-bedroom apartment in Chicago. Extracurricular activities include: humiliation, hard spankings and sexual duties. Must be willing to serve 28-year-old, 5'11", 170 lbs. on live-in basis over indefinite period. Call (312) 348-4263.

### LONG HAIR IS SEXY

NE soldier, 32, 5'10", good-looking Irishman seeks hot men with long, flowing hair (facial and body hair is a plus). Come, put your mouth to a nice, ripe cock while I unloosen your locks. Am also into Greek active with the right partner. Please send photo. Box 5748LF

### SLAVE/HOUSEBOY/SON

Professional man, 40, white, 6', 175 lbs., seeking Asian/Black/Hispanic slave/houseboy/son. You should be small and boyish. Almost all aspects of sex explored. Limits will be respected but expanded. Am seeking lifetime son. Send revealing photo(s), application, address, phone. Will answer all. Box 5751LF

**WM SUBMISSIVE SKS DOMINANT**  
6', 170 lbs., 36 y.o., 7" cut, completely shaved (head-to-foot) submissive seeks affectionate but demanding top. Me: Masculine, aggressive in career/life, but submissive sexually (enjoy G/P, F/A, giving body worship; like S/M, TT, CBT, VA, WS). Healthy lifestyle. You: Dominant, affectionate, firm body, successful. Unimportant: Age, height, cocksize, race, weight. Write Rich Conley, Box 242, NY, NY 10002 or call (212) 228-2169 7-9 AM or 11:30 PM-12:30 AM EST. (LF5753)

### HEY SLAVEBOY

Ready to offer commitment, devotion to Leatherman? Possess passion for varied, intense sexual gratification including kink no less stronger than desire for intimacy, affection; have good physical presence, proper attitude? Master considers all serious candidates submitting detailed letter, phone number, returnable photo for interview. Assisted relocation if chosen. Box 5754LF

### PUSSY BOY/SLAVE

Boy, 25, 5'6", 125 lbs. seeks Master/daddy to be trained to serve in S/M. Letter with description or phone. (716) 694-2805, anytime. Box 5706

### TIRED OF GAMES/PHONIES

Successful businessman—38 years old—5'11" trim. Bottom into leather and boots, TT, C&BT. If you're and Top and human, I'm interested. I can't relocate, but can help you if things click. Drop a line to Box 5705 or call (206) 841-2675 (after 9 PM) if you're interested.

### FF VIDEO WANTED

VHS copy of "Intelligent Man's Guide to Handball: Video Edition" advising how to obtain. Box 5718

### NYC HOME FOR RAUNCH BOY

Will provide good home and spending allowance to son dedicated to meeting my needs. You should be somewhat raunch and shit oriented, and must provide dirty toilet sex for me on regular basis. Also keep your ass and body dirty and smelly. Wanting permanent, loving and affectionate relationship. I'm 41 with a dominant personality. You should like being emotionally dependent and submissive to my will in our everyday lives. Besides much quiet time at home, travel and good times will be part of relationship. Have been health conscious and have not been exposed to virus; expect same. Send photo and detailed letter about self. Box 5710

### FANTASY BOTTOM WANTED

GWM, 35, 5'11", 235 lbs. Are you "man" enough to be humiliated into sex with a "round" man. No S&M. Musts: Hairy chest/body, over 5'10", 28-45, muscled body. Photos help. Write Box 5708

### SUBMISSION 1987

New Year's resolution: find Master/Mentor and give him my mind and body. Blond hair/blue eyes, average Germanic looks add up to false image of dominance. My life's duty is to serve a good MASTER. Good career and life useless without an S/M leather relationship. Age not important, just the desire to deal with my six-foot body and mind for a day or forever. NYC based, all considered. Box 5711

### HEY BOY, WRITE YOUR DAD

He's sitting here with a hard-on, waiting to hear from his kid. Dad's fuck-stick is hot for, his boy's deep throat—sleep all night between your dad's hairy thighs. Suck these dad balls into your hot boy mouth. Suckle on your dad's hairy nipples. Come on, boy, write me. You can lick and kiss dad's tattoos, clean his dirty fuck-stick. Box 5716

### BARBERSHOP SCENES

Good-looking GWM wants master barber for hot barbershop scenes. Submissive customer needs short tapered old-fashioned haircut. Box 5723

### ASS EATER

needs to eat your muscular, dirty asshole 'til it shines. Dirty shorts and 501s with hole a plus. (305) 756-1055.

### ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistnat driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7", 210 lbs., rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

### SPECIAL HOT MAN

wanted by special hot man, 40, 150 lbs., 5'10½", well-built, handsome (black hair, brown eyes, trim beard and moustache), very masculine, strong, smart and successful. If you're exceptional, patient, mindfucking man, I'll knock your socks off. Letter with photo gets mine. Mitch, PO Box 9395, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (LF5077)

### COCK ENLARGEMENT

Correspondence wanted with others interested in cock enlargement. Box 5694

### TOTAL SADIST

seeks abuse-hungry WM masochist for heavy S/M pain trips. TT, paddled, canes, CBT, cigarettes. Begin slow, work up to heavy action. Masochist must have high or nonexistent pain limits. Good build required. Sadist is 43, 170, 6', blond, HOT! No fluid exchange or permanent damage/marks. Western U.S. Box 5278LF

### YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth, trim body to Daddy (52, 5'10", 170) and Brother (37, 6'2", 165) both G/a, F/p, for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused, & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first; the rest is easy. No phoneys, dopeys, or albies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222. Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo returned. All answered. (LF5395)

### DELAWARE

Proud white Virgo Delawarian nonracist Dad .50s, seeks +18 responsible, slim consensuals. Box 5541

### LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47, 6'2", 170, seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather. I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

### BONDAGE PARTNER WANTED

WM, 5'11", 180, seeks partners for bondage sessions, light SM. Can be top or bottom. Slender, muscular preferred. Age not important. Travel PA, OH & FL. Box 5071

### FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versatile, hot, horny GWM, 31, 5'10", 160, hairy, bearded. Also into leather, W/S, S&M, VA and more. Photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357.

### BURNING DESIRE

Cigar smokin' policemen/ full rigs. Bikers. Paramilitary men. Firemen/ firebugs. Viet vets. Fireworks demonstrators. Demolition experts: share torture/violence stories/fantasies with pyroerotic manboy, 27 with hard-on. Likes: things that go bang or go boom. Safesex. DA/AWS, PO Box 20147, London Terrace Station, NYC 10011. (718) 789-6147. (LF5652)

### MANHANDLE BIG MEAT

Ever want to manhandle a guy's big uncut cock and low-hanging globes? Use mine for tight bondage, weights, clamps, inserts, catheters, wax, hole stretching, etc., you name it! Pic & phone. PO Box 5001, El Monte, CA 91734.

### SLAVE—DOG

36, 5'11", 170, with good manners, obedient, stable, healthy needs experienced mentally and physical strong and harsh owner to fulfill Master's desires under his absolute control. No limits, free to relocate. Please, no bull-shit or phonies. Call 011-49-69-587249 or write UPJ, PO Box 101154, 6000 Frankfurt, W. Germany

### BB DAD/SON-HOT ACTION

My Dad is 39, 6', 200 lb., brown hair/stache, 48" chest, 31" waist and very forceful! I'm 28, 6'2", 228 lbs., black hair/beard, dark eyes, 49" chest, 32" waist, big hairy pecs, sensitive tits. Will be traveling together & separately in U.S. during Mar.-May '87. Looking for hot/safe action with similar couples or singles. Photo/slide answered first. Age/looks not as important as scene, but bodybuilders & couples into groups scenes considered first. I love to service 2 masters/dads and my Dad would like to find my 'lost' brother to help me give him the attention he deserves. Write soon! Box 5154

### DADDY SLAVE WANTED

29 yr. old, good-looking, good body, needs a daddy to abuse VA CP TT and more. Daddy must worship his boy. My pits & feet need special attention. Safe sane only write with phone #. Box 4973.

### LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40 y.o. GWM seeking 21+ GWM, little family. Us: Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsac a turn-on; heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electrotorture, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5654LF

### FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense cop, master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars, motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6', 150 lbs. up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

### WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8", 155 lbs., available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

### BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6', 185 lbs., aggressive, insatiable (almost), foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient nonsmoker slave-son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my verble abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT), light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are serious, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway, cocksucker, with your application. Write, Sir, PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208. (LF5501)



#### DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 39, blue, blond, WM seeks a submissive, obedient, affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger, but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you have an attitude of submission and a need for discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict daddy. Write or call (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240. (LF5668)

#### BOOTS—LEATHER—UNIFORMS

White male Master, very experienced, looking for boot slave who can relate thoroughly to Master through boot service, whipping and discipline. Training will be structured to satisfy both Master and slave. Send photo with letter. Box 5726

#### HOT, HUNG AND READY

Big-dicked, 27-year-old, fun-loving dude with hot ass seeks other well-hung men for long assplay sessions. I'm 6', 165 lbs., moustache, hairy chest and very sexy. Leather is my biggest turn-on while also enjoying cockrings, dildoes, ballstretchers, tit torture, poppers, light to heavy bondage, and heavy assplay. Equally experienced at top and bottom scenes. My body is solid, my dick is hard, my health is excellent. Letters with photos get first reply, but I promise to answer all. PO Box 5454, Louisville, KY 40205

#### MASTER

Handsome, muscular, trim, well-built, 48, 5'9", 145 lbs., seeks slave-masochist-lover, permanent, temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes. Into being face-fucked, toilet trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF, WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax, electrotorture, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture, to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

#### WM SON WANTS BLACK DADDY

40-year-old Master black daddy for full-time service. Total submissive, expand my limits. Novice in WS, bondage, C&BT and servitude. I can relocate and be self-supporting for the Black daddy that wants me. Prefer 50+ male. Bisexual action enjoyed or whatever the ole man wants of me. I want to serve for life. I am 5'11", 180 lbs., chunky, hairy build, 8" cut, large balls, tattooed. Write me, please, Daddy—I am eager and waiting to serve. Box 5093LF

#### ASIANS FOR FANTASY

Do you have a kinky side? Borderline fetish? Let's explore each other's fantasies. The time is now. Relationship is possible. I am 25, GWM, attractive, 6', 145 lbs. Send detailed letter/photo/phone to G.H., 495 Ellis St., Suite 204, San Francisco, CA 94102.

#### WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 y.o. slim WM, looking to make friends with a man who wants to work/play with me, mutually exploring/expanding our world of SM, BD and leather; all in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to me with your thoughts, and how I can get back to you. Box 5392LF

#### FAT DADDY-MASTER 46

wants slender, young-looking son-slave. PO Box 33336, Coon Rapids, MN 55433. Write today.

#### BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and foot service for your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to tread/cleat soles. Outdoor workouts greater with constant attention to your needs. Travel USA and overseas. 52, 6', 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

#### TIRED OF THE CITY

Country "boy" wants to come back home to self-employed country man or country-based trucker who is hairy, big-dicked, bearded, naturally top, fun-lovin' Dad who needs a boy-minded young man as follower/boy/partner, not slave. You support us, I keep you happy or you whip me. Into smoke, beer. Photos answered first. Box 5043LF

#### LOOKING FOR LOVE

In all the wrong places—spread-eagled and red-cheeked by SM aces—condom-trapped tongue inside studs who dig sitting on face—harnessed and hot-waxed for slave scenes and kinky embraces—hog-tied for the sleaze needs of raunch groups and drenched with the traces of everyone looking for love. White only. Bob, 20s, husky, uncut. Hot photo, descriptive letter to Box 5497LF

#### NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Professional in shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either to or bottom. Am extremely healthy, financially secure and travel often. Most any scene considered. Box 1274, Petersburg, AK 99833. All answered. (LF5576)

#### DAD SKS RESPECTFUL SON/LOVER

Good-looking GWM, 37, 5'5", grey (balding), moustache, muscular. You: Responsible, hardworking, spiritual, in-shape, into leather, boots, Levis, VA, WS, being dominated, etc. No drugs. This dad is tired of bullshit boys. If ready to respect, serve, work hard and be loved, respond with photo, letter, phone to Box 5610LF

#### LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master, 38, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 21-30, with goody body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather, discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, pubic exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

#### ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. (415) 465-9767. (LF5607)

#### STOMACH PUNCHING

How much can you take in the gut? Punches, knees, the ultimate workover in your flat, muscled belly, till you fold over in pain. Light line of dark hair down your stomach. (212) 675-3615.

#### COCK TORTURE

Looking for depraved C/T scenes. Into piercing, mutilation fantasies, piss hole stretching, electricity. I have a cock with a PA and pierced tits that also enjoy weights and clamps. Also enjoy long fisting sessions. I'm 5'3", 150 lbs., 40, and into leather. Planning a trip to SF and want to stay and play? I have sleeping accommodations available. Mitch, PO Box 5276, San Francisco, CA 94101. (415) 861-7898. (LF5648)

#### WANTED: ON-CALL SLAVE

Looking for GWM slave, 19-40, slim, for on-call slave. Must be able to report when called. Most limits respected. Send recent photo & limits & telephone #. No drinkers or drug users. Am WM, 174 lbs., 6'3". I will answer all with photo & phone, just a letter takes longer. Address letter to Sire. Box 5660LF

#### PESKY COLT SEEKS MASC. TOP

Country boy, 30, 5'9", 160, blue eyes and brown hair/moustache, looking for dominant/muscular big brother. Untamed colt seeks long-term relationship with physically and mentally fit topman/coach. Into leather/uniform, and western realities. The right man could tame this boy. Moustaches a plus. Photo and phone with detailed letter will return same. Scamp, Box 5627

#### BOOTS, BIKES, BLUECOLLAR WORKERS

Full-time bluecollar worker by day & occasional part-time cycle slut has fetish for high boots, black motorcycles, bluecollar men. Maybe we can practice safe sex in your garage, playroom or barn. Likes mechanically minded men, muscles from hard work, not pumping iron in a gym. No drugs, paper pushers, tennis shoes, computers rock videos, opera & high-tech preppies & clones. Slut is 35, 6'1", 220 lbs., blu/brn. Box 2702LF

#### SAFE SEX IS HOT SEX

#### YOUNG SADISTS

into lengthy torture torment wanted by attractive forties St. Louis Daddy. Equipped dungeon including whips available. Must have sane vivid sadistical techniques. Travelers accommodated. Send detailed demands, photo. Box 5680

#### SADIST, DOCTOR, LOVER

needed by masochist, 42, bearded, hairy chest, 6', 175, big nipples, well hung, experience bizarre medical trips, hi-volume enemas, deep gloved FF, throat work, C/B, tits, heat, cigarettes, bullwhips, sharp implements, the color red, having sex on the brink are some turn-ons/obsessions. You should be experienced, intelligent, seeking a life-long one-on-one commitment, willing to play, safely, for keeps. Affection, caring, holding should be a mutual need. Southwest or Western U.S. preferred. Box 5666

#### KENNEL MASTER WANTED

by partially trained, healthy, white, passive, self-supporting, stray dog, 5'11", 155, 40s. Taught its destiny is to exist at an OWNERS feet in complete submission and worship. Seek KENNEL MASTER(S) interested and knowledgeable in completing training and mind-fucking this human male into the obedient slave dog it was intended to be. SIR(S), if possible, a photo; you're a trim leatherman, otherwise age/appearance aren't important. What is important is that you have the determination to achieve the total metamorphosis for your gratification. Nationwide/foreign KENNEL MASTERS inquiries appreciated; can relocate if selected. Box 5724

#### HAIRY BLOND

Top/bottom seeks correspondence and contacts. Travels extensively. Box 5731

#### LOOKING FOR LEATHER

WM, 29, 5'11", 160, looking for a leather top who is into having a good time. Interests include bondage, TT, FFA, dildoes and leather. Please respond with a photo of you in leather. You receive the same. Travel frequently. Box 5730

#### CIGARS

Hot man, 28, seeks macho cigar studs. Leather, uniforms, tattoos, attitude all turn-ons. Get the service you deserve. Box 5736

#### SLAVE SEEKING MASTER

White boy, 28, 6', 170, seeks Master, any race, to serve as full-time slave. This boy needs the guidance and control of a Master in his life and is willing to give up control of his mind and body in exchange. Will relocate anywhere you require, Sir. Box 5735

#### PROPERTY FOR SALE

Master with stable career, good Florida home and lives in the "brotherhood of leather" has 1/2 interest in slave for sale. Price: sincerity, dedication and desire to share ownership of slave. Novices as well as experienced Masters are accepted. Will help relocate and establish a Master/Top willing to pay above price. Also interested in meeting other Masters/slaves in Tampa area for compatible friendship/companionship. Box 5734

#### INDUSTRIAL UNIFORMS

Avid interest in bluecollar men and their work clothes, particularly commercial, industrial and service-station uniforms. Also, police uniforms and full leather. If you are a dedicated collector, let's correspond! PO Box 1091, Wilmington, DE 19899.

#### RENO SLAVES AND VISITORS

If you're willing to submit, serve, be used and taken to your limits, then write: PO Box 11402, Reno, NV 89510.

#### BAREBACK FLOGGINGS

Anyone with interest/knowledge of court-ordered lashing sentences with the "cat" of youths 18-20 in this century in Canada, England, Australia, New Zealand. Also into galley slaves, interrogations, slavery, punishments, prisons, hard labor, strappings. Ryder, PO Box 394 Midtown Mall, Worcester, MA 01614.

#### BANGED

36-yr.-old white San Francisco BB, 5'10", 165 lbs., healthy, male needs IT. Fisting/punching makes this handsome face light up. Anxious to please dominant healthy power fister. PO Box 410743, San Francisco, CA 94141-0743.

#### ORIENTAL BONDAGE

Experience the agony and ecstasy of Oriental bondage, captivity and punishment on a short- or long-term arrangement. Open to attractive WM/OM, 21-35 y.o., of slim build, particularly those from the East Coast. Call after 6 PM eastern time. (919) 756-5628.

#### YOUNG MASOCHIST WANTED

by dominant mid-40s WM. Permanent position. Into CBT/T, bondage, discipline, W/S, etc. All your needs provided for. (912) 474-3442.

#### TRUCKERS WANTED

If you are a man of the road between 25-40 who enjoys hot sweaty jockstraps, leather, W/S and hot safe sex, I'm your good buddy. I'm 38, well built, 5'9", 150, blue eyes, brown hair. Letters with photos get answered first. PO Box 2108, New York, NY 10008.



#### BONDAGE BOTTOM

wants to meet safe-sex tops into boxes and bags. Uniforms, too. (213) 666-1191.

#### HEAVY TORTURE

Your only purpose is to scream and writhe and suffer for my entertainment. Hard, hairy bodies preferred, but smooth ones accepted and soft ones considered if you are *really* into being tied down and TORTURED. Electricity, hot wax, needles, piercing flesh, whips, truncheons, fists probable. Urethral probes, cigar burns, hot irons, razor blades/knives, possible. No permanent damage, no permanent marks (unless you want them), but lots of "contusions & abrasions." Interested? Tell my why. Travel often & widely. Gene Hall, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

#### TOTAL LOYAL SLAVE

38-year-old masculine-looking slave wants to serve younger or older strong man. Need firm guidance and your physical and psychological control. Insatiable sex drive to serve all your wants and needs. Call (516) 868-1390.

#### PUKE PIG

Stuff your gut with your favorite food then give it back—all over me. Your photo-story gets mine. SFX, 3701 W. Alabama, Suite 450-Box 357, Houston, TX 77027.

#### BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Retired bottom searching for experienced top. Prefer L/L type, wish live-in with top who wants to own bottom. Hopefully, in time, top would love bottom. Slave has tried all scenes; heavy into assplay, all types, bondage, hoods, light discipline, W/S, safe sex. Prefer East U.S. but would consider other locale. Send photo and what you expect if really interested. Box 5186LF

#### LOOKING FOR ACTION

and friendship. Traveling to NYC, CA and FL one time a year and travel Ohio to Nebraska, Wisconsin to Texas and Tennessee all the time. I am submissive, but can be top for right stud. 30s, 5'10", am into Fr, Gr, FF, spanking, light SM and recycled beer. Write with photo to Box 5296LF

#### QUIET—MASTER/DADDY

41-year-old, good-looking, easy going but firm, very health conscious, together, loving, looking for a special son/slave for mutual satisfaction. Dad is that special type who treats his partner with the respect and TLC he needs but must get back the respect and submission a dad deserves. Dad is looking for guys 21-36 who are in need of a father/master image, good friend or more. I am dominant in light S&M, being Greek active, bondage, spanking, shaving, and other fantasies depending on my partner. Also enjoy touching, holding, fondling and am gentle and understanding as well. Son/slave should enjoy all that Dad likes, be a nonsmoker, non or light drinker, no drugs and nonfem. I am located in New York but travel around the country. If interested, send photo and letter to Box 4711LF.

#### ASSUME THE POSITION!

Mature hung Master wants weekend masochist sons under 40 who need a good workout and can show their stuff. No wimps, preppies, marrieds. Prefer bluecollar, military or construction types. One of the areas best-equipped slave rooms. Request application. Box 5760LF

#### SLAVE OFFERED USE/TRASH

Own/lease body. 26 y.o. WM. Ultimate kink! (415) 685-5035

#### LOOKING FOR BIG BROTHER

Small brother looking for big-dicked jock/sleaze brother (under 30) who is into caring, dildoes, bondage, also S&M, and your help financially. I will relocate. Am 5'4", brn., hazl, independent and want to go to college. Send phone # and photo. Bondage a plus! Box 5354LF

#### HEY BUDDY

Knowledgeable enough to give it like a man, confident enough to take it like a man. That's me: 32 yrs., 5'9", 157 lbs., healthy, hunky, hairy, balding and moustached (at times bearded). Totally substance-free. Safe Fr, Gr, WS, FF, verbal: "motivating." Send letter: description, desires, photo, phone to PO Box 23035, Seattle, WA 98102-0335. Can travel/host. (LF4538).

#### SLAVE WANTED

Surrender to me your body, mind and will. Become my property, to do with as I please. You should be between 25 and 45, masculine, reserved. Send a recent photo of yourself and a letter detailing reasons why I should consider sending you further details and an application. Master Les, PO Box 511265, Salt Lake City, UT 84151-1265.

#### CHAINED MUSCLES

Wanted: an aggressive man who walks in boots, wears leathers, rides bikes, and sweats at manual labor; a tough man, especially when his hard-muscled body is heavily loaded with uncomfortable irons; a tender man, especially when he likewise chains his prisoner-buddy. Box 5190LF

#### HAIRY UNCUT DAD

Good-looking hairy uncut dad wants hairless, nonsmoker homebody for Calif. & Hawaii. Send photo to 633 Post, #366, San Francisco, CA 94109.

#### HARD-MUSCLED FARMER

Looking for tall boots & brawny bike leathers on a farmer's hard-muscled body? Looking for the tough but tender pleasures of prolonged rigid bondage (top/bottom) in heavy irons, ropes, hoods? Possibly looking for a permanent partner (sweaty outdoor work guaranteed)? Then write Box 33, Riner, VA 24149 (LF5413)

#### REQUIRED: A FEW GOOD SLAVES

Slim, attractive, passionate/cruel/affectionate, demanding Master (37, 5'9", 140, brown/blue, beard, thick 7", cut, fair-skinned, smooth; health-oriented, creative, high IQ, masterful lover) requires broad-spectrum services of small, permanent team of prime quality, tobacco-free slavestock to create mutually beneficial city/islands lifestyle in spectacular Pacific Northwest. REQUIREMENTS: Self-knowledge, openness, 200% dedication, sexual skill, intelligence, health, industriousness, teamwork. POTENTIAL PLUSES: over 35 years; tall, big build; foreskin; bearded; hairy; heavy hung; muscles; employable. Description, recent photo, SASE guarantee reply. Box 5277LF

#### HOT, LEATHER TOPMAN

GWM, 34 yrs., 5'11", 185 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, hairy pecs with big, rock-hard nipples. Looking for similar hot tops/bottoms to 40. I'm a stable, well-educated, healthy, professional. Interests include photography, BB, hiking. Enjoy mutual titwork, long, hot J/O sessions, jockstraps, toys and safe, hard workouts. Can be a hot Dad for the right man. Especially into uncuts, cowboys, Asian men. No drugs or fems. Send a hot photo and/or phone to Box 4675LF.

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EXPECTATIONS have a remarkable following in Britain and Europe. If you're wearing rubber, it had better be from them!

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**LEATHER, RUBBER, VIOLENCE**

Uniforms: Boots, rubber, leather, latex, military, police, sci-fi. Violence: Military, police and other violent combat and adventure fantasy involving sexy uniformed guys. Discreet. Fantasy only. Photo and fantasy ideas to Occupant, PO Box 13542, Reading, PA 19612.

**PUNISHED WITH ENEMAS?**

Remember the humiliation? Remember how much it hurt? How did you get it? You're going to get it again! You're hot, under 30. Photo/phone equals reply. Box 7, Suite 1527, 250 W. 57th, NYC 10019.

**WHITE MOTHERFUCKER**

30, 6'2", slender, seeks hung Black studs into fucking the brains out of a white-assed punk. Beat and hotwax a piece of white ass that will clamp down, buck and freak. Bitch has a throat that worships Black meat. Gang rape and beatings. White boy is AIDS-neg. and insatiable. Take it! Box 5762

**L.A. NIPPLES/LEATHER**

Handsome, muscular, imaginative GWM, 37, 6', 170 lbs. Brown/blue. Moustache. Seeks other well-built uninhibited men for extended nipple sessions, and more. Let's safely and slowly explore our mutual fantasies, especially body and nipple worship, leather, uniforms and S&M (particularly verbal and mental). Your masculine good looks, moustache or beard, leather and uniforms and experience in S&M are pluses. But insatiable nipples, a good body, and red-hot sexual imagination are more important. Letter and photo: Suite 53, 712 Wilshire, Santa Monica, CA 90401. I travel extensively.

**MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES**

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

**ARE YOU OVER 60?**

White, "straight" appearing, clean, healthy, 34-year-old, considered good looking, prefer a man of your years. Sexually, enjoy being French active. Attentive, turned on by B&D. Need affection if relationship develops. Travel a lot. Meeting in the East (NYC, Boston, Phila., DC), Florida or Midwest a possibility. Relocation considered. Include recent pics. Will respond with photos. Box 5105LF

**YOUR AD FREE FOR 6 MONTHS**

In the new national classifieds. For informational packet, write to: National Classifieds Advertiser, Dept. D, 4655 Hollywood Blvd., #117, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

**WANTED**

We are looking for a boy who wants to service two daddies totally. We are mid-30s, kinky and sleazy, but in great health. You're 30+, white and ready to begin. Write a lengthy, detailed letter and describe your experience and desires, totally. Enclose phone number, a nude photo (if possible). Will answer all and arrange an interview. We're ready, are you? Box 5603LF

**OBEDIENT SLAVE WANTED**

Opening for sincere, honest, devoted, breakneck fast, responsible, obedient slave. Must be willing to live with, be taken care of and obey two leathermen, together 16 yrs. We're into care, feeding, domination, discipline. Dungeon, equipment, lifestyle, orders provided. Move your ass and write, enclosing recent photo, detailed description. Masters Larry (6'2", 168 lbs., bl/bl, muscular). Mike (5'6", 155 lbs., br/bl, mean top). PO Box 1104, Sandy, UT 84091. (LF4088)

**SHIT PHOTOS**

Dirty-assed turd freak wants to exchange filthy raunch shots of your shit-crusted asshole and sewer dumps, manure piles, and your hot smear, feast sessions. You will get mine in return. Real pigs and piglets get matched in action by good-looking Dad type, 48, husky build, huge turds. I like 'em young, but age no barrier. Let's get down and dirty. Box 5577

**MASTER SEEKS SON**

Dominant, good-looking GWM, 41, 175, 6'2", needs son craving dominance and affection. When you are good, you will be rewarded. When you are bad, discipline, spanking, TT, BD, shaving. Let's expand your limits and my fantasies. Write with photo to Occupant, PO Box 61, Arlington, VA 22210. (LF5270)

**HOT VERSATILE BOTTOM!**

6'2", 195 lbs., muscular, healthy, thick rod, 35, wants same or hunkier, aggressive Top with large, fleshy, massive hands. Drill ass for depth, punchfuck through sphincter. Goal: masculine, physical, spiritual, emotional relationship! Photo required. PO Box 8914, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

**MUDHOLES NEEDED**

Photographer needs secluded mudholes for wallow workouts with men this spring in south Texas-Louisiana. Farmers? SFX, 3701 W. Alabama, Suite 450-Box 357, Houston, TX 77027.

**BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR!**

I'm licensed to massage, and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides, making your bowels explode loads of pay-dirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, jocks, etc. pick up the phone or write to receive my hot, illustrated brochure. John Rose, 235 E. 26th St., #3B, New York, NY 10010. (212) 889-5477.

**CIGARETTES AND WHIPS!**

Cigarettes and/or whip fetish? Learned young? Enjoy teaching? Need give or take bareback med. to heavy flogging and/or smoke torture? More than one cigarette at a time? T/B/C torture? A group is forming. Occupant, Box 115, 100 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94103. No drugs!

**HOT BULLWHIP STUD NEEDED**

Strip me! Rope me! Flog me! Animal, (918) 743-5219.

**ARIZONA****EXPAND MY HORIZON**

GWM, 30, 5'7", 150 lbs., bottom, seeks others into rimming, FF. Reply with interests, description. Interested in good times, hot sex. Box 5727

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA****DADDY MASTER**

sought by tall hot muscular man, mid-30s. Box 5643

**BOOTS BREECHES BIKERS & BONDAGE**

Looking for biker who wears layers of black leather. Black leather boots, breeches, jackets and gloves to gag with me. I'm waiting to be kidnapped and kept in bondage as your prisoner. Also good as a boot rest, or forced to make love to your boots. I'm healthy good-looking WM, 34, 5'9", 165, moustache. C. West, 2529 Post, San Francisco, 94115-3312. Box 5292LF

**BODY BUILDER SON WANTED**

Muscular daddy seeks son for training and service. Long-term one-to-one relationship is desired. Son will pursue body-building career along with dad and under his direction. Should have strong desire to train and the body type necessary to excel. Disciplined workouts, body worship, leather sex; all part of the package. Ideal chance to build a masculine relationship and mould a body. Photo. Box 4944LF

**SF LEATHER DATE**

6'2", 31 yrs., discriminating, English (SF resident) leatherman wants to meet similar, fun-loving locals and visitors. Box 5251

**HOT MUSCULAR STUD**

into rough sex of all kinds with other muscular men. Sweaty workouts, heavy B&D, wrestling matches, ropes and chains, tit torture, wax, floggings. Muscle vs. muscle. Write with photo to PO Box 162518, Sacramento, CA 95816. (LF5222)

**ROMANTIC TOPMAN**

Quiet, spiritual, I seek a solid, working relationship. Can become versatile for the right man. WM, 5'11", 190 lbs., well-built, 43, moustache, bald on top. Into classical music, ancient Egypt, sci-fi and horror films. No S&M, drugs, FFA; just love. PO Box 5233, San Francisco, CA 94101. You: taller, trim, 30+.

**HOT LEATHER BOTTOM**

GBM, 31, 6', 170 lbs., hairy, defined body, moustache, hung, uncut, looking for older GWM Master with imagination for bondage scenes, light SM, tit work, assplay, CBT. No FF, scat, WS, drugs. Reply Box 5391LF.

**DILDOE FUCK MY**

hungry, muscular asshole. Bearded GWM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., BB, insatiable fuckhole needs studs with nice bodies, any age/race, into long, sleazy, safe assfucking using huge dildoes, ass spreaders, small gloved fist. Also into slings, poppers, exhibitionism, lite "party treats." Reply with photo to Box 200, 2261 Market St., S.F., CA 94114. (LF5390)

**TOUGH LITTLE BLOND**

executive in rural town, 5'6", 135 lbs., 30 yrs., copper beard, furry, 8" clipped, oversexed, seeks to submit to bossman to horse around with for a night or a lifetime. Discipline, bondage, both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation, body shaving, ass beating, piss, tit-torture, all available to MASTER who needs to dominate a together stud and turn him into his butch son/slave dog. If you rope me you can hump me; if you cage me you can keep me. Age, looks, cock size unimportant, however headspace is. (Hairy preferred, but...) Hot, dirty phone calls can be arranged. Mark, PO Box 992, Clovis, CA 93613. (209) 435-3378. Do get to the coast often. Box 5439LF

**FUCK BUDDIES?**

Have lover, need sleazy/safe friends for rough/careful fun. I'm 6'1", 33, 180, 8 1/2", GWM. Into A/P F, FFA, WS, spanking, belts and creative ways to enjoy same and stay healthy. Write with photo, get same. Box 5400LF

**BROTHERS**

Let's not call ourselves "lovers." The term leaves too much space for possessiveness, jealousy. We've known too many "ex-lovers." Let's be "brothers," and concentrate on caring, sharing, making the whole greater than the sum of its parts. Sharing each other's burdens makes them lighter, enjoyment more intense, optimizing mutual and self-respect. That way, we'll be able to rely on each other completely. Not many "ex-brothers" around! Our diversified sex life will be kinky, wild, uninhibited, as is only possible with trust, but it won't be the central issue of our relationship. We'll have our careers, community involvement, cultural activities, home improvement, nights on the town, travel, motorcycling, workouts, dancing, and much more to experience together. We won't have to worry about temper tantrums, and we'll be supportive when either one of us starts up an "outside" romance or affair; we'll even share some. Write: Brother, PO Box 31505, Oakland, CA 94604, or call (415) 465-9767.

**RUSSIAN RIVER**

Daddy seeks son for permanent relationship. Son must be very much together, aged 30 to 45, like home life. Preferences may be discussed. Daddy is a writer, has been into S/M scene for years. Send picture and we can talk. Box 5461

**TOP UNCUT BLACKS, LATINOS**

wanted, who are macho, not fat and are into heavy raunch: sweat, headcheese, scat, piss. Sacramento and San Francisco areas. By WM bottom, 45, 6'1", 150 lbs. Box 5438

**WANTED: YOUNG LEATHER STUD**

WM, 41, 5'8", moustached, in very good health. Looking for young WM, 21-35, in good health and turned on by smell, feel and look of black leather. Desire son for permanent relationship with safe sex. Son must be together, non-smoker, and desire a permanent relationship with good safe leather sex. Call me and let's talk. (415) 863-7384. Ask for Rick.

**KINK**

Kink is the name of the game. If interested, write. Letters containing photos will be answered first. Box 5307

**GWM, 45**

6'4", slim, novice slave, looking for eventual full-time Master who rewards subservience and obedience with much love and affection. You are also slim, 25-55, any race. In time, anything goes that's safe. I like collars, chains, menial labor, symbols of submission and more. I'm very Greek passive. Box 5308LF

**BUZZ**

Crewcut guy seeks other men turned on by short haircuts, clippers, barber-shops. Box 5743

**LONG-HAIRED HARLEY BIKER**

Into leather, wrenching and riding, workouts and good eating, video and TV. Seeking similar men into same. Versatile and mutual sexual gratification a must. Your photo and letter gets mine. Box 5742

**ALL AMERICAN BOY**

33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular/slender. You: raunchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top. Into: heavy bondage, rubber, piercing, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also: film, BB, politics, camping, new-age thought. No FF, brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter: Box 34,2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114.





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### S/M BUDDY WANTED

By 39-yr.-old, 6'4", 230 lb., very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman/BB with 52" chest, pierced nipples, 19" arms, 33" waist, handsome, looking for sharp, well-built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S/M encounter or ongoing multifaceted sexual/mental S/M friendship/relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature important. Interests include tit work, balls, pain/pleasure, J/O, safesex, codpiece pants, harnesses, hoods, gloves, uniforms, mirrors. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tit Master, Ball Master, Pain/Pleasure Master, Control Master (Master meaning "expert" and "authoritative"). Reality includes a hot, capable, aware, worthy partner for the right man. Trim beard, hung, sense of humor, appreciation for the ritual, bonding, pleasure and dynamics of S/M are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred; other locations considered. Reply with photo to: Box 486, 584 Castro, S.F., CA 94114.

### HELP ME INTO SM

Self-torture sucks. WM, 6'2", 170, cut, 7 1/2", needs experienced Master or top for nipple, ball, cock work, munching, electrotorture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage. Increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

### NICE SURPRISES CUM IN SMALL PACKAGES

Shortie, 5'4", GWM, brown/blue, 135 lbs., interested in meeting versatile men over 6'. Interests include, but not limited to, leather, bondage, tattoos, piercing, motorcycles, computers. Usually bottom, but who knows? Object: long-term relationship. Reply to Lambda BBS address code ORAY, or Box 4136LF.

### HELP US HELP YOU!

S.F. lovers seek persons who will rent their dungeon/playroom by the day/eve. Preferably in the city, will consider suburbs. Reply with phone no. to: Occupant, Suite 163, 2261 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114-1693.

### BACK TO BUTT PAIN

You thought you were smart getting away from punishment. You thought fist would make you real bottom. Now even your shit head can think twice. Time to put your butt up again for belt and cat. Time to slave again, forget about your greedy gut. This country judge will put you over the frame, take you out in the hills if you're shit enough. You'd better look like you respect your body, but I know what crud you are. Me: 50, 5'7", 140, close-cropped hair and beard, rubber boots, leather, mountain dirt. Put yourself on the line at (916) 758-8874.

### EXPLORATORIUM

Demanding Master, 6'2", 220 lbs., 35 yrs. old, competitive muscle man, seeks those into S/M reality, not just fantasy. trainer is ruggedly handsome, tattooed and esoteric with fully-equipped soundproof dungeon. Raunch, spit, sweat, electrotorture, needles, knives, pits, beatings, verbal abuse, brutal prison rape, hanging, branding and interrogation are a part of what you will endure when confined in my dungeon. The Master desires those with a firm commitment to please. Call me, but no bullshit. This is the real thing, so don't waste my time if you can't cut it. You will be taken to the limits of physical/mental failure and then the training begins. Fee. (415) 282-8834.

### HUNGRY MANSEX

GWM, 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair,

bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, anytime...SF residents or visitors send photo/phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

### SONOMA COUNTY

WM, 44, 6', 190 lbs., SM, TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! C'mon, invest 22c in your happiness and write me a note. I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too!!! Box 5150

### LEATHER REALLY TURN YOU ON?

Do you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots? Do you like to be dominated? Live in the S.F. bay area? Like J/O scenes with a dominant guy? Like to worship a man's LEATHER? Are you intelligent and looking for someone to share yourself and fantasies with? I'm 40, 230 lbs., 6'1", brown hair, greenish blue eyes, moustache, big good-looking guy. If you can answer yes to ALL of the above, reply with phone and photo to: Jim, 1850 Union St. #69, San Francisco, CA 94123. (LF4807)

### EXECUTIVE DADDY

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth athletic boy for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

### HEY BOY!

Your daddy is looking for you. Call (916) 391-9755.

### 3-WAY PIG SEX

Two buddies, 32, 5'8", 140 lbs., br/bl, and 29, 5'7", 138 lbs., br/bl, one smooth, one hairy, both muscular, well-built, seek horny jocks for hot, long sessions of sucking, fucking, rimming, W/S. Seek healthy, masculine guys, 25-40, trim bodies for sleaze sessions. Hung, muscles a plus. Tell us what turns you on. Photo/phone to PO Box 5921, San Francisco, CA 94101-5921.

### TRAINEE

Hot, healthy, muscled, masculine WM bottom, 35, 5'10", inexperienced but eager to serve, needs training from attractive, aggressive, safe and sane SF top. Boots, B&D, VA, TT, WS. Take control, Sir, and teach this boy to properly service and please you. Box 5691

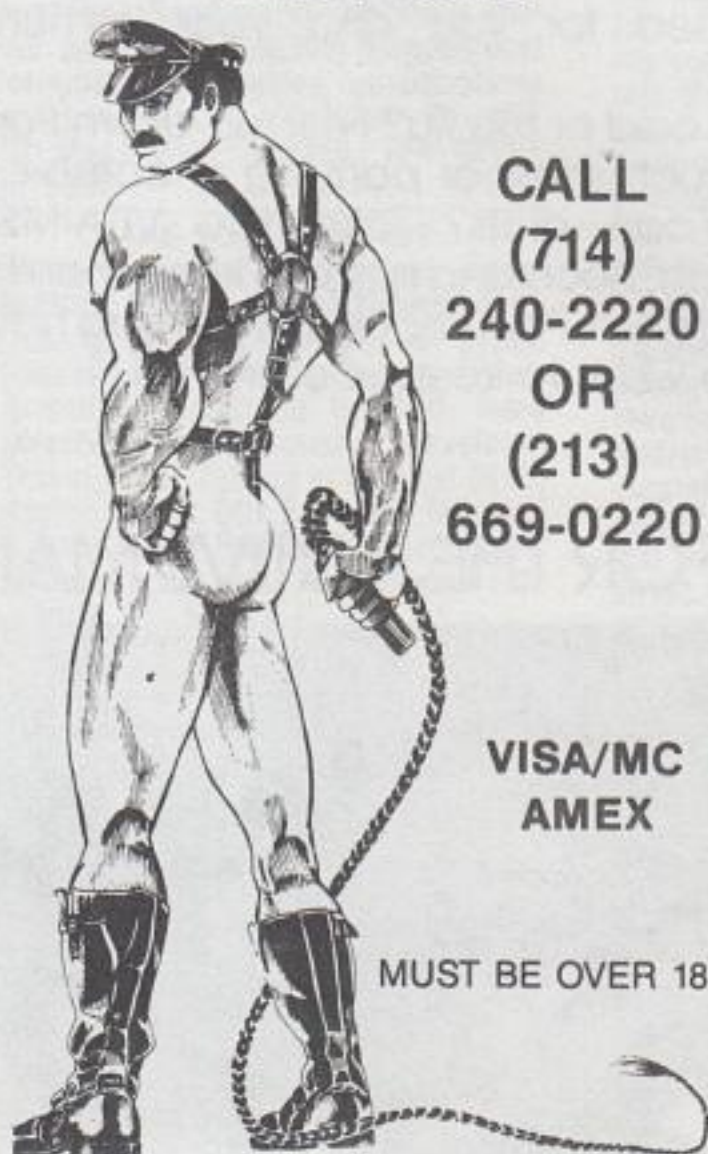
### SEARCHING FOR A TRUE LEATHERMASTER

Boot-lickin' slave, late 30s, wants experienced leathermaster for total submission, into bondage & discipline. Slave needs to be manhandled and sexually abused, heavy S&M. Paul A., PO Box 421504, San Francisco, CA 94142.

### SADISTIC SAMURAI

Skilled in exploring creative and adventurous ways to expand limits and fantasies, seeking Tall Bear Type GWM, 45-50s, reasonable shape, who submits to discipline, CBT, FF, catheter inserts and more, but must also have the capacity and need to provide strong arms for intimacy and affection. Me: Very athletic, health conscious, glkg. Asian, 48, 5'8", sadistic but caring. Replies with photos appreciated from S.F. or Bay Area. Box 5662

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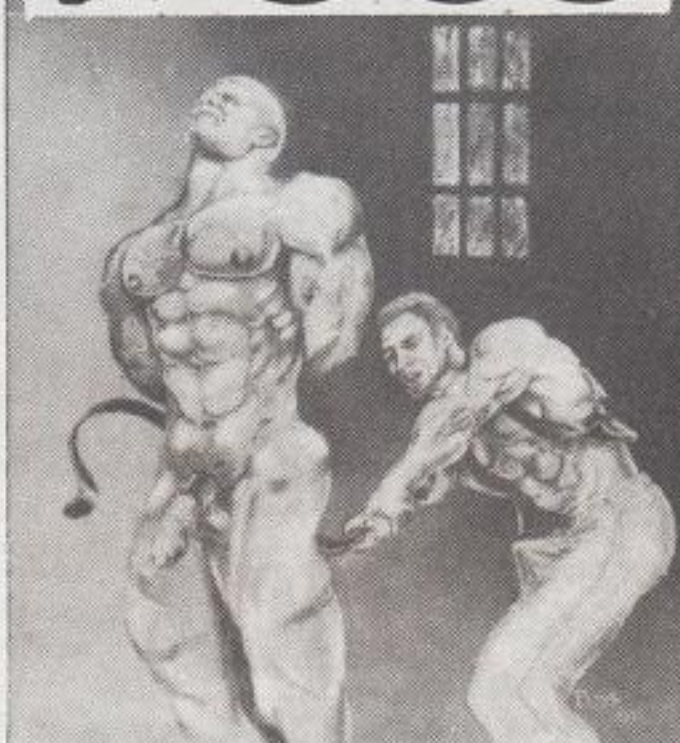
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#### DELINQUENT DADDY

requires probation officer with a purpose!! Strict no-nonsense disciplinary top desperately needed for prolonged humiliating sizzling woodshed sessions on a scheduled routine basis. Your standards are high and buns burn when they are not met! Take 'payment' in hot butt service if desired. Box 5746

#### TEACH ME

Am looking for a top who is willing to teach me. This is a unique opportunity for a top from 30-40 to assert his own concepts of bondage and light discipline. I am 31, 5'6", and have a very willing and eager disposition. I want a sane and safe top, one who is willing to bring me along and thereby fulfill my needs as well as his own. Trust is the basis of any relationship and I am not looking for a freak. Let's talk about it. Box 5737

#### GOOD DEAL FOR RIGHT SLAVE

Two men, 30s, private home with pool, seek permanent live-in nude slave/houseboy. You are into total submission. Collared, shaved, bondage, discipline and much more. Smaller cocks welcomed, so don't be shy about your size. Your looks are not as important as your attitude. Your limits respected, but both your body and mind will be slowly and safely expanded as the relationship grows. You will be totally kept and cared for in an environment that evolves into that special SLAVE/MASTER love. You will come to realize absolute trust and security in your submission. Good slaves are hard to find. So are good Masters. Send detailed letter about yourself and how to contact you for interview and in-depth discussion. This could possibly be that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity you've always fantasized about. Box 5188LF

#### MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE

My boy serves who I tell him to, in a way that pleases both you and I! I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

#### WANTED: FIST BOTTOM

Let's open your hole! I want well-built, enthusiastic fist-sitter for butt-stretching workouts. I'm 5'11", handsome, professional, 35. You, 20-40, experienced, hot & hungry! 41 Sutter, Suite 1267, San Francisco, CA 94104.

#### WANT HANDSOME BUTT EXPERT

Masculine, handsome hung WM, 38, with hot butt seeks a very special expert buddy/friend for regular erotic FF, dildo and enema sessions. Must be cut, discreet, health conscious and stable. Am mostly bottom and will top the right guy. Hygiene a must! Box 5557LF

#### HOT BONDAGE BOTTOM, SIR!

Sir! I am here to serve you as your bondage slave. I've been experienced in bondage, assplay, cocksucking, some SM and am willing to be trained to expand myself. I am 35, 5'10", 175 lbs., good-looking and ready to please you, Sir! Photo appreciated. Sir! Box 5650LF

#### WANTED:

Chubby chaser into total body worship, tongue baths, massage, expert cocksucker. This 280-lbs., big-bellied, uncut Topman lives in N. California but gets around and might be visiting your area soon. Send photo and interests to TOP-GUT, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101.

#### PAIN TRIPS

Do you need to suffer? The Man seeks experienced masochists for unusual explorations into pain trips and going past the point where the head and body say NO! This is not a fantasy or sensual S/M trip. Whips. Alligator clamps. Cigarettes. Beatings w/1/2" fiery rattan cane. Bruises, most likely. But safe and sane. No damage, or permanent marks. Interested in torture for torture sake, C/B torture, and intense bondage, tit torture a specialty. Bottom must be honest and able to take a gag. No safe words. Sincere letter w/photo to: The Man, POB 4622, S.F., CA 94101.

#### WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6', 160, brn/blue, beard and moustache wants to meet up with cops, bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD, heavy VA and humiliation, moderate SM, hoods, gags, enemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, taunting and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF

#### DADDY SEEKS BOY-SLAVE

Your are clean-shaven, boyish, fair, hairless and under 30. 42 y.o. daddy will use your ass for his pleasure: spankings dildoes, enemas, anal training. Asians and novices welcome. Picture, please. E.D., PO Box 1226, Menlo Park, CA 94026.

#### BOTTOM DADDY WANTED

Good-looking, 30, Japanese daddy's boy, but top, seeks white, 35-55, masculine bottom daddy, into leather, uniform, light SM, W/S, B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo.

#### YOUNG TRIM SLAVEBOYS

Scared? Stiff? Call The Colonel. You have nothing to gain but your chains. (415) 467-5128.

#### FIND A REAL MAN IN DEAR SIR

#### S.F. CROTCH CLEANER

Seeks position under dirty talkin' facesitters, 40 yrs.-plus. Working conditions requested—ripe fartin' assholes, cheesy, pissin' cocks. Suds and rimseat furnished. Serious only. No jack-off calls. Pigmouth (415) 776-2844.

#### S.F. FUCKBUDDY

You: Lean-muscled, enthusiastic, low on attitude and body hair, very physical. Me: 6'5", together, easy-going, hung. No role-playing. I want a buddy, not a husband. Box 5739

#### AGONY GOAL

Russian River safe and sane, good-looking, 6'2", 185, 36, creative sadist seeks masculine healthy masochist. Light to heavy pain trips, breath control, torture, beatings. Looks and age important, I'll judge. Drug, alcohol free. Only serious Northern Californians. Relationship? Resume plus. Box 5669LF

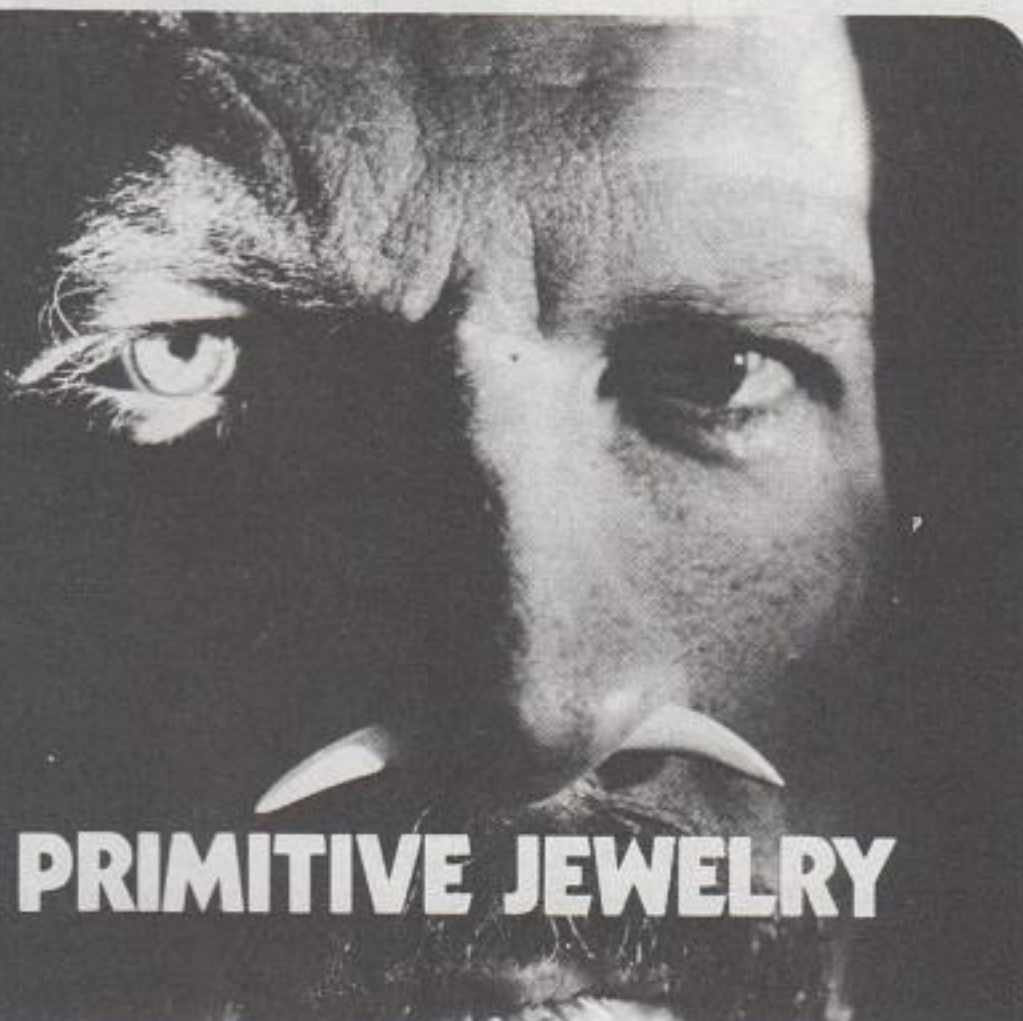
#### FULL SERVICE

Toilet to relieve dirty shithole and horse-hung pisser of handsome, well-defined muscular black by clean-cut athletic white boy. (415) 535-0867

#### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### MUD-SPLATTERED 4X4's

Looking for guys in the Los Angeles area who like to take their 4x4's out into the hills and get down and dirty in the mud. I'm 31, WM, 5'9", and 135 lbs. Box 5672



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Andrew Lemes, M.D., 1216 East 3rd Street, Suite 4, Long Beach, CA 90802



#### ASS-EATING ADDICT

wants to meet clean-shaven, healthy leathermen in San Diego area for mutual rimming sessions in my sling. Is also into toys (bring your own!) and shaving. Let's give our butts a workout. GWM, 40, 165 lbs., blond, hairless. Box 5647

#### SLAVE WANTED

That's a slave that's wanted, not an S&M bottom. If you don't know the difference, bug off. Master: WM, 46, 145 lbs., brown hair, mustache, somewhat hairy, healthy, experienced, masculine. Applicant must be: Currently unowned and under 40, trim, young looking and healthy, completely bottom, thoroughly submissive, quiet, obedient, affectionate, ready and able. Box 4551LF

#### LET'S STOP TRAFFIC

I'm 28, 6'2", 180 lbs., and above average all-around. Sound arrogant? So what. I want a Master, not a mouse in leather drag. I want commitment and trust and the envy of all who know us, or see us together. I want the best things in life. Does that mean you? If you're young, strong, healthy and find your leather-sex life colder than it could be, I need you. And having said so, I'll shut up. Send photo, phone and a piece of your soul to Matt, Box 5129LF.

#### SLAVE/SON/HOUSEBOY

Is there a real man that can handle all of the above? We are looking for that special person who can. You should be under 35, looks, race, build are unimportant (we will shape and define you). You will become our property, to do with as we see fit. We will expect you to commit yourself totally, both mentally and physically, into our care. This is not a one-night stand or a summer vacation. This is a 24-hour, seven-day-a-week lifestyle. You must have the right attitude. You must be able and willing to surrender to a life of total servitude and ownership. We are 31 and 38, established professionals. You must be able to rise above your established place in life when needed. The rest is up to you. Send an in-depth, detailed application stating your qualifications, abilities, desires and a recent, revealing photo with your phone number and best time to call to: B&R, 15840 Ventura Blvd., #326, Encino, CA 91436. (LF5202)

#### TWO BLACK HARLEY BIKERS

Tony, in full leather or full C.H.i.P. gear and uniforms with tall, hot black boots; all to be serviced by hot, hung leather studs, any race. Mike, waiting to service hot bootied leather studs. We are both hot, well-hung, good-looking, and into FF, WS, JO, VA, boot service and other hot scenes. Have toys, sling, mirrors and video. Mike and/or Tony: (213) 777-0122. PO Box 47552, Los Angeles, CA 90047. No JO or bullshit calls and no calls after 11 P.M.

#### LEATHERMAN READY

Experienced bottom, 46, into serious bondage scenes (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S/M scenes (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T). Safe sex only. Have fully equipped playroom waiting for that special top. No calls between 11 P.M. & 9 A.M. (818) 843-5428.

#### WHITE MASTER (TOP)

still needed by white slave bottom, 35, 5'11", 195 lbs., husky, hairy, for sex (toy) slave. Am into leather, Levi's, boots, uniforms, G/p, Fa/p (front/rear), S/M, B/D, toys, W/S, etc. Sincere only, sir. Send orders & info to slave at: PO Box 67E06, L.A., CA 90067. (LF5349)

#### LET US WATCH

Good-looking GWM couple, 37 & 34, seek other masculine GWM partners into kink for voyeuristic encounters. We want to watch your long, private, intense sessions in CBT, TT, FF, WS, B&D, hot wax, clothespins, SM. No scat. Your pleasure/pain trips are our turn-on. Letter/phone. Box 5608LF

#### DIAPERED SON

WM baby is healthy, youthful 35, needing infantile training, spankings and bondage from fully clothed, heavy-weight Dad. Box 5678

#### HEFTY

BB, CS wanted, obedient and submissive. Send photo with letter of supplication to ETS, Box 1201, San Diego, CA 92078.

#### MAID FOR BONDAGE

Roped and gagged "True Detective"-style bondage nightmare victim falls prey to wimp-hating attacker, armed and dangerous. Intended victim is experienced W/M, 34, slender, long-legged, celibate, good-looking and dressed in panties, bra, garterbelt and nylons who craves sissboy/fag treatment from foulmouthed big guys. Box 5684

#### CUTE HUNG BLOND BOY

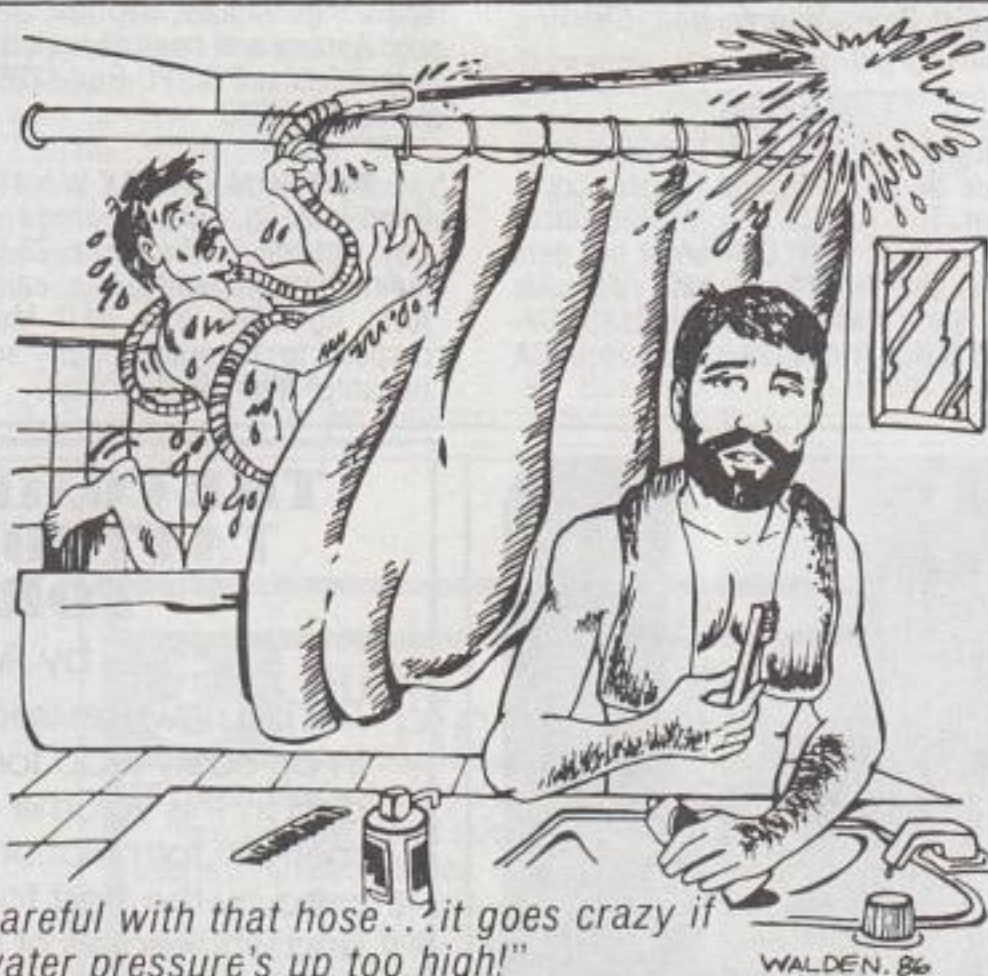
Good-looking, tan, athletic, trim jock-boy. 6'1", 160 lbs., 25 years old. Enjoy wrestling, swimming, cycling, working out. My tight ass needs to be used. With right guy(s), willing to submit to almost any scene, including 3-ways, gang bangs, and rape. I like guys in uniforms (cops, military, leather and sports), speedos and jocks. Want bondage, discipline and training by good-looking hung stud(s). Really like to suck cocks and be fucked long and hard! Clean and healthy. Novice, but eager to learn and serve. L.A. and O.C. Box 5126LF

#### NEED SPANKING MASTER

Nice-looking, hairy-chested, well-defined bottom, 35, 5'11", 155 lbs., wants athletic, well-built top with firm hand and masculine persuasiveness to demand and get what he wants. Also want to be trained in bondage and ball work. Desire long-term mutual fantasy fulfillment. Write with photo to Box 5732

#### HUNKY TOPMAN—SAN DIEGO

WM, 32, 5'10", 180, brown, blue, great hairy pecs, hung and together. Wants hot masculine bottom 30-45. Fantasy to hardcore. Send photo. Box 5719



"Be careful with that hose... it goes crazy if the water pressure's up too high!"

WALDEN 86

#### GOOD-LOOKING TOP

wants to meet trim, tan, hot and horny guys into wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, good shape. Write: Bill, Box 76, Ste. 109, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood, CA 90046. Send pix.

#### HUNKY COL. SON WANTS DADDY

Well-defined, quite good-looking, clean-cut, educated son with muscular image. Live out of state and am 24, 5'11", 189 lbs., 15 arms, 30 waist. Seek guy that is a discerning trainer, artful, healthy, quite good-looking, educated, 35-45 and wants a son for visits. I am ready to 'genuinely respect' a Daddy that has 'imaginative, sane ideas about the 'power-struggle' and love in a Daddy-son friendship. Write to Mark with 'Photo' and detailed letter about how you would 'raise' your son. Serious only! Box 5707

#### WANT BIG BROTHER/DAD

GWM, 25 yrs., 6'2", 185 lbs. straight acting, looking, for big brother/Dad. Facial/body hair a plus. I enjoy sports, C/W dancing, music. Don't drink/smoke, looking for same. Lifelong relationship desired. Photo a must. Box 5721

#### COCK TORTURE

GWM, 37 years old, 5'10", uncut, brn hair, blue eyes, Greek passive, French active. Want cock torture. Want to try electric torture on cock. Call (714) 774-6778 or write Doug, 1585 W. Ball Rd. #G, Anaheim, CA 92802.

#### HARLEY TRASH

Looking for info about San Diego. 100 mile radius. 31, muscular, bi, tattooed, kinky. Seeks esoteric men for scooters, grease, friendship before moving to S.D., 6-87. Box 1842, Guerneville, CA 95446.

#### ENEMAS

Hot, leather, BB, 35, needs lots of big enemas. Colon tubes, catheters, dildoes & FF. Shove your rubber-gloved arm up my water-filled gut. Then I'll do the same to you. Box 173, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood, CA 90046.

#### ATTR DAD SEEKS CRUEL SON

Trim silver fox, 50s, 5'9", 140, Cauc., smooth, uncut, needs bondage, TT, CBT, at hands of good-looking son (18-38) with cruel streak (not brutal, cruel) who has love/hate feelings about Dad. Letter & pic to "Dad," PO Box 69824, L.A., CA 90069.

#### GANGFUCK FRENZY

I mean you spy this wow candyass stacking cans or whatever; Sweet face; Unreal Bod. Yeah! You get with the guys. Always hot. You target the dude, a spot, and force a scene where panicked appeals get stifled by hot stuffed dick into a pounding mouthful of mumbled whimpering grunts... Ain't nothing beat slapping fucktime into resistant bucking toyass to your buddies' head-bouncing facefucking rhythms. Kid (over 18) learns a thing or two or six or twelve... Man! Oh Man! Hey Gangbanger, does all of that incredible stuff walking around pump up your cock to twitching and dripping? Spot one now? Tell us how you can get into and better our action. Limited Openings. Box 5342LF

#### HOT UNIFORMED PUSSY

Talk dirty to me while using me like a cunt. Phone jackoff after 6 PM. (714) 530-7826. Rape me.

#### SLAVE DANNY

will submit to bondage and tortures for groups, parties, photos or one Master. Phone (818) 846-9486. Thank you, Sirs! (LF4091)

#### BUTCH BOTTOMS

Hairy Italian horndog, 6'2", 205, seeks butch bubblebutt pussyboys for intense submission. Must have excellent body, plump x-large ass, tight clean hole. Serious only—photo and resume to Box 5704

#### COLORADO

#### HAIRY UNCUT DADDY

Versatile, hairy, uncut stud into mutual pleasuring through ploughing and milking. Interested in training those who want to explore the world of mutuality with uncut, 6'1" stud, daddy, hairy from head to foot with 8" plough and deep furrow. Tit, ass and cock work guaranteed. Box 5472

#### SLAVE/SON

under 30 sought by older, experienced, loving, health-conscious Leatherman with fully equipped training room. Sincere, hard-working, non drug or alcohol abuser who wants to be something special and appreciates support in reaching educational, physical, career goals should call Mike (303) 692-8021; PO Box 18876, Denver, CO 80218. (LF5506)

#### FIT TO BE TIED

and ready to be abused. Novice, 46, 170 lbs., hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, til my tight, round firm buns glow; then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tit work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF, scat, shaving, drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom. GW, PO Box 18005, Denver, CO 80218

#### HEAVY BONDAGE

45, 185, 5'11", handsome, hairy, hot, moustache. Serious bondage bottom needs prolonged sessions. I enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained, etc. Safe-sex only, please. Limitations: No drugs, FF, scat, or lasting marks. Box 4997

#### CONNECTICUT

#### HUMAN URINAL

Expert cocker, 5'11", 185, seeks hot men, (203) 289-5268.



# BONDAGE

## GIFTWRAPPED-BEEFCAKE MAGS FROM ZEUS PUBLICATIONS

**TONY BRONTE** Muscular street hustler Ryder Knight bondage-humbled for pay. BIG Jason Steel stripped down and strung up.

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**HERCULES** Muscle-bound . . over & OVER. Cavelo-illustrated mythical bondage sexploits like a Steve Reeves S/M gladiator movie.

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**ZM-277** .....\$8.50



Cory Gunn



Rocco DeVega

**VAL MARTIN/LEO STONE** Both muscle leathermen in hot bondage photo story of a muscle-power struggle for topman.

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**COLLECTORS EDITION** Italian muscle hunk Vito Brutti; college jock Justin Farrell; S.F. stud Burton Lawless all tied up: plus art.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-333 | SADO ISLAND               | .....\$12.50 | \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-384 | COLLECTORS EDITION        | .....\$10.00 | \$ |

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DADDY  
TAPES**

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## THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and, most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

## THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.

## MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

## KID VS DAD— WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape!

## rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

## BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

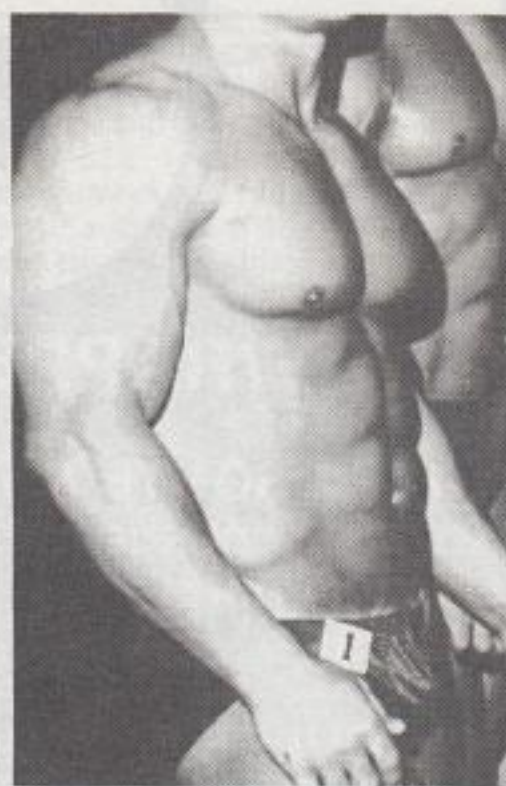
Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty, muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big, hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

## MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss... and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

## HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty, greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



## MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders, after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jockstraps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in. If you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, *steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred*, then this tape is for you.

## DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot, straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity; soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

## AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guy's begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time, in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.





## TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Model Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

## TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

## TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether, the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

## THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about...your tongue is going to be my shower...your mouth is going to be my toilet...you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just 'cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper...get down. That's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



**FATHER/SON**—A father becomes his son's lover.

**MARINE BRIG**—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

**PORN CALLS**—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

**SAILING TO HELL**—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

**THE CONFESSIONAL**—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

**THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

**THE HITCHHIKER**—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

**THE HUSTLER**—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

**THE WARDEN**—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

**TV REPAIRMAN**—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

**WHIP FIRE**—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

**BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING**—The hows and whys.

**INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE**—A young, male whore tells all.

**MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION**—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

**SM AND LOVE?**—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

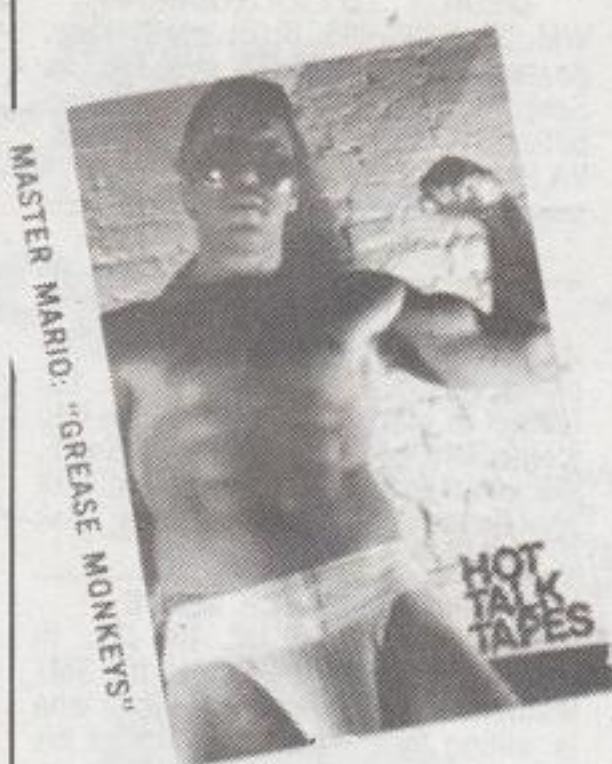
**THE ART OF FISTING**—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

**THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE**—Its values and what it is about.

**THE MASTER**—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

**THE SLAVE**—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

**TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS**



## GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first, anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

## DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

## THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the D.I. proves who's in command.

## THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

## COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out: slurping cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

- |  |  |  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> KID'S FIRST PART 1  | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERROGATION       | <input type="checkbox"/> BRANDING, PIERCING    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KID'S FIRST PART 2  | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING BEGINS     | <input type="checkbox"/> INTERVIEW             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> KID VS DAD          | <input type="checkbox"/> PUNISHMENT & REWARD | <input type="checkbox"/> MASTER/SLAVE          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY WAS BAD       | <input type="checkbox"/> FATHER/SON          | <input type="checkbox"/> SM AND LOVE?          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY'S NEW BOY     | <input type="checkbox"/> MARINE BRIG         | <input type="checkbox"/> ART OF FISTING        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DADDIES' TRADE-OFF  | <input type="checkbox"/> PORN CALLS          | <input type="checkbox"/> THE INFERNO           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> RITES AND RAUNCH    | <input type="checkbox"/> SAILING TO HELL     | <input type="checkbox"/> THE MASTER            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HOT HUNG TRUCKER    | <input type="checkbox"/> THE CONFESSIONAL    | <input type="checkbox"/> THE SLAVE             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MUSCLE ORGY         | <input type="checkbox"/> HIGHWAY PATROLMAN   | <input type="checkbox"/> GREASE MONKEYS        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DELIVERY BOY COMES  | <input type="checkbox"/> HITCHHIKER          | <input type="checkbox"/> THE D.I.              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BIKE EXHIBITIONIST  | <input type="checkbox"/> THE HUSTLER         | <input type="checkbox"/> THE COP               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AL PARKER REPAIRMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> THE WARDEN          | <input type="checkbox"/> BREAKING IN RECRUIT   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMANDER SPEAKS    | <input type="checkbox"/> TV REPAIRMAN        | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAINING THE HARD WAY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MARINES OVERHEARD   | <input type="checkbox"/> WHIP FIRE           | <input type="checkbox"/> PUNISHMENT IS REWARD  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COP WORSHIP         |  |  |

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(I am over 21 years of age)



### HOT, HEALTHY LEATHERMAN

Attractive, built and intelligent. This GWM is looking for BUTCH BUDDIES into full leather, uniforms, cigars, dildoes, WS, movies, attitude, group scenes, blk/white OK. Discretion assured. No feds need reply. Fairfield, CT. Box 5729

### DC—METRO

#### SLAVE?

BB Top, into leather and bondage. You: slavemeat, under 35, into same, plus CB&T, TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30, 5'8", 165 lbs. Send photo and letter telling me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883LF

#### BIKERS/LEATHERMEN

Seeking a leather biker jockstrap stud. A man to share the open road with. No such thing as too much leather. Am primarily top but will swing with the right stud. Boots and uniforms a plus. CHIPS ESP. LOOKING FOR A MAN WHO IS HONEST WITH HIMSELF AND WITH ME to enjoy a one-on-one, man-to-man, safe-sex experience that can only come from the open road, seeking out a buddy for friendship, riding partner. Boot lickers esp. encouraged to apply. East coast riders a plus but am reasonably free to travel. All will be answered, photos get mine. Am not looking for just another bike rider (you know who you are). Send all replies to Box 5099LF

#### LEATHER STUD

Good-looking, professional, 40, 6', 155 lbs., lean, defined body, very masculine, new to leather scene, seeks hot, muscular leather Master to train him, expand his limits and show him the ropes. Travel widely. Box 5064LF

#### WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond, early 30s, seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy—private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please; 25-35; straight looks; decent body. Moderate bondage, cock, ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown/Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

#### K.S.

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident, flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mild case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Ball's in your court. Box 5199LF

#### HOT BUTTHOLE

Attractive WM, 33, 5'11", 160, moustache, healthy, big cock and balls. Looking for masculine tops (in shape) with man meat to 45 to play with my hot butthole and tits. Want to expand my experiences, FF, toys, slings, wrestling, leather and uniforms. Photo/phone to Boxholder, Suite 106, 6006 Greenbelt Rd., Greenbelt, MD 20770.

#### LEATHER/RUBBER BONDAGE ANIMAL

Slender body available to be humiliated, tortured, subjected to bizarre experiments. (202) 234-8382.

### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, BI/BI, moustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same, both top and bottom. Write: PO Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

### FLORIDA

#### CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discipline. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also into jocks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF, WS, scat, feds or feds. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

#### TAMPA NOVICE SLAVE

Novice slave (27, 5'10", 130 lbs., in shape) needs introduction to the SM/leathersex scene by a stud Master who is willing to teach me how to be his slave. I need training in BD, SM, shaving, enemas, and how to serve a Master (and his friends?) to his complete satisfaction. If you're dominate, 22 to 38, physically fit, don't have a beard, and seek the challenge of training me to serve you, please write to this eager-to-please slave boy with returnable photo for speedy respectful reply. John, PO Box 290804, Tampa, FL 33687. Box 5051LF

#### NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced. 39, WM, 6', 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe sex also. Box 5358

#### NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or feds. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast, Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

#### MACHO MASTERS WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight, bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality, as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis, leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

#### ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs., responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply (with photo if possible) to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041.

#### TAMPA BAY

White male, 34, 5'11", 180 lbs., ex-Marine. Jocks, leather, Levis, boots, JO, oil, toys, safe sex, BD, SM. Mild or wild. Give or take. SASE & photo answered first. Peter Spielen, PO Box 3783, St. Pete, FL 33731.

#### BEARDED MASTER TRAINS

New young slaves, detailed application with photo, phone. Box 1871, Miami, FL 33168.

#### ARE YOU A HAIRY BEAR?

Handsome Italian, 28, seeks hunky, hairy, hung man for hot sex, possible relationship. I am professional, slim, smooth, hung thick. Not into bars, heavy drugs. (HTLV3-) Send photo, reply to PO Box 4094, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33338.

### HOT, HORNY BOTTOM

26, 5'10", 160, brn, grn, muscular, 8 1/2", into BD, SM, G/p, F/a, CB/T, FF, dildoes. Looking for big hairy hung top-man to show me what I'm worth. (813) 683-5621. PO Box 519, Eaton Park, FL 33840.

### GEORGIA

#### ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct, who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

#### HOT COCKSUCKER

WM, 36, 5'11", 175 lbs., masculine, athletic, in shape. Seeks trim or hard-bodied WM only who gets off face-fucking another man. Bondage OK. Travel some. Box 5688

#### GWM COUPLE SEEK SON/SLAVE

to relocate, share home. Average-looking, very successful, wealthy. We're 5'9", hairy, hung, 35. Master: husky, 165, black thinning hair, moustache, strict. Son: 135, brown, moustache, trim. You: young, hung, hairy (preferably) honest with needs for total domination, including heavy spankings, hard fuckings, VB. No WS, scat, blood, drugs, heavy drinkers, blacks. Only sincere young slaves need apply with photo. Contact information to Sir, PO Box 3205, Atlanta, GA 30302.

#### BOY SEEKS DAD

Shy WM, 29, 6'4", 205 lbs., healthy, masculine, ex-military seeks WM for permanent monogamous relationship. I occasionally need my ass whipped, love my tits played with and need my ass fucked. It hasn't been fucked since 1982. Dad should be 40-55 years old and healthy. Box 5738

#### FISTFUCKING A/P

WM, 39, 5'8", 140, hungry, needs regular buddy for hot asshole sessions—FF, toys. No fluids. Box 8503, Atlanta, GA 30306.

#### WANTED: YOUNG SLAVE/BOY

[Legal Age] Permanent Position  
(912) 474-3442

### ILLINOIS

#### 5 YEARS AND...

We've fucked, sucked, sweated, pissed on stretched balls, stuffed, beaten asses, chewed pierced tits and shot loads of hot cum. Dad, 25, 6'2", 210, tattooed, pierced. Rope, leather, whips and piss. Boy, 27, 5'10", 155, great dick, hungry hole, just right for stretching. Looking for a butch uncle to pull tricks on Dad. Chicago. Box 5569LF

#### HOT & KINKY CIGAR SCENES

Little guy, 30, boyish, mustache. Seeking cigar scenes involving JO, boots, leather rubber, union suits, work clothes, condoms, hoods, masks, ace bandages, CB&TT. Controlled/forced smoking while tied. Extreme/elaborate bondage. Forced to breathe cigar smoke through gas mask. SAFE SEX ONLY! Husky, verbal, beergut, blue-collar, beard, mustache A+. Photo, please. Box 5348LF

#### NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/ condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/ friends; pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF, damage.

Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 109DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DJ. (LF5215)

#### BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond/blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF, bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

#### GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27, dressed in full leather, seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once. Into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

#### EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything, which would include an excellent cocksucker, WS, fisting, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed, Box 5651LF.

### INDIANA

#### REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6', 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are: 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No feds, feds, scat or FF. Box 5367

#### S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'8", 135 lbs., brown/blue, moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

#### HOUSEBOY, HANDYMAN

Help take care of house, yard, vehicles, plus other misc. duties. Exchange for room, board and very small salary. PO Box 485, Marion, IN 46952

#### HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

WM in 40s, Master, will give room and board to young slave (novice or just starting out). Other rewards will be given occasionally. All limits to be respected. Slave will not be locked in, but will be a live-in slave with companionship style of living. Nice home, nice dungeon and compassionate Master. Health habits practiced. Letter, phone and picture will help. Age required 18-25. Send letter and full details of your desires. Illinois/Indiana area. Sam Marks, Box 5722

#### SERVILE SUBMISSIVE

Sirs, WM, 5'10", 165 lbs., 40 years old, novice would like to provide MASTER with servile service. Sirs, place your slave in strict bondage and make your needs. Sirs, novice interested in scenes like described in "1990, The Long Night," (Drummer 65) and "Interrogation" (Drummer 68).



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- MEET SOMEONE LINE - DON'T SPEND ANOTHER NIGHT ALONE - GET TOGETHER WITH BAY AREA MEN FOR MUTUAL ENJOYMENT!
- S&M/LEATHER LINE - TIRED OF FAKES AND PHONIES? GET IT ON WITH OTHER MEN WHO TALK YOUR LANGUAGE!



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### FORMER MASTER

Has-been PRO-wrestler type (big, bearded, balding, 210 lbs., 6', 46) gang-banged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D, VA, TT, buttplugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. Bull Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but any take-charge stud served. Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

### IOWA

#### BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165, into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to: Dave, PO Box 1126, Des Moines, IA 50311.

### KANSAS

#### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master, PO Box 1373, Manhattan, KS 66502.

### KENTUCKY

#### KENTUCKY LEATHERMEN?

Leather bottom, 35, 5'6", 145, beard, turns on to leather and cigars. Am Fr/a, Gr/p. No need for artificial role-playing. I know what I am and what I like to do. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

#### SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7", ex-Navy. Into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214. (LF5756)

### LOUISIANA

#### LEVI/LEATHER/RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider, write me. So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom. It's a plus, WM, 44, 6'1", 200, bald, beard & very hairy. Into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. Will train. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 P.M.

#### MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30, 5'9", 225. Write to PO Box 2364, Slidell, LA 70459.

### MARYLAND

#### INFANTILISM

Seeking babies who need to wear wet diapers and nurse for hours on my huge nipples. Hot pussy to use. You should be very small, smooth (will shave), uncut a plus. Me: 40 yrs., handsome, hairy, hung, uncut. Any tit/ass kinks possible. Photo/phone only. Box 5681

### TICKLISH?

Allow me! Hot tickle-slave desired *immediately!* Your tickling Master awaits!!! Box 5728

### MASSACHUSETTS

#### OH SHIT!

Slave, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, toilet service, shit worship, forced feedings of *all* male body filth—*no exceptions*—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, tit-clamps, ballwork. Needs smelly, unwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the better—for training and punishment. (617) 661-4657. PO Box 1736. Cambridge, MA 02238. Relocation possible. (LF5468)

#### MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master in 60s, sexually 40s, and slave in 20s seek second slave around 6', 160 lbs. with NO facial hair. We're HEAVY into rubber, leather S/M, bondage. You'll relocate immediately to small town in New England, ranch house with extensive toy room. No DRUGS, FEMS, FF, SCAT, JO calls. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST. Be prepared to give your phone no. in case of telephone fuck-up. We are serious, are you? (LF4247)

#### MASTER SEEKS MUSC.SLAVES

Master, 34, tall, well-built, construction workers body, successful, educated, Boston based, seeks slaves, 18-30, smooth, hard, well-defined bodies, swimmers, gymnasts, body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. I will use your body for my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as I command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience, and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as I require. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information, fantasies, qualifications and telephone no. to: Master, Box 451, 89 Mass Ave., Boston, MA 02115. (LF5304)

#### HAIRY-HUNG-UNCUT COUPLE

Late 20s, with equipment, seek others for light/heavy safe scenes. Reply with phone and photo to: SIR, PO Box 3622, Boston, MA 02101-3622.

#### YOU NEED IT

You: 25-35, handsome, huge prick, very submissive. Me: handsome, intense, small prick, 37, will torment your balls, cock, tits. Serious. Degradation is necessary for you. I'll own you. Fred Pratori, 31 Church St., Boston, MA 02116.

#### WILD IMAGINATION

Looking for that extra something? GBM, BB, good-looking prof., 37, needing beefy, hairy, ex-wrestler BB, 55-70, for safe HOT sessions. Come on, I know yer out there! Aggressive photo gets first priority. Nuff said! Box 5712

#### ASSWORK NEEDED

by 6'5", 215 lbs., 34-year-old. Would like my hot ass worked on with increasingly larger dildoes. A virgin to FF, but would like to give it a try. Hot/horny and ready for action! Box 5709

### MICHIGAN

#### WM BOTTOM

WM, 36, 6'2", 198 lbs., moustache, into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience, need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

#### HOT MASTER

has openining for recruit. Send resume and photo to: Rear Admiral Mark, PO Box 50014, Novi, MI 48050. (LF5686)

### MISSOURI

#### TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10", 165/170 lbs., dark hair/blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sling)—SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks/USN/USMC/Bi's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808.

#### SHOE SEX WANTED

Masculine GWM, 34, 5'9", 135 lbs., brown hair, green eyes, moustache, attractive. Looking for available GWM who shares my love of loafers, boots and leather. Seek reasonably attractive, masculine man who enjoys mutual servicing or getting serviced. If you fantasize about sniffing loafers or getting yours serviced or get hard seeing leathermen and wearing leather, you are my man. Serious, available men only. No games. Box 5720

#### BIG-DICKED AND LEVELHEADED

Topman in St. Louis is looking for a versatile bottom/slave or other tops with similar ideas for give and take. I'm white, 33, 6', 165 lbs. Interests include B&D, foot service, cock and ball work, tits, WS, spanking and heavy ass play. Clean and safe. Missouri and surrounding states. Box 5745

#### YOUNG STUD WANTS YOU

White male, 24, blond, 6', 155 into W/S & anything. Wants Master under 30 only. Send photo & info. PO Box 28827, Affton, MO 63123. Can travel.

### NEBRASKA

#### OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM, bondage Master, 36, 5'10", 185, wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue, NE 68005-0733. (LF5474)

### NEVADA

#### BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

I travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retired white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs., and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave, with photo, phone number, desires and or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

### NEW JERSEY

#### ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome, tan-black, virile, muscular, athletic jock (5'10", 170, 33 yrs.) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex, or no sex, but lots

of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat sox, jockstraps, sweaty, lean, hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404.

#### NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair, blue eyes—slave/son in Ny metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs/alcohol. All replies answered, Sir! Box 5685

#### RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 501s, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM, 32, 6'1", 180—versatile, experienced, healthy—sks fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures—movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational drugs preferred. NO PHONECALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable). T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757.

#### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage, pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty. (201) 874-6725 weekdays after 8 P.M. EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)

#### ARE YOU MISTAKEN

for a top because of your big size and masculine behavior? If you prefer bottom, write this 36 BM Master at Box 5759.

### NEW MEXICO

#### NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27, 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM, BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather, boots, uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

### NEW YORK

#### ARIES, NOVICE

40, WM, 5'5", 145 lbs., uncut, needs help learning joys of C&B, bondage, wine enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF, scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather, toy collection, boot hoist, sling, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well-built, to age 45. Your photo and phone gets mine. Box 5410

#### TOP COLLEGE JOCK

Handsome, dark, hung, jock-busting athlete, 23, East Side, health-conscious, seeks towel boy to service me after heavy Nautilus workouts. All scenes, applicants and photos considered. Only one chosen! PO Box 20015, NYC, NY 10028.

#### UNIFORMED COP

or leatherman sought by 30', 5'8", 130, hot, muscular, defined stomach, handsome for B/D and other hot, safe action. Photo/phone, detailed reply. PO Box 354, NY, NY 10108. Will travel, discreet.



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**LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER**

Trim, 6'1", 51, clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

**MUSCLEMAN/SLAVE WANTED**

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together, slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 356-0754.

**VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT**

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S/M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is in 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

**LEATHER, BONDAGE**

NYC WM, 34, 5'7", dark hair, attractive, seeks other leathermen up to 38. Am into bondage (hoods, collars, restraints, etc.) and some SM. Turned on especially by hot young studs in full leather. Am usually bottom, but sometimes switch. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008. (LF5356)

**NAKED BOTTOM**

Exhibitionist, WM, 37, 6', 180, needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties. Into bondage, TT, CBT, shaving, leather, W/S, aroma, toys. Indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare-ass and exposed. Live upstate. Box 5696LF

**SERIOUS RAUNCH MASOCHIST** craves for a serious sadist that needs and deserves a garbage-mouth, filth-sucking, bootlicking toilet pig to serve his most bizarre wishes. WM, 32, 5'10", seeking a very special "head" that can take me STH. You know who you are. New York City area. R. Rollins, PO Box 6488, Jersey City, NJ 07306.

**HEY SMART ASS!!!**

This WM, 32, 6'3", 200, will show you who's boss! Let's get physical as we wrestle, fight. UR 2-30, clean shaven, jock, punk, BB, Levi dude. You know you want it, punk. Box 5700

**SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH**

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your act hung Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo phone letter of worthiness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243, S.I., NY 10306. (LF5674)

**BONDAGE**

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leathermen to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

**DAD NEEDS SADISTIC SON**

6'1", in-shape, late 30s, attractive & level-headed businessman needs creatively sadistic Master-son, preferably young, innocent-looking, narcissistic & very demanding! Into mind-games, way-out fantasies & living them out. Possible live-in arrangement & other benefits. Box 5664

**HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS**

Phimosed, and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6969, FDR Sta., New York, NY 10022. (LF5347)

**SM IS SAFE SEX****BUDDY/LOVER SOUGHT**

Gay white male, 26, 6'2", 220, brown/brown, bearded, have AIDS, masculine, professional, pierced tits, Prince Albert, into Jocks, underwear. Seeks various masculine types 26-48 for buddy/relationship. Will travel New York. Beard, uncut a plus. Phone J/O OK. Box 5744

**BODYBUILDER/TRAINER**

Upstate Bi WM, 30, 5'5", attractive, in need of bodybuilder/trainer to help me attain the look I desire. Good starting material. You must be young, healthy, masculine, attractive, motivated and serious about your commitment, as I am. You will have complete control. If you live in the Rochester vicinity, please send photo (so I can judge how serious you are about bodybuilding) and way to contact. Box 5740

**WANTED**

18-35, trim, round-assed masochist needing to be tortured by this Italian Scorpio man, 32, 5'10", dark brown eyes, brown body hair and a 9" long uncut 5 1/2" thick tool. No games, role playing, only you suffering slowly without limits under this tough, no-nonsense Sadist. One night stands OK, but looking for right boy to own and torture. I have well-equipped playroom. Serious only write with detailed bio letter, photos and phone number to #215, 496 LaGuardia Place, NYC, NY 10012.

**WESTERN NEW YORK**

pig slave, white, 36 yrs. old, 6', 165 lbs., full beard and 'stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe, sane sex aware. I'm into leather and rubber gear, uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Sir, I need tied up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag, and have You use my pig slave holes to please Your needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

**RURAL MAN TO MAN**

Looking for rednecks, country men, truckers, outdoors scenes, Levis, 31, 5'11", 155 lbs., masculine. PO Box 214, Owego, NY 13827.

**HUSKY TOP/BOTTOM**

Seeks older man/Dad for light S/M, bondage, T/T, domination and submission. You must be over forty and masculine. Beards, mustaches, hairy bodies, salt-and-pepper hair a plus. Me: 26 yrs., masculine, 5'11", 260 lbs. Safe sex only. Relationship possible. (516) 731-6740. Anytime.

**GOM WANTED**

GWM, 45, 140 lbs., 5'10", dark hair, moustache, hairy, "Irish good looks," wants responsible, Gr/a GOM who'd love to stuff a versatile hole. Mike, PO Box 751, NYC 10101-0751.

**RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES**

OK, so we have to be careful, but there must be L.I. studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, tit work, J/O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1", 160 lbs., blond, 7", handsome stud for fast reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

**BOXER SEEKS PUNCHING BAG**

Bearded GWM seeks pussies who want to get beat up by my boxing-gloved fists. Any wimp 18 to 45, under 170 lbs. and under 5'11" gets my hungry fists. Am hot, hairy, handsome, 170, 35. My dick gets your beaten face. Need a sweaty punching bag bad. Send pic and stats. Will trade pic, hot fight stories too. Box 5725

**LEATHERMAN**

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

**PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE**

to serve hot topmen, daddies & masters. Clean-cut, blond, trim, 35 yr. old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Sir! Write to: Frank, PO Box 1394, Ansonia Station, NYC, NY 10023. Photo/phone if possible. (LF5695)

**HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT**

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do: Will receive harsh use, Fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips: boot/sneaker worship, deep rimming upon command, raunch holes, motorcycle slave, houseboy/servitude/menial role, uniforms, enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat: Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship: Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ, c/o Suite 325, 80 E. 11 St., New York, NY 10003. (LF5201)

**PISS BUDDY**

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural, nature-oriented GWM, 34, 5'8", 170, uncut, brown moustache, seeks piss buddy (25-40) for safesex redneck raunch scenes. Into pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather, boots, cigars, pits, uniforms, some SM. Top, bottom or mutual. I get horny in the backwoods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

**EXECUTIVE DADDY**

41, 200 lbs., 6', BB, seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164. (LF5310)

**PRIME MEET**

WM, 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36, 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1-1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat, manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather, love, work-outs, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

**SM REALITY**

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38, 5'10", 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 3/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif. and Illinois. Box 5444

**BB SON/SLAVE WANTED**

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

**NEW TO THE VILLAGE**

Cute GWM, 23, 6', 150 lbs., br/gr wants to meet tall, hairy-chested, muscular tops not into kink but willing to explore. I enjoy going out, having fun and meeting new people. All responses answered. Photo please, revealing can always be fun. Box 5663

**FOR YOUR SM TOYS—SHOP SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.****BIG SOFT NIPS ON BIG HARD PECS**

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butt. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area "hand"-y man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1", 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 38" butt, 22 1/2" thighs, 16 1/2" calves, 7 1/2" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

**BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY**

I'm 36, 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, tit work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

**UPSTATE LEATHER**

Master/Daddy, WM, 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

**CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG**

available to you. This sexy, hot Scorpio could be your man. WM, 39, 5'7", beard, shaved chest, ass, balls, pierced, but most important, healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF, ass toys, B/D, W/S, CB/T, boots, socks, jocks (especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue). Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fat-s/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo/phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC, NY 10011. Experience a real man! (LF5575)



## OHIO

### DADDY/MASTERS NEEDED

GWM, 35, 185 lbs., 5'11", beard, brown hair, green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops. 25-45, for SM, BD, WS, TT, C/BT, FF, shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body, Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati, OH. Box 5514LF

### HUNGRY HOT BUTTHOLE

Butch leather stud looking for you to conquer his hot fuck hole. Only real men need apply. Are you a real man or just talk like so many that I have heard from? It is amazing how many of you so-called butch tops are nothing but PUSSY. My fuck hole is so hot that most real men are wiped out after round one. So if you think that you can handle me, write, Sir, to Occupant, PO Box 93204, Cleveland, OH 44101. Me, 36, 5'11", 175, br/gr, moustache, round ass. Your picture would be nice, Sir, but not necessary. SIR, are you up to the challenge of a real man's fuck hole??

### DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master, 39, 5'11", 195, brn hair and eyes, seeks slaves for S&M, B&D, TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF.

### CIN/DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1", 52-yr.-old, size 13 boot, heavy boot service, leather, uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 P.M. (513) 423-5159.

### CLEVELAND

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER. Slave's stats: GWM, 30 years, 5'6", 140 lbs. Slave craves spanking, S&M, verbal abuse, etc. Safe sex only. Get me at: Box 501, 35 Severance Circle Dr., Cleveland, OH 44118.

### ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British schoolboy. GWM 39, excellent shape. PO Box 14056, Cleveland, OH 44114.

## OKLAHOMA

### BALLS! BALLS! BALLS!

Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441, Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

## OREGON

### MANHANDLER

Portland-area WM topman (5'11", 190 lbs.) seeking steady loyal partner willing to be held, loved and roughed up once in a while. I'm old enough to know the ropes and how to use them. Young enough to tour the back roads in full leather on my 850 and wave at the kids. Want honest, bright, kind, healthy, hunky men to trip with me now and for good! Write: Buck, Box 621, Oregon City, OR 97045. (LF5505)

### LET'S DISCOVER LEATHERSEX TOGETHER

If your new at it, so am I. Let's initiate each other into being belted, fucked, sucked and pissed on. Top/bottom I can be both gentle and strong. Handsome, 6'4", 210, 29. Into working out and staying in shape and want someone else who is too. Send photo/letter to PO Box 40740, Portland, OR 97240-0740. (LF5747)

### NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 6', 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, not your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on in detail. Include photo. Box 5279LF

### PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded, 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

## PENNSYLVANIA

### BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for "Active Duty" by military Drill Instructor. Basic training in a strictly-disciplined military setting

will include a thorough preinduction physical exam, servicing spit-shined military jump boots and physical training. Discipline administered to recalcitrant recruits with light SM and BD techniques in a safe, sane and mutually satisfying session. DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242, Penndel, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledge, but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

### FIND DADDY IN DEAR SIR

### WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncut WM, 180 lbs., 46, seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JO, Fr, Gr, A-Z! All fantasies considered...most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it...fuck off! Men only need apply. Box 4406LF

### WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in Levis, jockey shorts, onto one another, bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L., 2698 Harrisburg Pike, Lancaster, PA. (717) 898-2627. (LF5494)

### BOOTS BIKES CIGARS SEX

Hot butch raunchy northeastern Penn. pig-boy grovels for hot horny cigar-smoking tattooed Harley ridin' top demanding no-limits, sleazy rough-house mansex. Box 5733

### BONDAGE BOTTOM

WM, 30, 5'9", 150. Some experience seeks gentle and rough top for meetings. Enjoys strict rope bondage, T/T, CB/T, forced safe sex. Philadelphia—So. Jersey Area. Box 5714

### BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

Into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

# FANTASY MEN



FREE LONG DISTANCE CALLBACKS  
**(415) 864-3104**  
 24 Hour Phone Fantasy Service  
 VISA, MC, AMEX Discreet Billing  
 Must Be Over 18



### BLOND, BLUE BOY/ LITTLE BROTHER

Good catch! New kid is definitely attractive, cute, boyish, innocent-looking. 28, 5'6", 150, super-aggressive bottom. Seeks to be "broken in" by handsome body builder Dad/Big Brother, 21-45. Your little guy begs to be in top condition via total domination and forced body development, i.e., strict gym workouts and whatever else Dad/Big Brother demands. Needs to give absolute worship, unending loyalty, complete servitude and unconditional love. Please teach me Leathersex? Pittsburgh area or willing able to relocate. Serious, descriptive letter/photo, please? Sir, can we get a puppy, too? Thank you, Sir! Bif. Box 5556LF

### WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control, you set the limits. 37-year-old bondage slave needs natural Master capable of extended heavy bondage, sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to travel your domain. (LF4674)

### LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave, 29, 5'9", 155, hairy, moustache, seeks Daddy/Master into WS, Spit, Leather, Uniforms, Toys, BD, VA, SM, CBT/T, Smoke. Need man to dominate me and expand my limits/horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo, phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia, PA 19105. (LF5655)

### PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player, 31, 6'4", 225 lbs., accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome, but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would

be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and feds need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and photos returned. Apply to: Master, PO Box 55, Glenshaw, PA 15116. (LF4484)

### RHODE ISLAND

#### COPS/MILITARY/ CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is: WM, 5'9", 160, brown eyes/hair, 8" cut, hairy chest, and healthy, with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather, toys, bondage, safe water-sports, tit torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men) into (fantasy) sex: A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard, hot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants. I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF.

#### SLAVE/SON SEEKS MASTER/DAD

Hot, white male, good build, mid-30s, submissive, seeks a hot Master to serve, please and learn by. My cock, ass, balls and tits are for your use and fantasy. Seek a Master who is firm, dominate, in control and yet is understanding and desires to teach me to be the perfect slave/son I am meant to be. Bond me, spread-eagle me. I am hot and wild for a man in leather. Not into drugs, but into good times. Will travel New England area. Please consider, Sir. Box 5075LF

### TENNESSEE

#### GWM READY FOR ACTION

WM, 40, 5'11", 170, dark hair, attractive, bearded, 8 1/2" uncut, into jockstraps, J/O, W/S, deep throat fucking, cock sucking, cock worship, 69, ass fucking, etc. If you have over 7 1/2" and under 40 and like hot sex and a great guy man-to-man, then let's get together. Black or white, would like you to visit me here in Tenn. I'm very near Nashville, have large private place. Ray, Rt. 3, Box 730, Dickson, TN 37055. (615) 446-2613. (LF5287)

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#### MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

#### BOTTOM SEEKS TOP

Bottom wishes to meet and become slave to experienced top. Bottom has been trained in all scenes except scat and heavy pain. Really turn on to a top who is dominant and wants his every kinky desire fulfilled, who loves control and will humiliate his slave in private and publicly. Bottom is heavy into Fr/a, Gr/p, WS, FF, toys, B/mild D, hoods, having ass made red and hot, but no blood or damage. Same with C/B and tits. Keep me naked and make me do my chores with large dildo strapped in my ass. Age, race or looks of no importance (big uncut cock a +). A detailed letter with your desires will get quick reply. Anxiously awaiting, Sir. Box 5186LF

### GWM 25

5'9", 160, brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy/Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel/possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

### FIND YOUR BAD BOY IN DEAR SIR

#### MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

For weekend/occasional use and abuse. Safe, sane, clean and can travel some. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. I am 35, 5'11", 165. Sir, PO Box 21561, Chattanooga, TN 37421.

### TEXAS

#### "PRISON RAPE"

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a participant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish!" Drummer Box 3853.

#### MASTER/DAD

WM, 50, 6'2", 210, 7" uncut, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, Levis, boots, BD, SM, CB&TT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave/son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4986LF.

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#### WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6½", 175 lbs., well-built, raunchy stud, offers training/position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy/slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather/uniform Master. Explicit application to Box 5453LF, Houston area.

#### DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT DADDY

Cut and clean-cut. You must be too, with smooth blond ass craving loving attention, gentle and rough. I'm a vigorous, youthful 46, good looks and build, 5'8", 165 lbs., handle good-looking boys of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spiced with stinging interludes, send honest photo and letter. Box 5340

#### PAIN

For deserving built studs only! From this 6'4" ball crusher. Bondage, whipping, torture. You will suffer. Photo, phone & letter of experience to Box 5635.

#### BLACK STUD WANTED DFW

by submissive W daddy. Needs young, athletic black man with big dick. Willing to be used for his pleasure. No pain or shit, but I'll drink my stud's cum and beer piss while taking his verbal abuse. I will compensate him, if necessary. Please send raunchy letter and nude photo. I can travel. Box 5631

#### HOUSTON NOVICE

Novice slave, 28, 5'5", 140, seeks introduction to B&D/leathersex scene by white male Master, 32 or over. Discuss limits but eager to learn and expand. Send letter; phone if possible. Box 5715

#### CIGAR-SMOKING DADDY

wanted by south Texas bottom (handsome, horny, but inexperienced), 5'8", 145 lbs., safe, sane and intelligent. Seeks Daddy to break me in right. Show me what I've been missing! Box 5717

#### DALLAS SUBMISSIVE

GWM, 33, 6'2", 180, hairy, intelligent. Seeking dominant, demanding men into bondage, leather, body punching, wrestling, CBT, VA. Do you want a man you can abuse, tie up, punch out, humiliate, ultimately break down? Please call or write, Sir! (214) 528-7531.

#### IN NEED OF...

I'm 25, 5'8", 160 lbs., turned on by chaps, harnesses, leather gear of all kinds, uniforms, and I'm new to leather (safe) sex. Seeking an attractive, white, drug-free leather top/daddy (under 40) to teach/train me. Wearing leather and light bondage is a beginning, but being firm also requires being gentle. Please, Sir, teach me these things so I can please you, Sir. Call (214) 823-2276, Sir.

#### WASHINGTON

#### VERSATILE TOP/BOTTOM

Purpose: to find man who is independent, intelligent, and comfortable with all roles. Sexually hard driving, creative and dynamic. Myself: 39, professional, 5'9", 150 lbs., moustache, good body and confident. Partner: Man in his 30s or 40s, cares for his body as much as his mind, extremely versatile (from vanilla to raunch), and as comfortable with the city as the country. Please respond with letter and photograph; open for mutual exchange. John/Seattle. Box 5081

#### DEAF BONDAGE MASTER

GWM, 21, 5'7", 120 lbs., deaf, full-time

employee, seeks permanent bondage master. I like to be tied by rope, leather belt and chain. My goal is to be a tough leatherman. You must be willing to relocate in Dallas from where you live now. Please send me a photo of you wearing leather clothing, and send response to Deaf Leatherboy, 3321 Crestview, Apt. #301, Dallas, TX 75235. Also want to have a weightlifting training while you're training me.

#### SERIOUS FF PARTNERS

GWM, 52, 5'9½", 161, wants FF partners (top-bottom). Member M.A.F.I.A., Chicago. Safe play practices. Also other interests. Bob (214) 526-7354.

#### UTAH

#### NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall, attractive, 34, 6'2", 170 lbs., creative, seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations, no drugs, scat, fems or fats. Sir: Please reply with photo and phone no. to P.E.P., PO Box 683, Ogden, UT 84402.

#### VIRGINIA

#### CONTINUOUSLY AROUSED

You can get worked over in a session wherein you are kept continuously aroused. If you are in the 20-30 year range, smooth body with well-defined chest. Whereabouts doesn't matter, we'll meet. I am in the forties, average looking, experienced and intelligent. Send photo, address (and phone if you care to; I'm discreet). It may lead somewhere! Box 5058LF

#### HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or toilet, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fella let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

#### TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM 39, slender, smooth body needs virile, aggressive, dominant, endowed, Gr/A Dad for permanent involvement. My large, pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude, games, tricks or bars. Leather, latex, bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

#### CIGAR-SMOKING BLACKS

needed to asswhip and fuck good-looking white boy, 30, hairy. Cops especially welcome. I like big dicks, verbal abuse, W/S, uniforms, long cigars and watching guys shit. Prefer Seattle area but can travel. My ass is waiting for your belt! Box 5657

#### WISCONSIN

#### SCAT

Totally uninhibited scat scenes wanted by this bottom-mutual raunch pig. Am 32, 6', 200 lbs. GWM—medium hung. Seeks same to 45—hairier the better. Also into WS, FF, Satanism, drink, smoke, aroma. Send revealing photo and phone to Boxholder, PO Box 07461, Milwaukee, WI 53207, for immediate reply. (LF5286)

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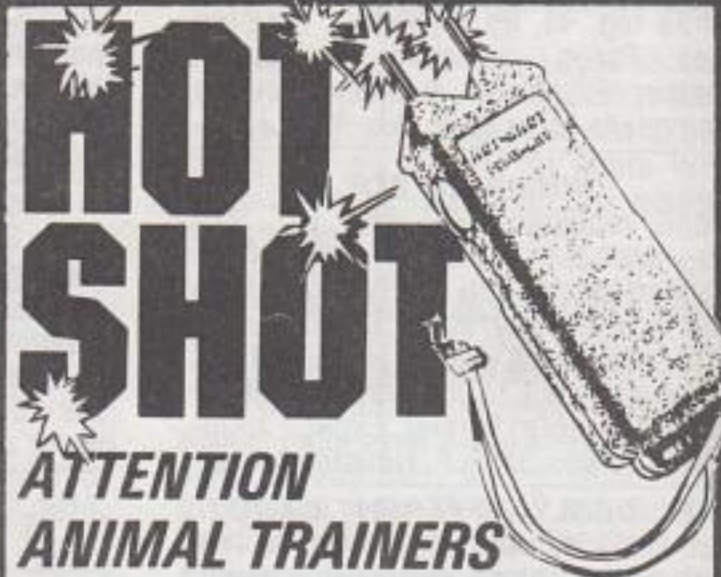
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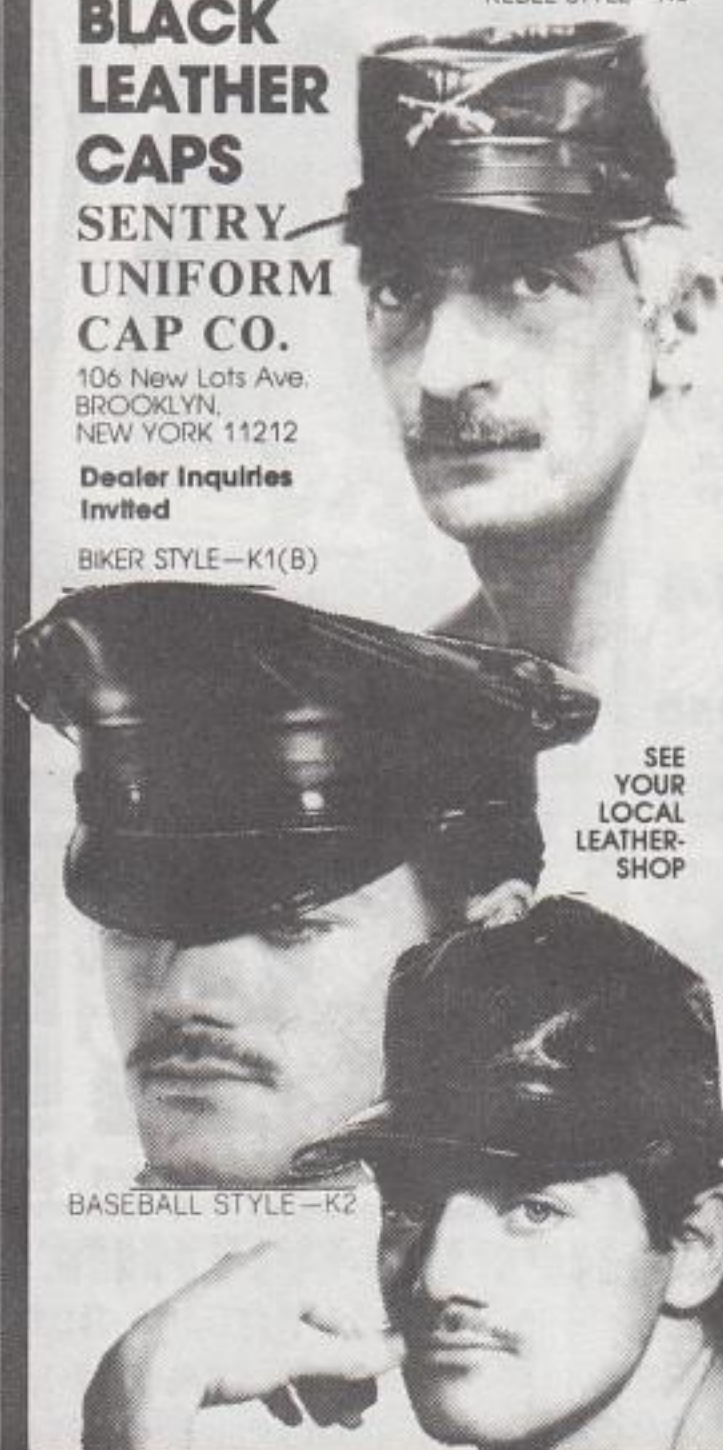
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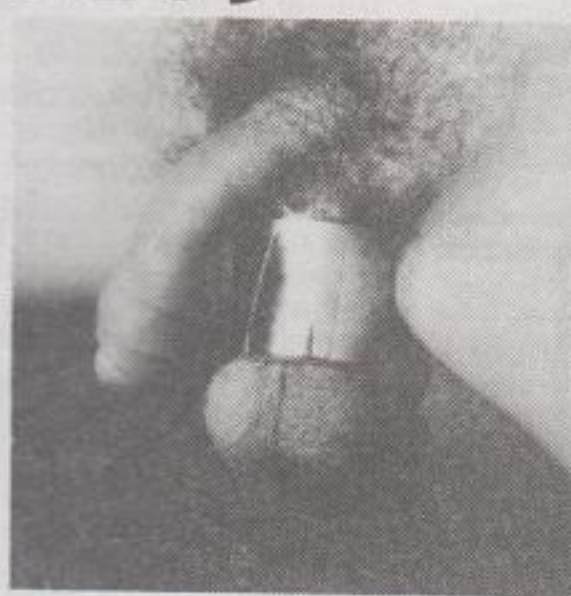


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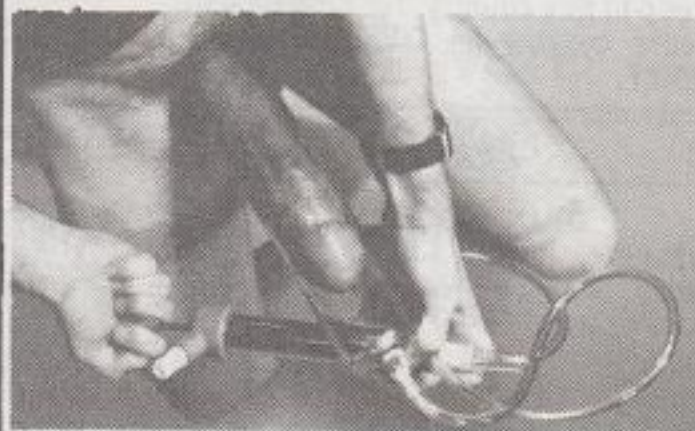
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**WANTED USA TOPMAN 50+**

Dedicated subservient English houseman, young 50, 6', 170 lbs., offers his services to considerate but strict leather Master who respects limits. Please, Sir, I need to serve and satisfy—try me. Visits or hopefully more. Box 5713

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**BOSS/MASTER WANTED**

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**ENGLAND****BONDAGE TRIPS**

See ad under Models Northern Calif.

**VISITING LONDON?**

Manhole needs a hot fist. I am GWM, 28, 6'2", 175 lbs., clean-shaven, hot and horny with a big piece of meat. Into SM-related sex and good scenes. Also able to give. Am looking for a man who wants to fist, leather a plus. Photo and hot and hard letter to. Box 5565

**GUATEMALA****LEATHER CONTACTS**

Interested in contacting people with the same leather interests, to increase our group in this country. I'm Guatemalan. Please contact tel. 061-8844 or Box 5396LF.

**JAPAN****DADDY SERVANT**

Japanese, healthy, intelligent, clean daddy, 50, 5'5", 143, wants young son Master, aged 20-30, who is healthy, good-looking and well-built. I am a worshiper of your feet and want safe sex. If you visit Japan, you can be my guest. Box 5419LF

**SWITZERLAND****COMING TO SWITZERLAND?**

Visit this muscular bearded top leatherman, 50, 5'11", 160, who is in good shape and perfect health (HTLV-neg). You may join him for his regular workout at the gym and/or enjoy his well-equipped playroom, if you are approx. 28-50, good-looking, masculine, preferably muscular and hairy with a well-trained, receptive rear for extensive

assplay including deep-plowing, tit-work, optional FF, dirty talk and mainly lots of mutual raunchy asslicking. Perfect health essential. Also Europeans (esp. Germans) corresponding to above requirements most welcome. Write with photo to B. Rahm, Hardstr. 58, CH-4052 Basel, Switzerland. (LF5048)

**WEST GERMANY****LEATHER & SM**

Leather and SM turn me on. German, 41, 6'3", 190, knowledgeable, into experimental and new things, wants to get in touch and possibly meet with interesting men into most forms of the leather world. I am often in the states. Let me hear from you and tell and show me more of yourself. Box 5755LF

**MODELS NATIONWIDE****SM**

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Your private fantasies drawn to specification. Describe what you want: Etienne will draw it for you! Send stamped self-addressed envelope for prices and information. Etienne, PO Box 229, El Dorado Springs, CO 80025.

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Fantasy tapes like (Whip Fire) (Porn Calls) (Marine Brig) and information tapes like (Master) (slave) (Interview with Teen-Aged Prostitute). Each tape \$9.95. Send for list. Hatfield House, PO Box 14128, San Francisco, CA 94114.

**W/S & BROWN ACTION!**

Featured in videos & color photo sets. Dozens & dozens of young studs do dirty deeds—wet & messy pants & bods. Fountain of youth & Monster Dumps! Plus diapers & hot enemas! World's largest selection! Send \$5 for photo illustrated catalogs & samples. Michael Steven Holden, 11684 Ventura Boulevard, Studio City, CA 91604. (Foreign orders welcome)

**TORTURE TAPES**

60 min. tapes of The Man torturing Paul out in the middle of the woods at an isolated cabin. No gay boy, leather-masterslave shit. Just torture and pain. Screaming hurt. Consensual—non consensuality. \$20 each. Expensive, but like nothing you've ever heard. Tape I/II—to The Man, PO Box 4622, S.F., CA 94101. (317 10th, 94103)

**OUTRAGEOUS**

Red-Hot & GAY! 100s of uncensored personal ads covering EVERYTHING from the unmentionable forbidden pleasures, to tender Love! Plus ALL fetishes & desires! International & USA contacts, correspondence & sources. The HOTTEST gay publication on this sex-starved planet! Discreet guaranteed delivery worldwide. Send \$5 for current issue. LIBERTINE MAGAZINE LTD., 82 Wall Street, Suite 1105, New York, NY 10005.

**BOOTS/BAREFEET**

Used boots/shoes, photos of dudes in/removing footgear. Send \$3 (refundable). PO Box 6037, Salt Lake City, UT 84106-0037. (1795 S. Main).

**EROTIC COLLAGES**

S&M, bondage, cigars, W/S, uncuts, fantasy. Contact Fred Van Ormer, 584 Castro, #265, San Francisco, CA 94114. Phone (415) 771-2154.

**HOT KINKS**

Videos, pix, newsletter devoted to read/body shaving, enemas, water-sports, heavy-duty SM, foodsex, all fetishes, and more! You name it, we've got it! Free info. Free newsletter ad: T.R. Mitomski, 41 Bonaire Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757. Models wanted; good \$\$\$.

**TOYS, LEATHER, ETC.**

\$3 gets 36-page catalog. Gledhill, 2112 D Lyric, Los Angeles, CA 90027.



### BALLSY BAD-ASS

dude in college jock dorm likes to piss on and abuse fags. \$15 for photo set, \$5 pissed-off letter or \$9 cassette tape. Cash, check or M.O. to Andy, 1912 SW 6th, #1124, Portland, OR 97201.

### PISS/SHIT

Piss-soaked jock, letter & picture, or scat-smeared briefs, \$15. "Phone Phucks" cassette, \$10. Bondage Fotoset \$12. PO Box 14425, San Francisco, CA 94114.

### FREE AD OFFER

In the new National Classifieds Advertiser. For informational packet, write to: National Classifieds, 4655 Hollywood Blvd. #117, Los Angeles, CA 90027.

## ORGANIZATIONS

### GAY-MALE-S/M ACTIVISTS

Now in our 7th year. Dedicated to safe and responsible S/M. Open meetings with programs on S/M techniques, lifestyle issues, political and social concerns; 8:30 PM, 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Sept.-June, 208 W. 13th St., NYC. Also special events, speakers bureau, workshops, demos, affinity groups, newsletter, more. Write: GMSMA, Dept. D, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

### ENEMAS

For those into solo or man-to-man enema scenes. Hundreds of guys—nationwide and international—share your interest. Hot enema stories, photos, drawings, tips, etc., plus a Membership Roster for correspondence and contact. Write for further information to: Frank, 2421 West Pratt Blvd., #1116, Chicago, IL 60645.

### DEAR SIR: YOUR PERSONAL SLAVE MARKET

### BALL CLUB

Nationwide/worldwide. Newsletter/contact club. Men who have 'em. Men who want 'em. Free information. Send SASE. BC, PO Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

### DISABLED?

Are you disabled, or are you interested in meeting someone who is? Able-

Together is a nationwide organization of gay men and women who want to meet and/or correspond. Write: PO Box 931028, Los Angeles, CA 90093.

### GAY BOOKS

magazines, guides, etc. Send for our free information sheets, state area of interest. Best Guide to Amsterdam, Dept. 180, Postbox 12731, NL-1100 AS Amsterdam, The Netherlands.

### INTERCHAIN

A L/L fraternity for the serious minded. Want to meet other L/L brothers and get involved in our AIDS fundraising benefits. Write now for membership info: Founders of the Leather Daddy's and Daddy's Boy contests in S.F. & the Mr. Leather N.Y. contest. Box 410, 132 West 24th St., NYC 10011

### NATIONWIDE CHUBBY CHASERS

CHUBBY? Or a Chaser? Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls & contacts as you want.

For Membership Info Call: (213) 672-2121 or Write:

N.C.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399 Marina Del Rey, CA 90291-5043 American Express, VISA, Mastercard

### FOOT FRATERNITY'S 7TH YEAR!

The largest group in the country for men who are into boots, shoes, sneakers, sox and/or barefeet. If you're into any of these items and/or any type of clothing such as leather, Levis, business suits, etc., and you wish to meet or correspond with others who are into the same, send your name, and self-addressed stamped envelope for information to: The Fraternity, Box 24102, Cleveland, OH 44124.

## PHONE SEX

### DADDY PHONESEX!!!

9 1/2" Uncut Cock—Call Buck! \$35 V/MC/AE (213) 669-0220

### 9" COWBOY-TOPMAN

Phone jackoff with Steffan. (818) 505-8433. Visa/Mastercard

### INTO SELF-MUTILATION?

We understand! Call (714) 240-2220. Visa/MC

### NICK'S PHONESEX!

X-Hustler sells it over phone. Thick Italian sausage, meaty balls, lots of cheese and loads of sauce. Rank butt hole. Hungry? On your knees and start dialing. MC/VISA. (212) 645-5043.

### CALL YOUR UNCUT MASTER!

24-hour phone action with over 30 sweaty hard studs waiting to get off with you. All scenes including: uncut, body builders, truckers, bikers, watersports, spanking, verbal abuse and more. How much can you handle? Call your Masters now. No recordings. Visa/Mastercard/Amex. (213) 653-8082.

### NATIONWIDE PHONE-SEX CLUB

Join & receive monthly lists & make as many calls as you want!

For Membership Info Call: (213) 672-2121 or Write:

P.S.C., 2554 Lincoln Blvd. #399 Marina Del Rey, CA 90291 American Express, VISA, Mastercard

We have ways to make you...

### CALL TELEROTIC

Rock-hard phone sex Masters available now to make you work your rocks off. And we mean work, pig... These hung Masters are dead serious about leaving you soaked. Crave some red-hot SM action? We're the best and damned proud of it. Call 1-800-841-8842 (In CA call 1-213-874-9267) anytime. And yes, you need a credit card. Talk this hot is never given away.

### THE BEST PHONE FANTASY IS HARD TO GET!

(801) 532-6406 (MC/Visa)

### DUKE GIVES PHONE ORDERS

Get out all your fuck toys—get on your knees and call (213) 469-2678! (Visa/MC) 90% Repeat!

## SERVICES

### EROTIC STORIES

Editing, revision, ghostwriting of your erotic short stories, novels, or other material. We'll enter your work on IBM computer, revise to your specifications, send you a printout. Completely confidential, by mail. Fast turnaround, reasonable. Send SASE for free info. Box 5921, San Francisco, CA 94101.

### THE CRUCIBLE

Newsletter, 13 issues/year, \$20; Magick, Metaphysics, S/M, Fiction, Contacts. PO Box 80053, Minneapolis, MN 55408.

### A FEW GOOD MEN

The Training Center, now in its sixth year, continues to offer men with serious interest a unique service. At the TC men can experience programs in a realistic military or correctional atmosphere for weekend or week-long sessions. Cell confinement, immobilization, sensory control, controlled breathing, and environmental control are all offered in a safe, sane, discreet and monitored situation. Prison, POW, Brig, Asylum, and Boot Camp programs are administered by professionally trained military, corrections, and LE personnel. Special programs geared to endurance are available to qualified individuals who meet mental and physical requirements. Written inquiries should include a phone number for contact or call (314) 281-4535 to leave your number for contact. To reach an instructor directly, call 7-10 PM ONLY. Fee required, references provided after commitment. TC cannot offer sexual situations as part of their programs. THE TRAINING CENTER, BOX 672, BRIDGETON, MO 63044.

### HAIRY MEN/HAIRFANS!

Uncensored nationwide adlistings. Infopixpak \$2: Man-Hair, 59 West 10th St., New York, NY 10011.

### SHANTI PROJECT

Volunteer counseling service for individuals and their loved ones facing life-threatening illness and grief. Call (415) 558-9644.

### COUNSELING

MID-COUNTIES HELP CENTER (714) 537-6262.

### FRIENDS OF THE CENTER

Signal Your Commitment to the future growth of the Los Angeles Gay & Lesbian Community Services Center by becoming a member of 'FRIENDS OF THE CENTER.' For Membership information call (213) 464-7400 Ext. 251, or Write: Friends of the Center, Box 38777, Hollywood, CA 90038. Do it today. It's important.

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY



San Francisco's largest and oldest erotic store for sale. New five-year lease (low rent) \$200.00 gross for 42-hour week. \$175,000. Box 5806

# 20¢ Phone Sex

Ever wanted to try phone sex but were too embarrassed? Shocked by the high prices some services charge? Tired to trying to meet that someone special at a bar? If so, then try The BuddySystem®. Everyday we anonymously connect by telephone thousands of men to each other for private one on one conversations. To find out more, call (212) 362-6825.



# TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**FASHION ERROR:** This Georgia reader is turned on by the smell of socks, feet and sweat. He says that heavy leather boots are a special turn-on, as is nylon Spandex. Someone should tell him, however, that high-heels don't go with a military beret! TC 1204.



**BELIEVE IT OR NOT:** This is a real Tough Customer. The photo is of his scrotum which has been filled with sterile saline. The ball sac measures fifteen inches around in this photo. He is a hot Oklahoman, 31, 6'5", 195 lbs. (a big boy), blond hair, blue eyes and a cock that is 8½" long by 6½" around with a Prince Albert piercing. Other things of interest include tit work, golden showers, porn, J/O, oral action, etc. TC 1207 would like to hear from other guys who are interested in any or all of the above, but especially those into enlargement techniques, such as scrotum filling and vacuum pumping.



**WESTERN STATES TOP:** This Master is looking for a submissive, masculine leather slave for a relationship. He's into safe sex, toys, leather and humiliation. TC 1205 travels often and would be willing to transport a prospective slave or fly to him, but wants a willing slave ready to accept his Master's orders.







**SOUTHERN BOTTOM:** Hot, horny and versatile, with an insatiable sexual appetite, TC 1203 wants you! At 5'10", 160 lbs., this 30-year-old Atlantan is a great bottom, but according to his other half, he can wind up on top.

**MADE IN GERMANY:** This 36-year-old TC, 6', 154 lbs., is looking for serious, masculine and hairy men. Race and nationality are unimportant. He wants to have fun, possibly safe sex and build solid friendships. He'll be visiting the U.S. (NYC and San Francisco) in the summer of '87 for the first time. Include a photo and write to TC 1202.

Each month we select the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. If you wish to be included, send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) to the address below. On the back of the photo, state that you are of legal age, print your name and address so we can assign you a confidential TC Box number, and sign your name. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC Box number on the back flap; put this inside another envelope and mail, along with a quarter for handling, to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.



**FRESNO COWBOY:**

TC 1201 enjoys serving a Topman with imagination who knows how to rope, ride and torture. Turn-ons include nipple play, Latin Topmen, and various fantasies. Turn-offs are overweight guys and a man that has to ask what to do next. If you would like to play, be sure to include a photo.



# Press Release

by  
Cavelo

(KW:LC—TORTURE)  
(ON-LINE WIRE  
T12:RTO126;IRBX)  
(WB) TORTURE—  
Attn: Foreign Editors  
30-FEB-1487

LONDON, England—More than 98 percent of the world's kingdoms, duchies, city-states, etc. were guilty of human rights abuses last year, in the judgment of a London-based human rights organization. In its annual report, released today, the organization charged that most governments in some way violated the rights of their citizens in 1486. The organization charged that the Kingdom of Spain has ignored more than a year of appeals to investigate the torture allegations and to publish the results of its inquiry. The report provided testimony from a prisoner who claimed he was tortured in a Toledo, Spain prison by authorities "under Office of the Holy Inquisition supervision." It detailed allegations of torture made by a 32-year-

32-year-old Jorge Manuel Cardozo. The report printed a grim account of his allegation of torture during a week of interrogation. "He was hooded with a thick black canvas bag and his hands were tied behind his back," the report said. "He was kicked all over his body and beaten with fists and clubs. On a number of occasions he was taken from his cell and stripped, strung up by his wrists and whipped all over his body. The hairs on his chest and arms were pulled out, his nipples and testicles squeezed and his skin burned with red-hot irons. Although he was not put on the rack himself, he was forced to watch his comrade, 27-year-old Juan Alberto Rivero, being racked on one occasion. Cardozo alleged that Rivero was lashed with a variety of leather and metal-tipped whips while stretched on the rack, and, additionally, spiked rollers were inserted under his back to increase suffering. Cardozo also alleged that due to the severity of the ordeal, Rivero apparently suffered the dislocation and extrusion of every joint in the arms and legs, dismemberment of the spinal column and the ripping and detachment of the muscles of limbs, thorax and abdomen."

Cardozo was released without confessing to being a heretic, highly irregular but due possibly through the intercession of his high-ranking family. However, Cardozo claims to have no further knowledge of his comrade.

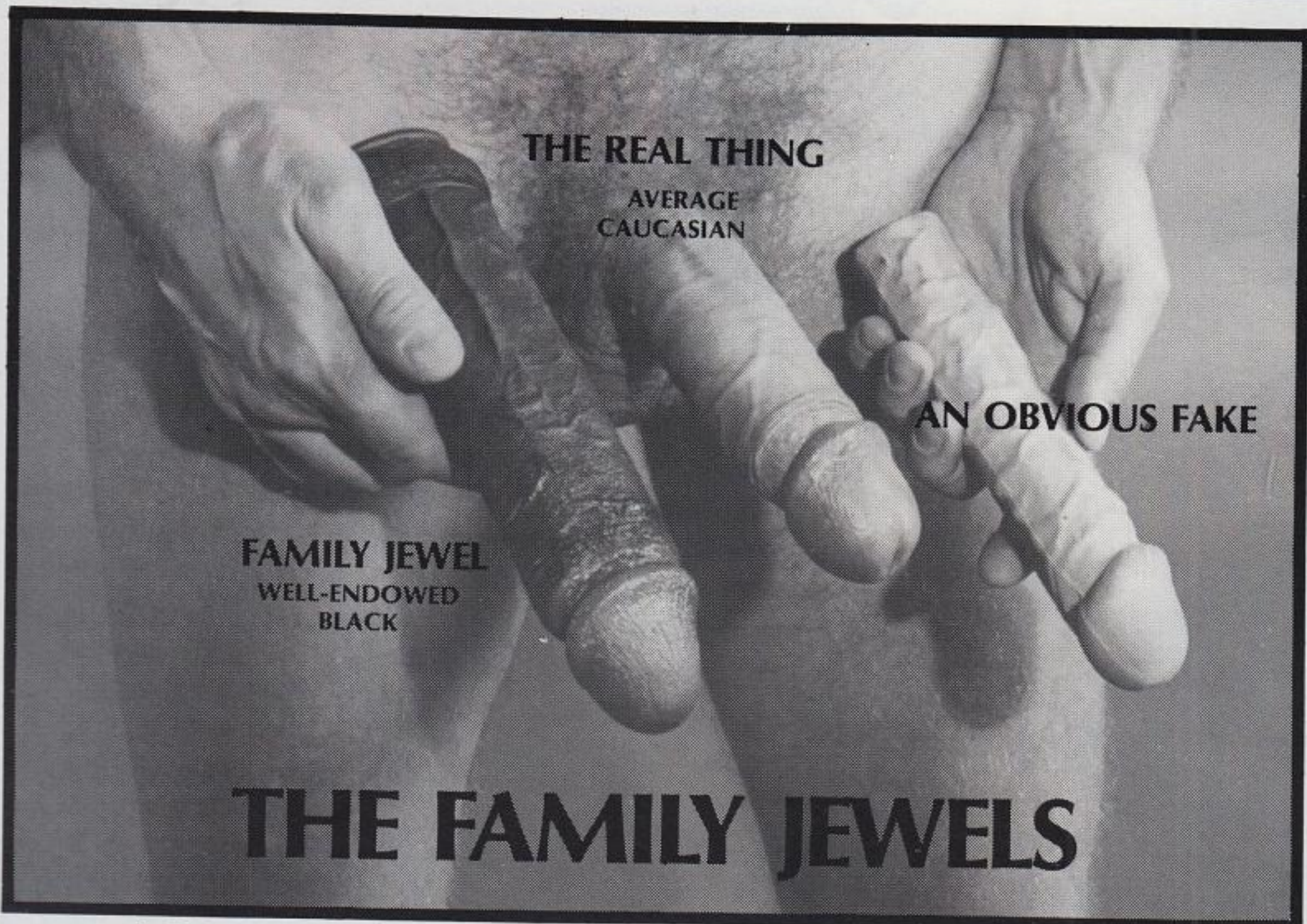
In the past, the Kingdom of Spain had denied allegations of torture being used against religious or political prisoners, sometimes calling such charges a "blood libel." /L

DP-PX-30-02-1487 0037 EST/L





# SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.



**LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING! FEEL LIKE THE REAL THING!**

And as an added bonus, each Family Jewel has a built-in suction cup at the base that really holds it in place on the refrigerator door, the shower wall or wherever you may find it useful. Hang the douche hose over it, or wrap whatever you like around it. When not being put to other uses it is a great piece of sculpture for the mantelpiece—or leave it peaking out from under a sofa pillow to surprise guests and stimulate conversation.

**NEW:**

By special request a new  
**THIN SIZE**  
6" long and only 1¼" thick  
for those who think thinner!



SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314

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Caucasian (6" × 1¼") @ \$39.95 each  
Caucasian (6½" × 1¼") @ \$39.95 each  
Black (6½" × 1¼") @ \$39.95 each  
Caucasian (8" × 2¼") @ \$44.95 each  
Black (8" × 2¼") @ \$44.95 each

California residents add 6½% sales tax

Add \$2 shipping/handling for each item

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED

Make checks payable to DESMODUS, INC.  
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Signature: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Credit card holders may order by phone: (415) 864-3456  
(For orders outside the U.S. contact us for details.)



A photograph of two men in a dramatic pose. The man on the left is standing, wearing a black leather harness with buckles and straps, black leather chaps, and black leather boots. He is wearing dark sunglasses and has his right arm raised. The man on the right is leaning forward, wearing a white brief with a red tag that says 'DESMODUS'. He is also wearing a black leather harness. The background is dark with a large, bright, circular light source behind the men.

# **DRUMMER**

A DESMODUS, INC. PUBLICATION





# THE DRUMMER WEEKEND

## JUNE 25-28, 1987

The 1987 Mr. Drummer Contest will be the most elaborate ever produced. Eight winners of regional Mr. Drummer contests, *Mr. Southwest Drummer*, *Mr. Southeast Drummer*, *Mr. Northwest Drummer*, *Mr. Northeast Drummer*, *Mr. Midwest Drummer*, *Mr. Carolina Drummer*, *Mr. Southern California Drummer*, *Mr. Northern California Drummer*, and invitational *Mr. European Drummer* will compete for the honored title of *MR. DRUMMER 1987*.

This year's contest will take place at the spectacular *CLUB DV8*, San Francisco's multimillion-dollar dance bar and performance club. The specially built stage, closed-circuit video system, state-of-the-art sound system and top-quality, professional lighting will give leathermen in the audience an unforgettable multimedia sensory experience.

Among the entertainment surprises this year will be a new show-stopping performance by the *Fantasy Masters* team of JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns. The possibility of a demonstration by the *San Francisco Precision Whip Drill Team* is in the works also.

The hottest leathermen in the country on stage and in the audience wearing their most outrageous leathers, a panel of well-known and respected leatherman as judges, the uniquely *DRUMMER* fantasy segment of competition and the *Leather Dance Party* following the contest all combined will make this year's event the most unusual and exciting *Mr. Drummer Contest* ever held.

### **SAN FRANCISCO GAY PRIDE WEEKEND 1987 SCHEDULE — PROUD/STRONG/UNITED**

THURSDAY, June 25, 10 PM — *Bare Chest Contest* and special appearance by Mr. Drummer contestants at the San Francisco Eagle, 398 12th St., San Francisco.

FRIDAY, June 26, 9 PM — *Mr. Drummer Contest* and *Leather Dance Party*, Club DV8, 540 Howard St., San Francisco.

SATURDAY, June 27 — *'87 Classics Bodybuilding Championships*. Gay bodybuilding competition to benefit the Gay Games.

SUNDAY, June 28, 11 AM — *San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration*. Mr. Drummer 1987 and regional winners will ride on the San Francisco Eagle's "South of Market" float down Market Street in San Francisco.

(This is only a partial list of the activities and parties to be held Gay Pride Weekend.)

### **MR. DRUMMER 1987 CONTEST TICKETS**

Due to the size of Club DV8, ticket sales are limited, so we suggest you order tickets well in advance. We cannot guarantee that they will be available at the door the evening of the contest. Tickets are \$15 if purchased before June 25 and \$20 the day of the contest (if any are left) and include admission to both the Mr. Drummer Contest and the Leather Dance Party afterward. Send your check or money order made payable to Desmodus, Inc. Mail to: Mr. Drummer Tickets, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Visa, Mastercard and American Express cardholders may order by phone — (415) 864-3456.

### **TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS**

For the convenience of leathermen around the country, *DRUMMER* has encouraged a local travel agent to put together an economical package for Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco. It includes three days and two nights at this year's host hotel, *The San Franciscan*, conveniently located two blocks from where the parade ends and the celebration begins; a hosted dinner before the Mr. Drummer Contest on Friday and admission to the contest and Leather Dance Party plus much more for only \$179.00 (plane fare *not* included). Contact Navigator Travel, 2047 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114, or call 864-0401 for arrangements.

### **DRUMMERBOYS WANTED**

*DRUMMER* needs good-looking, well-built young men to participate in the fantasy sequences of the Mr. Drummer Contest. If you've always wanted to strut your stuff on stage and possibly see yourself on the pages of *DRUMMER*, here's your chance. You must plan to be in San Francisco by Thursday, June 25, be willing to take direction while assisting the hottest leathermen in the country with their fantasies and have a good time. For further information, send a photo along with your name, address and phone number to Drummerboys, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, or call JimEd at (415) 864-3456. Do it now, boy. We need your body!

JOIN *DRUMMER* MAGAZINE, THE SOUTH OF MARKET LEATHERMEN AND THE MEN AND WOMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO'S GAY COMMUNITY FOR THE WEEKEND 1987!